THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC

QUARTERLY REVIEW

VOL. XXIII.—APRIL, 1898.—No. 90.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION IN THE FIRST CENTURIES.

A.D. 33–A.D. 476.

IT was upon the summit of Olivet, at the moment of his Ascension into heaven, that the Saviour of the world gave his disciples their commission to teach all nations. "Euntes docete."

Thoroughly imbued with the spirit which his words imparted, they set forth upon their great work of universal civilization and reform. As we survey the checkered retrospect of the ages that have since elapsed and philosophize upon the marvellous transformation which their efforts effected, we cannot but be profoundly impressed by the vitality of Christian truth and its unmistakable mission in the life and character and affairs of mankind. Like the tiny mustard-seed of which he had once spoken in parable, its beginnings were scant and literally "underground"; but in the sunlight of Divine favor and watchfulness it soon sprouted into a mighty tree sheltering all the world, and scattering its benedictions far and wide. Wherever civil power and prestige led the way, there it followed. Wherever intelligent minds and responsive hearts were to be found, there it was also to be met with, pleading for acceptance as against the tangled mysticism and confused follies of a paganism which it was eventually to supplant. In Greece, in Britain, in Gaul, in Spain, in distant Asia and Africa—everywhere, in fact, were multitudes of Christians whose noble lives and deaths bore eloquent testimony to the genuineness of the early instruction which they had received. So rapid was the spread of the new teaching; so tenacious its hold; so redoubtable

the fortress behind which it was intrenched, that in less than a hundred years it had become a prominent factor in the social and moral, and, we may also add, in the political development and destiny of the Empire. "At the commencement of the second century," writes Saint Justin, "there is no people among whom we do not find believers in Jesus Christ." Such is the universally admitted historical fact. And as we pause to moralize upon it, we naturally ask where and from whom did this numerous throng acquire the knowledge or those prolific principles which had wrought such a wonderful transformation in their lives, and which they were only too glad to possess as a substitute for the teachings of the Academy and the Lyceum. To the casual observer, nothing unusual had transpired. The great Roman world moved on as before. The Cæsar sat upon his throne. The profane multitudes revelled in the bloody spectacles of the amphitheatre. The public marts re-echoed to the customary hum of traffic. The forum was the scene of competition as brisk and sharp as in the days of Cicero and Hortensius. Yet despite the outward seeming a tremendous change had come over the spirit of their wakening no less than of their dream. Where, then, were the teachers and where the institutions at whose hands and within whose precincts those athletes of the new Gospel were trained? Writers upon the early Christian schools pass over in almost absolute silence the first half of the first century, assigning as their reason for so doing the total absence of historical documents. While we do not condemn the wisdom of their course when there is question of a formal treatise on the subject, we do not propose to imitate them in our present consideration. Dialecticians assure us that it is quite logical to reason from known effects to the nature of unknown causes; and applying the principle to the fact of which we have just spoken, that is to say, the rapid and widespread dissemination of Christian doctrine, we arrive at various conclusions not less interesting than reliable.

First, there is no doubt that whatever education was bestowed upon the early Christians was of a purely *domestic* character. "Every house," says Saint Chrysostom, "was a church." In the deep seclusion of the catacombs, in the privacy of the family circle, in some secret and commodious retreat upon the grounds of a rich patron recently converted to the faith, the Christians gathered, and there, together, read and prayed, while they taught their children the elements of sacred knowledge. The reason for these precautions was, of course, the persecutions to which they were constantly exposed in Jerusalem and Antioch no less than in

Rome. It was a crime to be a Christian, and such as professed Christianity openly did so at the peril of their lives. Even in the heart of the earth they were not safe, and more than one instance is on record of how Jewish vindictiveness and Roman savagery tracked them even there. Hence the profound reserve with which they veiled all their proceedings. They wrote and spoke in symbols; and it is not to be wondered at that their educational methods, if we may use the phrase, are as little known to us as the other features of their hidden life. Furthermore, another new and distinctive trait of their teaching was that *it was for all equally.* This was a departure in the history of education. Until the coming of Christ, knowledge had been looked upon as the exclusive privilege and right of the higher classes. And this because it was viewed as a matter of State, whose principal if not sole object was to qualify its possessor for some public trust, political, civil or priestly. But with Christ it was quite different. His teaching, no less than his redemption, was for everyone alike, Gentile as well as Jew, bond as well as free. Hence the beautiful spectacle that so often presents itself, in the scenes of those distant days, of the rich and poor, of the noble and the plebeian, the master and the serf, intermingling in the sweet intimacy of children of one and the same household. "See how they love one another" expresses it exactly. Baptized at the same font, fed at the same table of life, it was under the same conditions that they drank of the well-spring of wisdom. Saint Paul's tender solicitude for the slave Onesimus, as pictured in his letter to Philemon, is an index of the situation as it was in his day and had been from the beginning.

Again, the teaching of the first Christians, as far as we know, was confined to *religious instruction.* It was in the nature of the case that it should have been so. They could not without danger to their souls as well as their bodies frequent the pagan schools of their times. Besides, it was all important, in view of the special difficulties of the situation, that they should become thoroughly imbued with the maxims of that Gospel of which they were to be the first witnesses and exponents. By comparison with the delights which it afforded, pagan learning could have had no charm for them; neither could it have been of any use so long as they had cast their lot with a system in virtue of which they were ostracized from all human society. If, as some will have it, their pupils dipped occasionally into the works of pagan authors, it could only have been as a matter of individual and rare experiment, and was conducted with all the supervision and safeguards which their exceptional zeal and holiness of life would naturally

suggest.[1] Let us not suppose, however, that the instruction bestowed upon early converts to the faith because, exclusively religious, was at all barren or superficial. Cardinal Hergenroether, in his interesting work upon "Primitive Christianity," which, as he himself informs us, is scarcely more than an excerpt from De Rossi's monumental treatise on the catacombs, rehearses the points of doctrine with which they were familiar. His enumeration covers in substance the essential field of dogmatic theology; God the Creator, the Trinity, the Angels, man and his fall, the leading events and personages of the Old Testament, the coming of Christ, the mysteries and chief happenings of his life, the four Gospels, the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Church, the Primacy, the seven sacraments, and that epitome of Christian revelation, the Apostles' Creed. All this and much else that had to do with the virtues, with the acts of the early martyrs and the liturgical practices of those days, was taught to them carefully; and, as if to graven it upon their memories, was traced in mysterious outlines upon the walls and diptychs of their subterranean abodes. True, the life of the early Christians was a diversified one. Not every day was a rainy day. Persecution did not rage continuously. Not every city was Rome or Jerusalem or Antioch, and, for all we know, their condition in some quarters may have been favorable enough to have allowed them to live and teach in public. Let us refrain from saying so, however, since to assert it were merely to surmise. But whilst, in their educational life, we behold no trace of schools in the common acceptation of the term, we can discern the germ element of two features which were to play a prominent part in the historical growth of Christian education in after centuries. We allude to the practice of community life, and the custom which prevailed with the Apostles and their immediate Episcopal successors of gathering around them as pupils, and often as members of their own households, such young men as they deemed it advisable to qualify for the sacred ministry. In the one we recognize the monastic principle at work; in the other the far-off

[1] Even as late as the fourth century we find the Fathers of the Church antagonizing one another on this very point. But the reasons adduced in support of the study of pagan authors at that late date could have had no force when applied to the opening years of the Christian era; that is to say, as long as the persecutions lasted. The time had not yet come when Origen could write to Gregory Thaumaturgus: "We are permitted when we go out of Egypt to carry with us the riches of the Egyptians, wherewith to adorn the tabernacle." The time had not yet come when the brilliancy of the Alexandrian school and the polemical acumen of its immortal professors were to give Christianity a standing never to be gainsaid or undone. The Patristic age, too, which even Guizot admits to have been the brightest literary period since the dawn of religion, was still a thing of the remote future.

dawnings of a system which, with varying fortunes, was to lead up to the Episcopal or Cathedral Schools of the Middle Ages and the seminaries of modern times.[1] And this is all of education we discover any vestige of in the earliest infancy of the Church—the inculcation in secret of the tenets of the faith to children and catechumens when and where the vicissitudes of the time would allow, and the private schools which centred around the Apostles and first bishops, and whose purpose was distinctly ecclesiastical.

It was not until the flourishing period of the Alexandrian Academies, under the presidency of Saint Pantaenus, and as late as A.D. 181, that we observe any departure from the exclusively domestic methods which, until then, had been the vogue. These Academies or Catechetical Schools, as they were generally called, were already more than a hundred years old when Pantaenus appeared on the scene. Their origin, according to Saint Jerome, dates from Saint Mark, the Evangelist, who, upon the dispersion of the Apostles, had been sent by Saint Peter to preach in Egypt. He arrived at Alexandria in the seventh year of the reign of Nero and the sixtieth of the Christian era. At the time, "Alexandria, the beautiful," as she was called, was not only one of the commercial emporiums of the world, but its literary capital as well. The combined civilizations of the East and West had poured into her lap the garnered fruits of years of uninterrupted social and political advance. The proud Roman, the subtle Greek, the opulent Jew, traders from Syria, India, Arabia and Ethiopia, no less than the native Egyptian, found it to their respective interests to

[1] It is noteworthy that the custom of living together was not merely forced upon the first Christians by stress of circumstances and the imperative need which they felt of combining for mutual comfort and support, but was adopted in imitation of the Saviour himself, who had organized his Apostles, and for that matter all of his disciples, into a family of which he was the father, the director, the teacher. In the desert, upon the lake-shore, upon the mountain, in the vestibule of the temple, upon the highways and byways, it was "the multitude" that was gathered around him. And so speedily and fully did this idea commend itself, and so general had the practice become, that the very hermits in the desert, long before the advent of monasticism, felt the necessity of it, and at stated intervals met together for prayer, or reading, or pious conversation. Thus up to Christ, through the first Christians and the Apostles themselves, is the canonical rule of life distinctly traceable. Hence with truth could Saint Augustin say in after years, in reply to certain attacks made upon him by the Donatists for having established a community of regular clergy, that, "While the name of monastery is new, the manner of life which we adopt is coeval with Christianity itself." In like manner the Apostles gathered around them their young students destined to aid and to succeed them in the ministry. For instance, we are told that Saint Peter was assisted by a chosen band of companions, of whom the names of Saint Mark, Saint Clement, Saint Evodius and Saint Linus have come down to us. Tradition has also preserved the memory of the numerous disciples of Saint John, notably of Polycarp and Papias, who sojourned with him at Ephesus, where the declining years of his life were spent.

live within her borders, and be made participants in the countless advantages which she alone could offer. But her material prosperity was not to be the secret of her greatest renown. Her schools and university, generously patronized by the savants and youthful *literati* of foreign lands, were to immortalize her yet more.[1] They afforded every facility for the acquisition of that broad and deep intellectual culture which forms such a marked feature in the mental structure of her many distinguished scholars. Literature, art and science—all that went to constitute a liberal education, was within her gift; while the stimulus which she gave to investigation in the upper fields of thought was to make itself felt throughout all subsequent ages. Under the patronage of the first Ptolemies, and until Roman oppression had dimmed the lustre of her ancient glory, scholarship was in good and universal repute. The old philosophies had ripened to their fullest in the sunshine of her royal favor. The abstractions of Plato, the speculations of Aristotle, the "mystical rationalism" of Philo, and, later on, the Neo-Platonic vagaries of Ammonius Saccas and Plotinus, found in her midst an atmosphere most congenial for the exercise of whatever activity they possessed. The Christian element alone was wanting in the frame-work of her intellectual build, and it was supplied by the advent of the Evangelist, Saint Mark. As we have already observed, whatever teaching was done, owing to an always present danger, was bestowed in secret; and that not only in Rome but in the Provinces, and wherever the zeal and enterprise of early converts had carried the Christian name. Saint Mark seems to have adopted the same prudential measure in his new and fertile field. Six years after his arrival, that is to say, A.D. 66, and about thirty years after the dispersion of the Apostles, the first general persecution broke out at Rome under Nero, and doubtless rendered it advisable, in a cosmopolitan centre like Alexandria, for Christians to be more than ordinarily circumspect, and pursue their vocation secludedly until the storm had ceased to threaten. Certain it is, even in default of historical testimony, that the catechetical schools were multiplied rapidly from his day onward, steadily radiating from his Episcopal See to all quarters of the East. It was traditional in St. Jerome's time, towards the close of the fourth century, A.D. 375, that Saint Mark had made it a point to group about him the most eminent scholars he could find equally skilled in sacred and profane learning. These he

[1] For a beautiful account of the Alexandrian University or "Museum," see Newman's *Historical Sketches*, vol. iii., c. viii.; also Allies' *Church and State*, p. 345. For an account of the Church of Alexandria, see Newman's *Arians*, sect. iii.

perfected under his own eyes and sent forth to repeat the work, which they had learnt from him, by the organization of similar schools elsewhere. We can see no reason to discredit the tradition. The numerous schools which, a century later, leaped to the surface within the very shadow of the university and in the principal cities of Egypt, Syria and Arabia, when temporary peace was granted to the Church, all fashioned upon the Alexandrian model, as well as the many distinguished converts from paganism who had come under their saving influence, spoke volumes in their praise, and indicated not only that the schools had existed, but also that their thoroughness testified to long years of painstaking and systematic development. They threw upon the field, on the first favorable opportunity, a fully-equipped army of representative scholars to assault, and that in public, the very strongholds of pagan philosophy and prejudice—like some titanic force, slumbering and yet alive, within the bosom of the earth, in silent expectation of the day and hour of its overwhelming manifestation. As to the method of instruction adopted by Saint Mark and his successors down to Saint Pantaenus, that is to say, for the first hundred years, we are not historically informed. Writers upon the subject, however, surmise, and with considerable show of truth, that it was, if not the same, at least very much like that pursued by the Christian teachers in Jerusalem, of which we have some record, and where we are told "the catechumens were assembled in the porch of the church, the men and women sitting apart from one another, and the Master standing to deliver his instruction." The matter of the instruction was always confined to the doctrines of faith, treated catechetically or apologetically, and beyond this neither the first schools at Alexandrian or elsewhere seem to have gone.

It was in the year 181 that Saint Pantaenus, successor to Athenagoras, succeeded to the presidency of the Alexandrian Academy, over which he presided for ten years. He was in all likelihood a Sicilian by birth, a convert from Stoicism, a man of superior attainments and celebrated amongst the gentile philosophers of his day. His entrance upon office was contemporaneous with a transitional period in the history of Christianity. The dreadful persecution which had been raging, we may say uninterruptedly, since the days of Saint Mark, had abated. The lull in the storm only spurred the Christians to redoubled efforts in the interests of religion. Naturally enough, their activity manifested itself nowhere more conspicuously than in and about the catechetical schools of Alexandria. Pantaenus felt that the moment

was auspicious. Being in every sense what in modern parlance we would describe as "a man of the times," and, therefore, keenly alive to the needs of the situation, he was persuaded that the hour had come for Christianity to make somewhat of a departure from the extremely conservative methods hitherto pursued. The light of the world had been long enough under a bushel. He would set it upon a mountain, that "nations might walk in its splendor and kings in the brightness of its rising." The magnificent deposit of Divine truth which had been whispered in secret, and which had shunned, as contamination, all allegiance with profane knowledge, he and his learned *confrères* would proclaim from the house-top, while they threw down the gauntlet of debate to the proud philosophers of the University, whether Platonist, Peripatetic or Eclectic, who fancied that in the speculations of Plato and Aristotle they had reached the "Ultima Thule" of human investigation. The schools, which had hitherto been only for the Christians, were now thrown open to all indiscriminately. The result is easily imagined. Heterogeneous throngs upon throngs packed the lecture-halls, attracted thither by the growing reputation and held enchained by the lofty eloquence of the speakers, as most of all by the sublime truths which, for the first time, they heard enunciated, and which were in strange contrast with the scientific vagaries to which they had been accustomed. Men of the superb calibre of Titus Flavius Clemens, better known in Christian annals as Clement of Alexandria, and whom Saint Jerome eulogizes as the most learned writer of the Church, were set thinking, and could not, as a result of their logical reflections, but prefer the Personal God of the Christians to the hazy "emanations" of Plotinus; the usefulness of a theological system which had a practical bearing, and intimately effected the morals of men, to "Platonic myths and Pythagorean theories of mortification," whose pursuit invariably terminated in dissatisfaction and confusion. Philo, at the very dawn of the Christian era, had sought to reconcile, and even identify, in a common origin, the writings of Moses and Plato, and out of his endeavor sprang the short-lived compromise of Neo-Platonism—"the Puseyism of Paganism," as it has been styled. That which he attempted for the Old Testament the Christian Doctors of Alexandria did in a measure for the New. They harmonized Pagan with Gospel science in this sense, that they pointed out to their eager listeners what was admirable and tenable in Pagan writers, demonstrating how the higher truths of Christianity were a necessary complement, and that, if they would have their investigations terminate in something better than misti-

ness and discouragement, they must press them beyond the horizon of the Natural into the realm of the Supernatural; from the domain of pure reason into that of faith and revelation. In short, that human wisdom was at best only the handmaid of Christian theology. As Saint Paulinus subsequently and in other connections wrote to Jovius: "You need not abandon your philosophy if you will but hallow it by faith and employ it wisely by uniting it to religion." With this maxim as a basic principle of operation, the Alexandrian Catechists could and did handle the ancient authors with impunity, making it clear that whatever beauties they possessed were, after all, only the broken gleams and scattered fragments of the one infinite and incommensurate Truth, whose logical and adequate expression was the Christian concept of the Godhead, and whose visible actuality was none other than the Word made Flesh. Like fire when it seizes upon stubble, the new truths and the fame of the new teachers swept through Alexandria—throughout all Egypt; wherever, in fact, Egyptian ships and caravans wafted the renown of her enterprise and commerce. The truth had ceased to be a thing of the closet—a mere exotic. Its champions were to be met with everywhere, pushing its claims and making sad havoc of the traditional follies to which even the wiseacres were clinging. In season and out of season, upon the busy thoroughfares of the city or in the lecture-rooms of the University of Serapeion; in the libraries and gardens, and upon the public drives and crowded wharves—in all places and at all times they were to be found teaching, and, by dint of the most compact logic, opening up entire vistas of unexplored verities for the contemplation of the ripest geniuses of the day. The harvest was bending for the sickle. The laborers, though necessarily few, were multiplying daily, and the necessary result was large and constant accessions from all grades and classes of society to the ranks of the Christian fold. We are not to suppose, however, that the work of the Alexandrian school was confined to argument with pagan literati and philosopher. That were an injustice to its saintly professors and to the spirit of its Apostolic founder which still hovered about its precincts. Though it was the most conspicuous, it was by no means the only or even the principal work. The catechetical classes for catechumens and children were its most efficient features. While Pantaenus and his successor Clement, and later on Origen, met the learned Pagan upon his own ground and lectured upon the most recondite subjects, numerous well-trained disciples were appointed to look after the interests of simple minds. Eusebius expressly narrates, and it were easy to infer

it without being told, that Origen divided his school into two sections, one for the more advanced and another for beginners; understanding by beginners not merely, as some have done, adult converts from Paganism, but also, as Fleury insists, children.[1] For, while it is true that the character of the instruction was generally better suited to persons of age, it is a mistake to suppose that it was all of one description. The Alexandrian school continued to prosper steadily for twenty-two years, from A.D. 180 to A.D. 202. It was then, and while Saint Clement was in charge, that the fifth general persecution under Septimus Severus broke out. The schools in Alexandria and elsewhere were closed. Their pupils and teachers were disbanded. The persecution raged incessantly until A.D. 211, the year of the Emperor's death at York, in Britain. He was succeeded by Carracalla, and peace was once more restored. Clement, on the breaking out of the persecution, had retired to Cappadocia, where he died in the year 217. We are in ignorance as to whether he ever returned to Alexandria or not. Meanwhile the illustrious Origen, then only eighteen years of age, was called upon to pilot the destinies of the school after its reorganization, which he continued to do for twenty years, until A.D. 231, when he resigned his post and left Alexandria forever. It was not to discontinue the work of teaching, though, for we soon find him at Cesarea, in Palestine, at the head of another institution, modelled upon the Alexandrian pattern. At the time Cesarea was an important religious and intellectual centre, and, with the exception of Alexandria and Antioch, compared favorably with the other cities of the East. This offshoot of the Alexandrian school was but one out of many similar educational foundations emanating from the same source, and animated by one and the same principle and spirit. As further examples we may mention those at Jerusalem, Edessa, Antioch, and, somewhat later, at Nisibis in Armenia, and at Sidon.

How long the Catechetical School of Alexandria flourished is a matter of historical conjecture. The more common opinion is

---

[1] But when he (Origen) saw that he was not adequate at the same time to the more intense study of divine things and to the interpretation of the Scriptures, and in addition to the instruction of the Catechumens, who scarcely allowed him to draw breath, one coming after another, from morning till night, to be taught by him, he divided the multitude, and selected Heraclas, one of his friends, who was devoted to the study of the Scriptures, and in other respects also a most learned man, not unacquainted with philosophy, and associated him with himself in the office of instruction. To him, therefore, he committed the elementary initiation of those that were yet to be taught the first beginning, or rudiments, but reserved for himself lecturing to those that were more familiar with the subject.—Eusebius, *Eccles. Hist.*, b. vi., c. 15.

that it lasted, in itself or its ramifications, until the middle and possibly the close of the fourth century. The period of its greatest *éclat* was that during which it was administered by Pantaneus, Clement and Origen, for after theirs, no name of equal distinction appears upon its roll of masters. Of Origen's immediate successors, the names of Heraclas, Dionysius the bishop, Saint Pierius,[1] Achillas, Theognostus, Serapion and Peter the Martyr, have been preserved. Various reasons, more or less plausible, have been adduced for the gradual decadence of the school. The departure of Origen, its brightest light, to other fields, and the establishment by him of a similar institution at Cesarea, would naturally rob it of some of its quondam prestige, and divide with it public patronage and attention. Besides, and we deem this a more potent reason, it had served its time and purpose in the Providence of God. It was, after all, only a phase in what was to be an interminable process of educational development. That it was an improvement upon the primitive and elementary condition in which Christian education found itself during the early years of the century, no one will gainsay. Where the proselytizing of the first Christians had been mainly amongst the Jews, the doors of the Catechetical school stood open for all alike, irrespective of race and caste. Where the matter at the beginning was confined to the doctrines of religion, the teaching of the Alexandrians covered, in addition, the entire field of pagan research, scientific as well as literary. They could descant upon the charms of Homer and Virgil and rout the fallacies of Plato with the same dexterity and grace with which they interpreted a chapter of Genesis or taught the youngest of their children to make the sign of the cross. And to their everlasting credit be it said that they were the first who brought the wisdom of the pagan to the steps of the altar and made it kneel down and adore. Moreover, the critical situation in which the first Christians were placed made them, as a matter of self-preservation, seek seclusion and retirement. The altered condition in which the Alexandrians found themselves at

---

[1] We have mentioned Saint Pierius as head of the Catechetical schools of Alexandria upon the authority of Rohrbacher—an authority, however, with which the Bollandists are at variance. They say: "Quæcunque disputata sunt de tempore quo Pierius potuit regere Scholam Alexandrinam ad hoc reducuntur, quod legenti satis patuerit, ut ostensum sit nullatenus deesse in hucusque nota præfectorum serie intervallum quod Pierii præfecturæ attribuatur. At illud sane non sufficit, ut probetur eum revera hoc munus exercuisse neque ulterius progressi sumus a conclusione enuntiata in fine num. 15, nimirum non deesse quædam indicia quibus innuatur Pierius Catechetarum scholæ præsedisse, sed argumenta quæ rem plane evincant præsto non esse. *Acta Sanctorum*, Novem. Tom. ii pars prim., pg. 260.

the beginning of the third century solicited them to the front, and prompted them in the interests of truth and salvation to put on what Saint Paul characterizes as "the armor of light." The result was a period of marvellous growth and activity in the Church, and the almost instantaneous creation of a generation of apologists and controversialists hardly equalled and certainly never surpassed before or since. The writings of Saint Pantaenus, which are lost, though we are told they were voluminous, and those of Clement and Origen, which have survived, will more than bear out the truth of this statement. It was a phase, then, a transition, and nothing more natural than that it should yield to the broader and fuller policy ushered in by the first Christian Emperor, Constantine the Great, in the year 313. Before passing to the consideration of his reign and the world-wide transformation which it effected in the educational status of the Christian Church, for with that alone are we concerned, let us pause to remark that the school development of the century and a half that had preceded was by no means confined to Alexandria or the numerous schools of which it was the admitted and honored parent. The facilities which it afforded were not within the reach of all. Hence it was that, stimulated by its brilliant example, a kindred zeal had taken possession of the guardians of the flock elsewhere, and the interests of education were steadily advanced. Rome had its Christian school; and that religion had espoused learning there, the names of Apollonius, Tatian and Justin Martyr abundantly attest. Athens had its school and its scholars also, who, like the Great Apostle, had hurried thither to announce to the inquisitive Greek the wonderful works and ways of the "unknown God." Carthage had its school and could furnish its quota of erudite and zealous Christian teachers, as the names of Tertullian and Cyprian sufficiently prove. Nor was this zeal for the diffusion of Christian teaching confined to the East. There were many in the West who, in the matter of schools, were emulating the work of the Alexandrians. To the names already mentioned we may add those of Minutius Felix, Arnobius and Lactantius, all of them of the anti-Nicene period (A.D. 325). In accentuating the work of the Alexandrian Academy and its connections, therefore, we would not be understood as insinuating that all this while the faithful elsewhere were comparatively idle. Far from it. But the condition of public affairs in other quarters, for one reason or another, was so unsettled as to render anything like organization for corporate and continued educational purposes out of the question. In Rome, for instance, it was an almost unbroken persecution on the part of

barbarous emperors, who, when they did not attack religion, found vent for their iniquity in the wholesale assaults which they made upon scholarship and scholars. Tacitus in his "Agricolæ Vita," years before, had lamented the decline and almost complete extinction of literary endeavor, owing to the inhumanity and immorality of men in power who could not understand, much less appreciate, the mission of science and literature as elements of growth in the evolution of a nation's life.[1] And the same continued to be more or less the case long after his time. Alexandria alone seemed to combine the available conditions. The intellectual life focussed in her University; the high order of scientific speculation which had been in progress there for centuries, aided and encouraged by the beneficient generosity of its rulers; the sharp competition bound to follow as a consequence of so many bright minds coming together, all this and more made it a veritable hive of activity where the truth could work marvels if it could only declare itself at the hands of proper interpreters and upon the most judicious lines of presentation. That it did so we have seen—though we have also seen how checkered was its career, even in a soil so promising. Thus as early as the third century, thanks to the enterprising spirit of the Alexandrians, whatever learning there was that was worth the having was within reach of the Christians. In consequence, the intellectual qualifications looked for in a Christian gentleman of those days were neither mean nor few. They are thus summarized by the accomplished authoress of "Christian Schools and Scholars": "In addition to the elements of education," she says, "we see that at the beginning of the third century Christians were expected to teach and study the liberal arts, profane literature, philosophy, and the biblical languages. Their teachers commented on the Scripture, and devoted themselves to a critical study of its text; positive theology, as it is called, had established itself in the schools, together with a certain systematic science of Christian ethics; and, we may add, many branches of

[1] At mihi nunc narraturo vitam defuncti hominis, venia opus fuit; quam non petissem, ni cursaturus tam sæva et infesta virtutibus tempora. Legimus, cum Aruleno Rustico Pætus Thrasea, Herennio Senecioni Priscus Helvidius laudati essent capitale fuissee: neque in ipsos modo auctores, sed in libros quoque eorum sævitum, delegato triumviris ministerio, ut monumenta clarissimorum ingeniorum in comitio ac foro urerentur. Scilicet illo igne vocem populi Romani et libertatem senatus et conscientiam generis humani aboleri arbitrabantur, expulsis insuper sapientiæ professoribus atque omni bona arte in exilium acta, ne quid usquam honestum accurreret. Dedimus profecto grande patientiæ documentum: et sicut vetus ætas vidit quid ultimum in libertate esset, ita nos quid in servitute, ademto per inquisitiones, et loquendi audiendique commercio. Memoriam quoque ipsam cum voce perdidissemus, si tam in nostra potestate esset oblivsci, quam tacere. *Agricolæ Vita*, c. ii.

physical science also. It matters very little that these latter were but imperfectly known; the real point worth observing is that every branch of human knowledge, in so far as it had been cultivated at that time, was included in the studies of the Christian schools; and considering that this had been the work of scarcely more than two centuries, and those centuries of bloody persecution, it must be acknowledged to have been a tolerably expansive growth."[1] And this picture which she draws of the condition of things at the opening took on deeper colors and a more perfect delineation as the century advanced, in despite of endless obstruction. All that was needed for the perfect development of Christian education was an uninterrupted peace for the Church, and in the Providence of God its coming was to be no longer delayed.

Naturally enough, the entrance upon office of Constantine the Great, in the year 306, and the new policy which he inaugurated, augured well for the future of Christianity. The kindly feelings which he had manifested prior to his accession to the throne had filled the Christians with hope. Nor were they doomed to disappointment. In the year 313 he issued from Milan his decree of toleration, the effect of which was to put them upon a social and political level with their whilom pagan persecutors. And whatever his defects as a man or a prince, one thing is certain: his authority, exercised in its fulness and perseveringly, broke the fetters which had hampered the free development of Christian education, and set it upon a basis from which neither the traditional prejudice of paganism nor the malicious antagonism of men in power, such as Julian the Apostate, was able subsequently to shake it. "I wish my century," he wrote to Optatianus, "to afford an easy access to eloquence, and render a friendly testimony to serious studies." With this object in view, he threw open for the accommodation of all, irrespective of creed, the public schools of the Empire, using his authority freely in the endeavor to render them as efficient as possible. Christians were even allowed to teach in them, and some, perhaps many, availed themselves of the privilege, notwithstanding the opposition manifested in certain quarters to the practice. A word upon their history. Public schools had made their appearance in the state as early as the days of Julius Cæsar, B.C. 60, when at least thirty could be counted. They were not at the start a recognized civil institution, but private enterprises, conducted in the interest of individual pedagogues or Grammatici. Their curriculum embraced simply the

[1] *Christian Schools and Scholars*, p. 10.

elements, though there are evidences that in some cases they were more pretentious. It was not until the time of Vespasian, A.D. 69, that what were known as the imperial schools or "Auditoria" took their rise in Rome and in many of the provincial towns of note. They were of royal foundation, and were intended for the pursuit of higher studies. At least a two years' course in fundamentals was presupposed to admission. Confined at first to rhetoric and grammar, they gradually enlarged their scope until philosophy, medicine, jurisprudence, Latin and Greek, literature, astrology, and whatever was known of other sciences, were included amongst the branches taught. Their professors were appointed by the emperors, were well paid for their services, and, in view of their dignity, enjoyed various immunities and emoluments. Amongst the most celebrated of these schools may be mentioned those at Besançon, Arles, Cologne, Rheims, Treves, Toulouse, Clermont, Narbonne, Vienne, Bordeaux and Lyons. Those at Marseilles and Autun seem to have been the earliest, having been established by Greek colonies at some very remote and unknown date. Both Cicero and Tacitus allude to their antiquity. The most famous of the imperial schools, a sort of metropolitan university, with regard to all of them, was the Athenæum or Schola Romana, established by the Emperor Adrian, A.D 117–A.D. 138. It flourished until the time of the Christian Emperors. It was built in the capital, and its whole conception seems to have been suggested by the Museum or University of Alexandria, already mentioned. It had "ten chairs for Latin grammar, ten for Greek, three for Latin rhetoric, five for Greek, one—some say three—for philosophy, two or four for Roman law; professorships of medicine were also added. . . . . Under grammar were included knowledge of language and metre, criticism and history." The studies of a Roman youth began with elements at the age of seven. Having completed his primary course, he was sent at fourteen to the Athenæum or other public academy for the cultivation of oratory, mathematics, philosophy and law. At the age of twenty he was supposed to have finished his studies, though even that time was prorogued for five years in favor of those who desired to pursue letters or jurisprudence as specialties. As a result of the facilities which these institutions for higher education afforded, multitudes of students, when they had completed their studies in the provincial districts, flocked to Rome in quest of its exceptional advantages. They hailed from Spain and Gaul and Africa; and not a few of them, foreigners though they were, have by their immortal writings shed a glory upon the history of Roman

literature. Thus from Spain came the two Senacas, Lucan, Martial and Quintillian. From Gaul, Ansonius and Sidonius Apollinaris. From Africa, Arnobius, Lucius Apulius and Aurelius Victor. The massing together of so many young men at one point was, of course, fraught with great danger, moral danger especially, to themselves and no end of annoyance to public authorities. Accordingly we find that the legislation regarding them was both plentiful and stringent. They were required to bring from the provincial governor of the locality from which they came proper testimonials of introduction and recommendation. They were to be under constant surveillance during their stay at the metropolis, and, in case of flagrant misdemeanor, were to be publicly beaten with rods and sent home. They were amenable to the civil officers, who were required to furnish the Emperor with monthly reports, giving all necessary information regarding the number of students in attendance, their homes and condition, their progress, their conduct, with the names of the latest arrivals, as also of those who, their time having expired, were to be sent back whence they came. The rules governing the professors were equally strict. To the advantages which these schools afforded, many a Christian champion, like Tertullian, Jerome, Basil, Augustin and Gregory, owed the brilliant classical training which they brought with them into the Church. This system of imperial schools lasted until the end of the seventh century in Gaul, Italy, Spain, and in every part of the Roman world. "In Italy," says Ozanam, "till the eleventh century, lay teachers pursued their course side by side with the ecclesiastical schools, as if to unite the end of the old imperial system to the origin of that of the universities, and especially to the University of Bologna, which, in spite of difference from one another and from the old schools of the Empire, perpetuated the public methods of antiquity through a privileged professoriate and an universally accessible system of instruction.[1]

When Christianity became under Constantine the religion of the Empire, these public schools were opened to Christians, though they still retained "the old methods, subjects of instruction, and, to a very considerable extent, the old spirit." Paganism was not to be so easily dislodged, and in spite of the efforts of Christian Emperors, notably Constantine, Valentinian, Gratian, Honorius and Theodosius, the old civilization, with its admixture of good and evil, still clung to its ancient haunts. Its struggle for a more protracted life against Christianity, which it viewed as an intruder,

[1] *Civilization in the Fifth Century*, vol. i., p. 195.

manifested itself nowhere more violently than in the class-room. Hence the animated controversy which arose amongst the rulers of the Church as to the advisability, not to say permissibility, of allowing Christian children to attend such institutions where a threefold danger seemed to threaten them—the paganism of the text-books, of their companions, and of their teachers. As we follow the discussion, and it is well worth the following, since it was a typical "battle of the giants," we are reminded that school controversies, even within the Church, are by no means an exclusive product of nineteenth century inventiveness. So far removed from the environments of those days, it were impossible for us to pass upon the absolute merits of the case. There must have been valid reasons on both sides, since we find Saint Chrysostom and Saint Augustin in opposite camps. Saint Jerome, though brought up in similar schools himself, and although it has been said of him that "he read Cicero while he fasted and devoured Plautus whilst he bewailed his sins," was at first opposed to the idea, and denounced it in no very measured terms. Subsequently, however, he seems to have veered, and, notwithstanding his resolution to eschew pagan literature and its cultivation, we find him in his old age teaching the classics and making his monks copy the "Dialogues of Cicero," while, as we also read, he carried with him on his journey to Jerusalem a copy of "Plato," so as not to lose time on the road. Saint Chrysostom, who had every facility for acquiring a full knowledge of the character of the schools in question, and would certainly have been the last to underrate literary accomplishment, sums up his views in an eloquent passage, whose appositeness at all times will be our apology for quoting it at length. "If you have masters amongst you," he writes, "who can answer for the virtue of your children, I should be very far from advocating your sending them to a monastery; on the contrary, I should strongly insist on their remaining where they are. But if no one can give such a guarantee, we ought not to send children to schools where they will learn vice before they learn science, and where, in acquiring learning of relatively small value, they will lose what is far more precious, their integrity of soul. . . . . Are we, then, to give up literature? You will exclaim: I do not say that, but I do say that we must not kill souls. . . . . When the foundations of a building are sapped, we should seek rather for architects to reconstruct the whole edifice than for artists to adorn the walls. In fact, the choice lies between two alternatives—a liberal education, which you may get by sending your children to the public schools, or the salvation of their souls,

which you get by sending them to the monks. Which is to gain the day, science or the soul? If you can unite both advantages, do so by all means; but if not, choose the most precious."[1] Golden words, truly, from a golden mouth! "If you can unite both advantages, do so by all means," furnishes us, likely, with the keynote of the situation as it was in actual practice. It was not the intention of either party to forego the benefits accruing from the study of pagan classics when that study was conducted with due caution. That they were at one on the subject properly understood was made apparent when Julian the Apostate, A.D. 362, issued his decree inhibiting to Christians the study of pagan authors even in private, hypocritically observing that since they cared nothing for the divinities and precepts of paganism, they could spend their time much more usefully in the perusal of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. Forgetful for the nonce of their own differences, the Christians rallied to a unit in their opposition to it, with Saint Augustine, Saint Basil, and particularly Saint Gregory Nazianzien, who had been a classmate of Julian's, in the forefront. So crushing was the antagonism developed that Valentinian, a successor of Julian, was driven to revoke it. As long as it was in operation the early fathers and doctors, in their zeal for classical instruction, wrote imitations of the Greek and Latin models for school purposes, that youth might not be altogether deprived of the advantages which only the classics could afford. Gregory Nazianzen alone, we are informed, wrote 30,000 lines of verse for class exercise. This speaks for itself, and, to say the least, may be assumed as a qualification of Hallam's statement that the decline of Latin literature in the fourth and fifth centuries was largely due to the fact that "a dislike of pagan learning was pretty general among Christians." Such a statement will meet with little credence from those who recall the galaxy of classical scholars who figured in the Church during the period in question, and who have taken their position in the world of letters, to be read and heralded long after Mr. Hallam and his attempts at history have been forgotten. Gregory of Neo-Cesarea, Basil of Cappadocia, Athanasius and Cyril of Alexandria, Cyril of Jerusalem, Gregory of Nazianzum, Jerome, Chrysostom of Antioch and Augustin of Hippo are a few of the luminaries who shone in that age in which we are asked to believe that Christians were hostile to the cultivation of the classics. We are not unaware that they did oppose the study of pagan literature in schools, and that the

[1] *Chrys. Op.*, vol. i., pp. 115–122, Ed., Gaume. Quoted from *Christian Schools and Scholars*, p. 19.

Church even formulated adverse decrees upon the subject; but the teaching so antagonized was such as had no safeguard or saving quality, a fact which, like many another fact, Mr. Hallam and his set too readily overlook. Thus, though the public schools afforded new opportunities for the acquisition of secular learning, and in many ways were a benefit to the early Church, and as such were frequented and defended by many of her most renowned children, yet, as they were tainted with paganism and remained so until their final extinction in the sixth century under Justinian, or maybe later, it is impossible to trace through them the line of direct Christian educational development. Accordingly, we must seek for it elsewhere.

While the schools of the Empire fell a prey to the univeral decline and destruction which swept everything before them, or lived on, as some will have it, in the case of a few, through the turmoil of centuries as a scarcely discernible link in the chain of historical occurrences, the Episcopal and Monastic schools, which had arisen under very different auspices and had quite other missions in the Providence of God, continued to thrive—at first in secret and later in the broad light of day, and always in close touch with the widening conditions of human life and affairs. We have seen how the earliest bishops of the Church, and even the Apostles, converted their houses into schools for the education of aspirants to the ministry. The custom, far from becoming obsolete, was universally prevalent during the first centuries, and some of the most venerated names of Christian antiquity are those of men who had been brought up after this fashion. Saint Chrysostom, Saint Cyril and Saint Athanasius may be mentioned as cases in point. The earliest authentic decretal, that of Pope Siricius, issued in 385, as well as later pronouncements by other Pontiffs, alludes to them, and leaves no doubt that they were conducted under proper ecclesiastical supervision. The introduction, in the fourth century, of the monastic life from the East, where it had long flourished, into the West, added new features to the already existing Episcopal or Cathredral schools. The community life which they practised assumed a more regular form. The bishop's residence became a sort of monastery in this sense, that the students who made his house their home and school were brought up on strict and well-defined lines of religious discipline. The bishop taught them in person. Where that was not possible he employed a substitute, usually a cleric. When the number of scholars in attendance became unwieldy, as sometimes happened, the Church was devoted to class purposes, the students still continuing to reside under the

same roof with the bishop. Saint Augustine at Hippo; Saint Ambrose at Milan and Saint Eusebius at Arles had flourishing Episcopal schools of this description, which became renowned in history for the excellence of their training and the general patronage which they commanded. With time their curriculum, meagre at first and limited to ecclesiastical studies, was extended until it embraced not merely such branches as were needful for the state of life contemplated, but such others, also, as went to make up a liberal education as then understood. Everything, in fact, that was taught in the municipal schools was included in their program as far as it was at all available for Christian use. For instance, the famous school attached to the Cathedral of Seville and established by Saint Leander, the bishop, and perfected by his brother and successor, Saint Isidore, A.D. 630, had a staff of Latin, Greek and Hebrew professors, and, in imitation of the imperial schools, taught mathematics, law and medicine. Yet, whatever may have been their number, whatever may have been their proficiency, like the civil schools, they fell preys to the vicissitudes of the times and disappeared. Difficult, nay, impossible as it is to trace their history in unbroken sequence through the turbulent period of the fourth and fifth centuries, when the process of universal social and political disintegration had set in, yet the occasional glimpses which we catch of them through the intervals of gathering gloom are more than sufficient to assure us that they were still at work in the cause of learning, and that at a juncture when all seemed hopelessly lost. In these Episcopal institutions we behold the germ of what was to become the Seminary of later days. At what precise moment after their re-establishment they began to be formally recognized and legislated for as seminaries by the Church is wholly uncertain. The first intimation of any decree on the subject seems to be that of the second Council of Toledo, issued A.D. 531. Its provisions are detailed and ample, so much so that we cannot but believe that Episcopal schools, even anterior to that date, had been looked upon as seminaries, in our modern understanding of the term.[1]

[1] We will give, even at the risk of anticipating, Cardinal Newman's brief *resumé* of the subject in hand: "As seminaries," he says, "are so necessary to the Church, they are one of its earliest appointments. Scarcely had the New Dispensation opened, when, following the example of the schools of the Temple and of the Prophets under the Old, Saint John is recorded, over and above the public assemblies of the faithful, to have had about him a number of students whom he familiarly instructed; and as time went and power was given to the Church this school for ecclesiastical learning was placed under the roof of the Bishop. In Rome especially, where we look for the pattern to which other churches are to be conformed, the clergy, not of the city only, but of

Simultaneously with the development of Episcopal or Cathedral schools founded for clerics, we notice another growth in progress, namely, that of the monastic schools for the laity. Even the first solitaries of the desert at times received for instruction children committed to their training; and from the very birth of monasticism under Saint Anthony and Saint Pachomius provision had been made for the education of the young by the institution of what were known as the interior and exterior schools—the former intended for such as aspired to the monastic life, the latter for those who entertained no such idea, but could not or would not, because of the danger, avail themselves of the advantages of the State Schools, or of the private "Adventure Schools," of which there were many. Saint Basil, like Pachomius before him, allowed children to be received into the monasteries to be educated, and laid down rules for their proper government. The passage just cited from Saint Chrysostom shows that monastery schools were common in his day, A.D. 344, and in high repute. When monasticism passed from the East to the West, among the traditions which it retained was that of schools. This transition dates from the advent of Saint Athanasius to Rome, A.D. 340. Having been frequently exiled by Constantine and Constantinus because of his stanch defense of the Divinity of Jesus Christ against the Arians, he spent much of his time in the Thebaid. There he met the early Cenobites, and familiarized himself with their practices. Coming

---

the province, were brought under the immediate eye of the Pope. The Lateran Church, his first Cathedral, had a seminary attached to it, which remained there until the Pontificate of Leo the Tenth, when it was transferred into the heart of the city. The students entered within the walls from the earliest childhood; but they were not raised from minor orders till the age of twenty, nor did they reach the priesthood till after the trial of many years. Strict as a monastic novitiate, it nevertheless included polite literature in its course, and a library was attached to it for the use of the Seminarists. Here was educated, about the year 310, Saint Eusebius, afterwards, in Arian times, the celebrated Bishop of Vercelli; and in the dark age which followed it was the home from childhood of some of the greatest Popes—Saint Gregory the Second, Saint Paul the First, Saint Leo the Third, Saint Paschal and Saint Nicholas the First. This venerable seminary, called anciently the School of the Pontifical Palace, has never failed. Even when the barbarians were wasting the face of Italy and destroying its accumulations of literature, the great Council of Rome, under Pope Agatho . . . . could testify, not indeed to the theological science of the school in that miserable age, but to its faithful preservation of the unbroken teaching of revealed truth and of the traditions of the Fathers. In the thirteenth century we find it in a flourishing condition, and Saint Thomas and Albertus Magnus lecturing in its halls. Such a prerogative of perpetuity was not enjoyed elsewhere. Europe lay submerged under the waters of a deluge, and when they receded schools had to be refounded, as well as Churches." *Hist. Sket.*, vol. iii., p. 241. The baneful effect which the establishment of the Mediæval Universities, long years after, had upon the Seminaries, and the legislation of the Council of Trent regarding them, will be a subject of later remark.

to Rome, he circulated a report of what he had witnessed in the desert, and wrote the life of Saint Anthony, with whom he had conversed.[1] The Romans, weary with centuries of bloodshed and dissipation, listened with anxious avidity to the recital, and multitudes, even of the nobility, embraced the life which he had been the first to proclaim in their midst. The idea grew, as fruitful ideas must, and ere many years had elapsed Italy teemed with monasteries, whose erection was largely due to the zeal of Eusebius, Bishop of Vercelli, who, like Athanasius, had been exiled from the East for his bold advocacy of the truth. Inspired by the writings of Athanasius, and burning to emulate him, Saint Martin of Tours introduced monasticism from Italy into Gaul, A.D. 360, by the establishment of the Monasteries of Ligugé and Marmontier, in which latter retreat the Apostle of Ireland had his lips cleansed with the coal of fire which kindled the faith in the land of Saints and scholars. Germanus and Lupus in Britain, Ninian in Scotland, Patrick in Ireland, Cassian in Marseilles, Honoratus in Lerins, are all suggestive of the rapid dissemination of monastic life in western Europe, and, by inference, of cloistral schools, its invariable accompaniment, and that even prior to the time when educational work in the West fell entirely into the hands of the Church. It is not difficult to perceive that the monastic schools were the real channels that preserved intact the truths of Christianity, and a vast improvement, at the moment of their all but total extinction, upon anything that had preceded. They effected with less brilliancy but greater security what the Alexandrians had accomplished, but were unable to perpetuate the fusion of Christian learning with pagan lore. How they would have prospered had they flourished in tranquillity and peace it were difficult to say; but, like everything else, they were doomed to suffer from the stress of the times.

The fifth century was drawing to a close. The transfer of the seat of government from Rome to Byzantium years before, A.D. 330, had furnished the wild hordes of the North with the opportunity they had so long awaited. It weakened the Western Empire, and the barbarians who for centuries had been prowling upon the confines of the Roman domain realized that their hour had come, and in numberless legions streamed in upon the fair fields of central and southern Europe. Two centuries had not elapsed from their first eruption before they had ravaged Thrace, Panno-

[1] It is to this life that Saint Augustine so feelingly alludes in his *Confessions*, B. viii., c. 6.

nia, Gaul, Spain, Africa and Italy. First came the Goth, next the Hun, and finally the Lombard. What one spared the other devoured. Everything perished on their march. Art, science, literature—in a word—the rich inheritance of Greek and Roman splendor, the accumulated dowry of ages of toilsome industry, all were swept away. The municipal and imperial schools were destroyed, the Episcopal schools disappeared, and the cloistral schools were all but annihilated. The evil, with no force to check it, increased until the overthrow of the Emperor Augustulus, A.D. 476, by Odoacer, chief of the Heruli, announced the downfall of the Western Empire. The hour of midnight had struck, and whatever random light still flickered in the firmament of letters only emphasized the darkness while hastening to its own speedy and ominous setting. As we gaze upon the desolate situation, and contrast the widely different fates of the pagan and Christian schools, we are reminded of the words of M. Guizot, spoken of the two systems in general: "The activity and intellectual strength of the two societies," he says, "were prodigiously unequal. With its institutions, its professors, its privileges, the one was nothing and did nothing; while, with its simple ideas, the other incessantly labored and seized upon everything."[1] Yes, the Church seized upon whatever learning remained, and kept diligent watch over it throughout the carnage and confusion which followed. Her monastic schools, though many had been destroyed and all were jeopardized, continued their work. Like the bird which flees before the gathering storm and seeks refuge in the quiet and retired depths of some leafy covert until the clouds are dissipated and it can once more preen its wings for another and more auspicious flight, what was left of education took shelter in the monasteries, which were now scattered up and down the length and breadth of Europe—in England, in Ireland, in Germany, in Wales, in France, in Spain, in Italy, in Scotland—everywhere—there to await the glad summons of its resurrection to a broader and more efficient field of enterprise. How it fared throughout its centuries of retirement, and what promises it held in deposit of that future civilization of which we are to-day so boastful, will be the purpose of a subsequent paper to describe.

REV. EUGENE MAGEVNEY, S.J.

SAINT IGNATIUS COLLEGE, Chicago, Ill.

[1] *History of Civilization*, vol. i., p. 361 *et seq.*

A PRECURSOR OF MARQUETTE.

DURING the middle part of the seventeenth century there perished in the forests of what is now Wisconsin a Jesuit priest who was distinguished, even among illustrious associates, for his missionary zeal and noble enterprise.

Just as Francis Xavier yielded up his life at the very threshold of China, where he had longed to labor for the salvation of souls, so did Père René Ménard die in the country south of Lake Superior, where dwelt the Huron Indians, a lost flock, fugitives from the wrath of the dreaded Iroquois. Francis Xavier died of a fever. Ménard lost his way in the wilderness and probably died of starvation.

High among the brave men, men like Brebeuf, Bressani, Jogues and Gabriel Lalemant, men who in the seventeenth century made every sacrifice and faced every danger to labor for the redemption of the savages of North America, and who made illustrious in our land the name of Jesuit, stands Père Ménard. He was the pioneer missionary of the Lake Superior country. In that region he preceded the famed Claude Allouez by five years. Twelve years before Louis Joliet and Père Marquette launched their frail bark canoe in the waters of the lower Wisconsin River, on their way to the Father of Waters, Ménard had ridden upon the upper Wisconsin for scores of miles; indeed, the bones of this good old bearer of the Cross had been whitening in that wild valley for five years before Marquette first set foot upon American soil.

The archives of the Society of Jesus record the birth of Ménard at Paris on September 7, 1605. In 1624 he entered the Jesuit novitiate at Paris. Two years later he was sent to the college at La Flèche, where he studied philosophy and the sciences for three years. During the following three years he taught Latin at the College of Orleans. Then, after four years devoted to the study of theology at Bourges, he taught belles-lettres at Moulins for a period of three years. Having distinguished himself in theology, in philosophy and belles-lettres, he spent the final year of probation in the city of Rouen.

He was ordered to America almost as soon as he had taken his last vows. He took passage at Dieppe late in March, 1640, and after being detained in the roadstead off that port by storms which raged for a whole month, he, on July 8th, reached Quebec, which at that time was nothing but a frontier hamlet, consisting for the

most part of log houses. The fleet consisted of three ships, and their arrival at Quebec was the occasion of a solemn Te Deum.

In order to equip himself for missionary work among the natives, Ménard applied himself to the study of the Algonquin language. In 1641 his active missionary career was begun. He was sent to the country of the Hurons, between Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe; and at the Huron missions, or in connection with them, he labored for eight or nine years, until the memorable incursion of the Iroquois, those bitter, unrelenting foes of the Hurons. It was at that time that the Iroquois killed the heroic Brebeuf, the gentle Lalemant, and other French missionaries. Ménard was not caught in the slaughter-pens, although he was near the scene of danger. He finally returned in safety to the settlements on the St. Lawrence.

After being stationed at Three Rivers for a few years, Ménard, in 1656, was sent with other missionaries, and with a number of French colonists, to the country of the Onondagas, one of the Iroquois nations not far from the present Onondaga Reservation in New York. A short time afterward Ménard was detailed to establish a mission among the Cayugas, another Iroquois nation, among whom he was in constant danger of being murdered. The savages often ran after him, brandishing knives and hatchets. It was a common sight for him to see captives burned and devoured. But these scenes of terror and of horror seemed only to increase the priest's zeal. With death threatening him at every turn, he wrote a brave, even joyful, letter to his superior, informing him that he alone had baptized 400 of the captives held at the Cayuga village.

Soon came the discovery of the Iroquois plot to kill all the French missionaries and colonists. To save themselves, they resorted to strategy. Boats capable of navigating amid floating ice were secretly made within the mission buildings, and one night, after they had feasted the Indians until the latter fell asleep, the priests and their protectors silently departed. When their flight was discovered, the Indians, having only bark canoes, which were of little use in waters filled with floating ice, were unable to pursue them. The white fugitives reached Montreal in safety early in the spring of 1658. Ménard became superior of the residence at Three Rivers.

In a letter dated October 29, 1660, Laval, vicar apostolic of New France, afterward the first bishop of Quebec, wrote as follows to Pope Alexander VII.:

"This summer a priest of the Society of Jesus left for a mission more than 500 leagues from Quebec. That country is inhabited by innumerable nations, who have never even heard of the Catholic faith. Seven Frenchmen joined this apostle; they to buy castors, he to conquer souls. He will surely have to suffer a great deal, and has everything to fear from cold, hunger, disease and the savages. But the love of Jesus Christ and the zeal for souls conquer all."[1]

The Jesuit priest whom the letter mentions was Ménard. His destination was the wilderness south of Lake Superior. He had seen the snow of fifty-five winters, and in many ways was an old man. Hardship and privation had bent his form, whitened his hair and undermined his health. But his soul was lofty, his heart stout, his faith steadfast, inspiring. A letter to a reverend friend which he wrote at 2 o'clock in the morning of August 27, 1660, only a few hours before his departure for an unknown country from which he was never to return, shows his unfaltering courage as well as his gentle spirit. This is what he says:

"I write you probably the last word, and I desire it to be the seal of our friendship unto Eternity. . . . . In three or four months you may put me into the Memento of the dead, considering the manner of living of these people, and my age and weak constitution. Notwithstanding all this, I have felt such a powerful attraction, and have seen so little of nature in this undertaking, that I cannot doubt that I should have had eternal remorse had I missed this opportunity.

"We were taken a little by surprise, so that we were unable to provide ourselves with clothing and other necessary things. But He who feeds the little birds and clothes the lilies of the valley will take care of his servants. Should we happen to die of misery, that would be for us a great happiness."

It was on August 28, 1660, that Ménard left Three Rivers upon this journey. With him were Charles Albanel, another Jesuit father, who, however, was destined to go overland to Hudson Bay before seeing any part of the West; Jean Guérin, a noted donné[2] of the Jesuit order, and for years the devoted follower of Ménard, and seven Frenchmen. They went in the company of a large flotilla of Ottawas, who had reached the settlements only a few days before, and whose haste to return to the upper country was the reason why Ménard had had so little time to prepare for the voyage.

The course lay up the Ottawa and Mattawan Rivers, across Lake Nipissing, down the French River, along the northern shore of Georgian Bay and Lake Huron, past Sault Ste. Marie, and thence into the greatest of inland seas.

---

[1] *Archives of the Propaganda*, vol. 256, p. 24, quoted by Père Rochemonteix in Les Jésuites et la Nouvelle-France, published at Paris in 1896.

[2] Donnés, who were peculiar to New France, were pious laymen who gave their services to the Jesuit order. Other noted donnés were René Goupil and Guillaume Couture.

Up to that time the Sault was the farthest point west which had been reached by Christian missionaries. Starting from the Huron missions, Fathers Isaac Jogues and Charles Raymbault had in the fall of 1641 made a flying visit to the Sault, but, so far as there is any record, they did not pass up into Lake Superior. Fur traders had penetrated much farther, however. In 1659 two daring Frenchmen named Pierre-Esprit Radisson and Médard Chouart des Groseilliers,[1] who have been mistakenly credited with the discovery of the upper Mississippi River about fifteen years before the famous voyage of Joliet and Marquette, had actually reached the head of Lake Superior, and had explored much of the wilderness of Northern Wisconsin and Northeastern Minnesota. They had returned to the French settlements on the St. Lawrence with the very flotilla with which Ménard started for Lake Superior.

Before Ménard was a journey of more than a thousand miles, toilsome, tedious and dangerous. It was a great undertaking for so old a man, especially when its inherent difficulty was augmented by the pangs of hunger and by brutal treatment at the hands of his Indian guides. Albanel, indeed, was compelled to disembark at Montreal and to return to Quebec. The Indians made Ménard, who continued in their company, carry heavy packs over portages and to paddle nearly all the time. They even, from superstitious fear, threw away his breviary, thinking that he was working some spell by means of it. He was fortunate enough to find another one in his baggage.

Once, in order not to be left behind, he had to make his way over frightful rocks and precipices, and in doing this he hurt one of his legs, which become swollen and sore, but nevertheless he received no consideration from the savages.

The supply of food soon gave out. Indians and Frenchmen appeased their hunger by chewing moose-skins and eating a black, sticky broth made out of a kind of moss growing upon rocks.

While the flotilla was meandering the southern shore of Lake Superior, the canoe containing Ménard and three Indians was broken by a falling tree, and they were abandoned by the rest of the party. For six days, as Ménard himself records, they lived on offal which they scraped up around an abandoned lodge and

[1] See *American Historical Review* for January, 1896; *Proceedings of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin* for 1895; and *Parkman Club Publication, No.* 2, the last published at Milwaukee, Wis., for critical accounts, by the writer, of the careers of these two men.

on soup made of bones which they pulverized. They would have perished had not some passing Indians thrown them a few slices of meat as one would throw a bone to a dog. Finally some Indians, who were kinder than the others had been, carried them to the rendezvous, which was Keweenaw Bay, near the little modern town of Baraga, which is named in honor of the famous Catholic missionary who labored among the Indians of Lake Superior nearly two centuries after Ménard had passed away.

The word Ottawa was used indiscriminately by the French to describe Indians from the Upper Lakes who went down to Quebec to trade with the French. The Ottawas at Keweenaw Bay were really Chippewas. Ménard arrived at their village on Keweenaw Bay on St. Theresa's Day—October 15th—in 1660, and there he spent the winter. His abode was a hut of fir-tree branches, and his food during most of the time consisted of acorns, the remains of fish, and the bark of birch and whitewood. Worst of all, to Ménard, the Indians proved to be a vicious, obdurate race, although he baptized a number of infants and converted fifty adults.

Duty soon called him farther into the wilderness. When the storm of Iroquois wrath had broken upon the Hurons some time before, the Tobacco Hurons fled in terror to Mackinac, thence to the Mississippi River, and thence, partly retracing their steps, up the Black River of Wisconsin to its source. Among these fugitives were some who had been baptized in their own country, and these, when they heard of the presence of the "black gown" at Keweenaw Bay, sent messengers to Ménard imploring him to go to them. He promptly decided to do so, but he took the precaution, before going himself, to send three young Frenchmen to the Hurons, in order to learn their condition. His scouts returned to Keweenaw Bay about the middle of June, 1661. They had found the way difficult and dangerous, there being many rapids, waterfalls, portages and precipices, and food being scarce. They endeavored, but in vain, to dissuade the priest from undertaking the journey.

Ménard set out on July 13th,[1] accompanied by one Frenchman—an armorer or blacksmith. The late Dr. John Gilmary Shea and other writers have fallen into the error of stating that this French-

[1] The *Relation* of 1663 says June 13th, but this is clearly a misprint, as the three young Frenchmen had hardly returned from the Huron village by that time; as Ménard's last letter, written at Keweenaw Bay, is dated July 2d, and as the *Relation* quoted says that Ménard, who had reached Keweenaw Bay October 15, 1660, left for the Huron village just nine months later, which would be about the middle of July.

man was Jean Guérin, the donné. The only original authority upon this point is the "Jesuit Relation" of 1663, which states that no sooner had Guérin "learned of the death of the priest than he desired to leave the Ottawas, among whom he had been left, to go in search of the missionary's body. But God had other designs for him."[1]

The clause "among whom he had been left" is of itself sufficient to show that Guérin was not Ménard's companion on the journey to the Huron village. Again, Guérin "learned of the priest's death" and wished to go in search of his body, whereas it is stated positively in the same "Relation" that the Frenchman who was with Ménard discovered that the priest had gone astray in the forest—not that he had died; the armorer sought the live priest, not for his corpse. Moreover, the same "Relation" states that Ménard's companion, when he finally reached the Huron village, could not speak that language well enough to make the Indians understand so simple a fact as the father's getting lost in the woods, whereas the same "Relation" says that Guérin had served in the original Huron missions, in Canada, where he must necessarily have acquired knowledge of the Huron tongue, at least sufficient familiarity with it to be able to use it to announce that his companion had got lost.

It is interesting to learn that the "Journal of the Jesuits," under

---

[1] The entire passage relating to Guérin reads as follows in the old French: "C'estoit un homme de Dieu, d'une éminente vertu, et d'un zèle très-ardent pour le salut des âmes; il s'estoit donné à nous afin de coopérer par ses services à la conuersion des Sauuages. De fait, apres avoir accompagné nos Pères presque danstous les quartiers du Canadas et dans tous nos Missions, soit aux Iroquois, soit aux Hurons, aux Abnakuiois, et aux Algonquins, dans de grands dangers et de grandes fatigues, donnant partout des marques d'une saincteté très-rare; enfin ayant éste donné pour compagnon au Père Ménard en ce dernier voyage (the journey to Lake Superior), il est mort dans ce glorieux employ, suivant son bon Père dans le Ciel, apres l'avoir suivy si loing sur la terre; car il n'eut pas plus tost appris sa mort, qu'il ne songea plus qu'à quitter les Outaoüak (Ottawas at Keweenaw Bay), parmy lesquels il avoit éste laissé, pour aller chercher le corps du Père. Mais Dieu avoit d'autres desseins sur luy: il l'establit comme Missionaire en chef de cette pauvre Eglise, qui n'avoit pas pu iouïr de son Pasteur; ce fut par le Baptêsme qu'il y confera à plus de deux cents enfans qu'il envoya bientost apres dans le Ciel, pour y couronner le Père d'un beau Diadème de ces petits predestinez, au salut et à la recherche desquels il éstoit mort. Apres qu'il eut ainsi bien emploié un Hyver, comme il faisoit un voyage avec quelques François, la pluye les obligeant de mettre à terre, et faire une maison de leur Canot, le renversant sur eux; lors qu'ils estoient dessoubs, un d'eux remüant un fusil, le declin lascha, et alla droit donner dans le costé gauche de ce bon Frère, qui, pour lors, éstoit en contemplation de la Passion de Nostre Seigneur. Ce sont les paroles de ces François qui en ont fait le rapport, et qui le nommoient Frère à cause qu'il s'estoit consacré a nostre service; et puis ils adioustent, que d'éstoit son ordinaire d'êstre tousiours absorbé dans Dieu. Il tomba roide mort du coup, sans rien dire que le nom de Jesus, avec lequel il expira." —P. 23–24.

date of August, 1663, announces the return to the French settlements of the seven Frenchmen who had gone west with Ménard and Guérin. Among them, of course, must have been Ménard's companion during the journey into Wisconsin.

We come to three mooted points in Northwestern history, as follows:

1. The location of the Huron village in 1661.
2. The route that Ménard took to reach it.
3. The place where Ménard became lost in the woods and died.

1. Nicholas Perrot, who spent many years in the territory now known as Wisconsin, states in his "Memoirs"[1] that after leaving the Mississippi River country, where they had become embroiled with the Sioux, the Hurons ascended the Black River to its source, where they established a village. They had left the Mississippi River when, in the winter of 1659–60, Radisson and Groseilliers, the two nameless Frenchmen of whom the "Relation" of 1660 tells us, were in the Lake Superior country, and it is certain that it was not until after Ménard's death that the Hurons went on to Chequamegon Bay, where, just across from the site of the modern city of Ashland, toward the northwest, Père Allouez found them in 1665; for if they had been on the shores of Chequamegon Bay when Ménard went to seek them, he would have followed the shore of Lake Superior in order to reach their village, instead of doing which he, according to the "Relation" of 1663, descended a river for a number of days in the attempt to visit them.

The source of the Black River, where Perrot says that the Hurons established their village, is near Chelsea, in Taylor County, Wisconsin. The air-line distance from Ashland to Chelsea is only 100 miles, but the early explorers estimated the distance that they actually travelled[2]—not distance as a surveyor or cartographer would measure it. They travelled by land over Indian trails, moreover, and Indian trails were laid out to avoid obstacles to travel, and to pass good camping-places, where fish or game, or both,

---

[1] "Ils avouent un connoissance d'une rivière qu'on nomme la Rivière Noire; ils enterrent dedans, et, estant arrivé là où elle prend sa source, les Hurons y trouvèrent un lieu propre pour s'y fortifier et y establir leur village."—Perrot, *Moeurs et Coûtumes*, Tailhan edition, p. 87.

[2] "Our means of estimating distances," says Schoolcraft in the appendix to his narrative of the expedition of 1832 to Itasca Lake, "was by time, corrected by reference to the rapidity of water and the strength of wind, compared with our known velocity of travelling in calm weather on the lakes." The *Jesuit Relations* abound in illustrations of measurements of distances in a similar manner.

could be depended upon. The actual travelling distance from Ashland to Chelsea was about 150 miles, according to expert woodsmen who know the country, the old Indian trails, and the habits of the Indians. We learn from the "Relation" of 1660 that the two nameless explorers who returned to Quebec from the Lake Superior country during that year had found the Hurons at six days' journey from Chequamegon Bay. An average day's journey for Indian or *courreur des bois* would be 25 miles, so that the total ground covered in six days would be 150 miles. This view is fully borne out by the statement in the same "Relation" that the distance from Lake Superior to the Huron village was 60 leagues, which would be about 150 miles, a French league comprising 2.52 miles. "Six days' journey" and "60 leagues," therefore, mean one and the same thing.

Radisson, in his "Voyages,"[1] speaking of his journey of 1659–60 to Lake Superior, says that the Huron village was "five great days' journeys" from Chequamegon Bay. By making 30 miles a day, the distance between Ashland and Chelsea, which is 150 miles by trail, could be made in exactly five days. Radisson's statement, therefore, corresponds to the "Relation's" "60 leagues" and "six days' journey."

There is another point of view open to us, and from it we get the same result. The "Relation" of 1663 states that the length of Ménard's journey from Keweenaw Bay to the Huron village was 100 leagues, which would be 252 miles. This is within a very few miles of the actual travelling distance between Keweenaw Bay and Chelsea by the easiest and most direct route open to Ménard. Furthermore, the time that it took Ménard's scouts, the three young Frenchmen, to return to Keweenaw Bay from the Huron village is the time that it would take modern woodsmen to go from Chelsea to Keweenaw Bay in June, under the conditions that confronted the Frenchmen. And proof to the same effect is furnished by the time that it took Ménard and his companion to reach the place, near the Huron village, where Ménard got lost.

Thus the evidence that the Huron village was near Chelsea is abundant, harmonious and conclusive. It is not too much to say that this evidence is equally strong in disproving any and all of the other theories which have been advanced in regard to the location of the Huron village.

2. His destination being established, it becomes easier to solve

[1] The original MSS., now in the Bodleian Library and the British Museum, were reproduced by the Prince Society of Boston in 1885.

the question of the route taken by Ménard to reach the Hurons. His course lay by trail from Keweenaw Bay to Lac Vieux Désert, which is situate on the line that divides Wisconsin and Northern Michigan; thence it followed the Wisconsin River for many miles, and thence, taking a trail again, it trended westward to the Black River. This is the "easiest and most direct route" which we have already mentioned. Lac Vieux Désert is where the Wisconsin River rises, and Keweenaw Bay is nearer to Lac Vieux Désert than is any other part of Lake Superior. There was communication between these two points at an early day, Anglo-Saxon pioneers finding a trail that led from the north shore of Lac Vieux Désert to Keweenaw Bay. It was to Keweenaw Bay, over this trail, that the Indians of Lac Vieux Désert went, in the first half of the present century, to visit Father Baraga, the great modern Catholic missionary in that region.

We have already said that Ménard's journey, according to the "Relation" of 1663, was one of 252 miles, and that this estimate tallies almost exactly with the distance from Keweenaw Bay to the headwaters of the Black River. It is 70 miles from Keweenaw Bay to Lac Vieux Désert; 165 miles from Lac Vieux Désert, down the Wisconsin River, to the natural crossing-place to the headwaters of the Black River; and 25 miles along this crossing-place to the source of the Black River, making 260 miles in all.

In this connection, some of the details of Ménard's last journey are interesting. The "Relation" of 1663 states that the Hurons who set out from Keweenaw Bay with Ménard and his companion soon abandoned them, promising, however, to send them succor; that for fifteen days the priest and his follower waited at a lake for the promised Hurons, who did not come, and that they found at the lake in question a canoe in which they continued their voyage. They were still descending a river, but had nearly reached their destination when Ménard went astray at a portage.

It is clear that the Hurons abandoned them at or near Lac Vieux Désert; that it was at this lake that they waited fifteen days for the Hurons to send help to them; and that it was in the Wisconsin River, rising out of Lac Vieux Désert, that they launched their canoe and continued their journey.

The same "Relation," that of 1663, states that the three young Frenchmen, Ménard's scouts, had had "to go up the river in returning, whereas they had gone down the river in going to the Huron village." The larger portion of the journey each way was therefore by river. By the Wisconsin River route two-thirds of the journey would be by river, down stream in going and up stream

in returning. No other route to the source of the Black River from Keweenaw Bay answers to this description. There is also significance in the fact that the three young Frenchmen, in returning to report to Père Ménard previous to his departure for the Huron village, stopped a day to make a new canoe when they found that their craft had been stolen. They had undoubtedly hidden their canoe near the point where they left the Wisconsin River to go by trail to the headwaters of the Black River. If it had been stolen at the Huron village, they could easily have procured a new canoe there, instead of being compelled to stop a day in order to make one. The fact that they did go in their canoe to the Huron village shows the necessity of their walking the last stage of the journey—which would be from the Wisconsin River to a point near Chelsea. Right in line with this evidence is the experience of the Frenchman who was with Ménard when he got lost. After searching in vain for the priest, he started for the Huron village in order to get help, but he himself went astray, which would not have been likely to happen had he been navigating a river at this stage of his journey. He went beyond the Huron village, and an Indian whom he met accidentally led him back to it. He reached it the second day after Ménard's disappearance. Thus the character of the Wisconsin River route corresponds to the description and the circumstances of Ménard's journey.

3. Now to determine the place where Ménard became separated from his companion and wandered off into the forest. The fact that the Frenchman, notwithstanding his delays and mishaps, reached the Huron village the second day after the disappearance of the priest, shows that the accident occurred near the place of crossing from the Wisconsin River to the headwaters of the Black River. As early as the last century, it is known, a trail left the Wisconsin River at the mouth of the Copper River, which empties into the Wisconsin where the latter bends to the west and approaches so near to the headwaters of the Black River. The trail crossed the Black near Chelsea, and it was laid out along the natural crossing-place between these two rivers. It undoubtedly was a very old trail.

The "Relation" of 1663 states that it was at "the end of a portage around a rapid" that Ménard was missed by his companion, and it makes a clear distinction between rapids and waterfalls. The statement in the "Relation," that the two men became separated and that the rapid was "difficult," indicates that only the priest took the portage trail, and that the Frenchman "ran" the rapids. On this point Perrot, who is more explicit, says:

"One day he [the Frenchman] found himself in a rapid, which carried him along in his canoe. To help him, the father took some of his baggage out of the canoe, and did not take the right path to get to him. He got upon a trail made by animals, and, in endeavoring to get back to the right path, he got entangled in a labyrinth of trees and went astray. The Frenchman, having passed the rapids with great difficulty, awaited the good father, and, as the latter did not come, he determined to go in search of him."

Here are statements that Ménard and his companion were still descending the river; that the rapid could be "run," though with difficulty; that a boatman caught in the rapid could effect a landing before the most dangerous part of the descent had been reached, and that there was a portage trail around the rapid. Distinctive features, these, when taken together, and they show the exact spot where Ménard got lost. For between Whirlpool Rapids, which are above any possible crossing-place to the headwaters of the Black River, and above Mosinee, which is below any possible crossing-place to the headwaters of the Black River, there is only one place on the Wisconsin River which corresponds to the description so plainly given to us, and that place is Bill Cross Rapids, five or six miles above the trail from the Wisconsin to the headwaters of the Black River. The trail around this rapid is twenty-five miles long. It runs now, as it probably did in the seventeenth century, along the west bank of the river, which is low, the east bank being high. When pioneers of Northern Wisconsin first saw these rapids, the surrounding country was heavily timbered with pine and hemlock. In such a place, a few steps in the wrong direction and one was lost.

Perrot says that a kettle which Ménard had taken out of the canoe was afterward found in the possession of a Sac Indian, and that some of his vestments were discovered in a Sioux wigwam. These remarks, together with the statement in the "Relation" of 1663 that a young Huron sent out to search for the missing priest came back to the village with a cry of "the enemy," probably meaning the Sioux, have been advanced to support a theory that the priest was murdered. But both Perrot and the "Relation" of 1663, speaking of the manner of the priest's death, assert that he was lost in the woods. Death from starvation and exhaustion would be the almost inevitable result of the going astray in that wilderness of a man so old and feeble as he was. Even if the Sioux, for instance, had encountered Ménard, they would have been likely to treat him with great consideration, as Indians generally did so treat the first white men with whom they came in contact. It was only after some experience with the invading white race that the Indians began to wield the tomahawk against them.

Such was the life of this polished scholar, this zealous missionary, this gentle hero; a life begun in the high civilization of France, continued amid great privations far beyond the frontier of New France, and finally laid down in the wilderness a thousand miles from any any white men's settlement.

And had he not high honor?—
  The hillside for a pall!
To lie in state while angels wait
  With stars for tapers tall!
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
  Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
  To lay him in his grave!

HENRY COLIN CAMPBELL.

THE EARLY MISSIONARIES OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

IT is strange how little is known by the ordinary reader of the work of the older Spanish missionary priests. The story of Spanish conquest and settlement on this continent has been made familiar to the public by numerous writers, but, with a very few exceptions, no attention has been given to the distinctive work of Catholic priests and monks in organizing and ordering many of the most important points in that settlement. Why it is that slavery found so little place in the greater part of Spanish America, and how it comes that the native Indians, who form the largest part of the population from the borders of these United States to the Straits of Magellan, are nearly all devoted, if sometimes ignorant Catholics, are questions which find little explanation in the conquests of Cortez or Pizarro, as told by Prescott and other American writers. Both facts are patent. Since the separation of the American colonies from Spain there have been many instances of Indian champions trying to set up distinctively Indian governments, but none, that we know of, of Indians turning spontaneously away from the Church. The faith seems as firmly rooted among the descendants of the Aztecs and the Incas as among the most Catholic populations of Europe, even after all the political revolutions of the present century.

The political dominion of a Catholic nation like Spain alone cannot explain the reason of this strong attachment of the Indian races to the Catholic Church. They recall the political rule of Spain with strong dislike, and very often they retain a strong antipathy to the whole white race. There are or were in Mexico a few years ago numerous Indian communities, more or less civilized and organized, which would not permit whites to live among them, but an exception was always made in favor of the Catholic clergy. The most devoted supporters of the Church's rights against so-called "Liberal" assaults on them were the pure Indians. The conquest of Mexico by Cortez, which founded the modern Mexican nation politically, is not regarded with any feeling of satisfaction by the majority of Mexicans, but it is very different with their feelings towards the Catholic Church, in spite of the hostility of politicians.

The real facts, well known to every close student of Spanish American history, are, that in the occupation of the American soil

by the Spaniards the work of the clergy was not only distinct from, but often actively opposed to, that of the soldier conquerors. Las Casas was the most energetic opponent of every aggression on the part of his own countrymen that they had anywhere to encounter, and Las Casas is but one in a long line of devoted men who spent their lives in the work of converting and protecting the native races. Their work should be made known for the honor of human nature. Men like Zumarraga and Betanzos, Peter of Ghent and Martin of Valencia are more worthy of remembrance than the whole race of conquerors. The social problems of our own country to-day, the growing tendency to strife between rich and poor, between capital and labor, and the possible means of reconciling these conflicting interests are occupying the minds of thinking men with vague doubts and fears. The work which occupied the lives of the early Spanish missionaries was full of similar problems. The "resources of civilization" had made a small number of fierce and fearless soldiers absolute masters of millions of Indians, whose lives they regarded little more than a hunter values his game. The missionaries, allies of the conquerors by race and civilization, stepped in as protectors and defenders of the conquered race in the name of that Christian faith which is common to every people and every land. They upheld the rights of common human nature against the lawless might of their own countrymen, and that their efforts were not fruitless the millions of Indians in America to-day are the best proof.

The West Indian islands were the first Spanish conquests, and the destruction of the natives there by the reckless tyranny of the European gold-seekers early aroused the consciences of the more thoughtful minds among the Spanish people. The Home Government endeavored to check the excesses of its subjects beyond the Atlantic, but, as far as the islands were concerned, to little purpose. The natives of Hayti, of Cuba and Puerto Rico disappeared in a couple of generations as completely as the tribes of our own country passed away before the Puritans of New England or the Cavaliers of Virginia a century or two later. The decrees of the Spanish Government were practically powerless among the bold adventurers who were spreading in every direction through the New World in search of fortune and empire; and thoughtful men in the early part of the sixteenth century looked forward sadly to the disappearance of the whole American race at no distant date.

That the coming together of civilized and ignorant races of a common human nature should result in the extermination, not the

improvement, of the weaker race, is a terrible illustration of the strength of the brutal instincts in man's nature when left to its own will. It has, unfortunately, been shown but too often in our own day. The fate of the Tasmanians and New Holland blacks is a striking instance. But in the Spanish occupation of America there were higher moral forces brought into play, by the influence of the Catholic Church on men's minds, than any that can be called up by the civilization of England or any other merely material one. In every Catholic population which is really such, God never fails to call chosen spirits to the full observance of the Christian law and precepts at the sacrifice of all merely human motives, and, if need be, of life itself. Spain was Catholic in faith in the sixteenth century, and such men were found among her people, as well as the greedy adventurers and reckless soldiers, whose faith was dormant when the passions came into play. The latter were quite willing that the Indians should be made Christians, but they were determined on enslaving them for their own profit in any case. The missionaries, on the other hand, held the souls of the natives at the highest price, and were ready to sacrifice every temporal advantage to themselves or their country for that end. "Don't think of imposing tithes on the Indians," wrote a bishop of Guatemala to Charles V.; "they have more than enough to do to pay their masters." The true spirit of the Spanish missionary finds expression in these words.

A distinguished writer, Arthur Helps, in his "Spanish Conquests," has stated that of all the territories included in this sphere none offers so representative a history as the comparatively small district of Guatemala. Lawless raiding by individual adventurers, military invasion by disciplined troops, civil colonization and organization by the conquerors, and heroic self-sacrifice on the part of missionary priests all appear within a few years in the history of Central America. Names like Cortez and Las Casas figure there each in his own work. The Spanish soldier and the Spanish missionary are both typically represented on its soil, and the land was in a way divided between them, so that for the first time the Christian monk was allowed to organize a Christian population among the natives of America, unharassed by the violence of soldiers or gold-seekers. The brief heads of the story alone can be given here.

The occupation of Guatemala followed quickly the Conquest of Mexico. Cortez sent one of his officers, Pedro Alvarado, with three hundred soldiers, to establish a colony there, and, after many battles with the native chiefs, the city of Santiago was formally

founded in 1524 near the Pacific coast. It received the regular charter of a Spanish town, with alcalde, elected council and magistrates, like any self-governed community of Europe, and grew in wealth and population like an American frontier town. Alvarado, as the deputy of Cortez, was the governor of the whole province until such time as the Central Government in Spain should otherwise provide. The Spanish settlers and soldiers were protected by their officials, but over the million or more of natives Alvarado's power was as irresponsible as an eastern sultan's, and often used as savagely. After some fierce fighting, the chiefs of Utatlan, the capital of the civilized Guatemalans, had professed submission, and subsequently the Spaniards had been attacked again. Alvarado invited the chiefs to his camp with gifts and promises, and his action is described in his own account of the conquest: "And as I knew that they bore no good-will for the service of his Majesty, and for the *good and peace* of the country, I burned them, and ordered the city burned." To enslave the population was, in his eyes, a simple right of war, and the Indians were parcelled out by grants of so many heads among the Spanish settlers at the discretion of the governor.

Alvarado may be regarded as a type of the pioneer soldiers of Spain. With all his cool indifference to the lives of Indians, he was generous, good-humored and polite among his own followers, brave to rashness, and with a knack of winning friends among men. He roved, with or without any authority from home, from Guatemala to Honduras, to Panama, to Peru, and finally to Spain, where he contracted a brilliant match, and came back as royal Governor to Guatemala. A few years later he planned an expedition to California, a land yet unvisited by the Europeans, and on his way there was mortally wounded in a skirmish with some wild Indian tribe. He lived long enough to confess and profess contrition for his ruthless deeds, and to order the liberation of those whom he confessed he had lawlessly enslaved; but his rule while in power was scarcely less merciless than that of the destroyers of the Indians in Cuba and Hayti.

That the Guatemala Indians, after their conquest, escaped a similar fate was mainly due to the Dominicans who had been sent to Mexico after its capture. Twelve Franciscans and as many Dominican priests and lay brothers came from Spain in 1524. The change of climate was very trying to the first missionaries. Of the Dominicans, five died, and four were so broken down that they had to return to Europe within a year. Two lay brothers and a single priest, Francisco Betanzos, remained alone in Mexico for two

years. The mortality among the pioneer missionaries had no effect in lessening the number of volunteers to take their places. Seven Dominicans came to Mexico in 1528, while twenty, under Father Montesinos, who years before had raised his voice against Indian slavery, were sent to Venezuela. Alvarado passed through Mexico that year on his way to Europe, and there he met Father Betanzos, and was fascinated for a time by his influence. He confessed himself, it must be hoped sincerely, though the impression seems not to have been very durable, and he begged Betanzos to visit Guatemala and found a monastery in his new city. On his return from Spain he renewed the same request, and in 1529 Betanzos set out for Guatemala.

As Alvarado may be taken as a type of the Spanish soldier, so may Betanzos of the Spanish missionary of the sixteenth century. Born of wealthy parents in Leon, in 1486, he had studied at the University of Salamanca as a layman. There he formed a close friendship with another student, Pedro d'Aconada, and the two began a life of self-denial and charity of a remarkable kind. They were in the habit of visiting hospitals, and feeding poor persons in their own rooms in the manner of many saints, and their conduct became so well known that Betanzos decided to leave Salamanca to avoid the danger of vanity. He wished to become a hermit, and agreed with his friend to try the experiment, and afterwards to return and give the result of his experience, in the hope that Aconada might join in the same life. He left Salamanca secretly, and travelled on foot to Rome, living on the way on alms. There were two or three hermits living on the barren island of Ponza, near Naples, and there Betanzos, at twenty-four years of age, took up his abode. His dwelling was a cave, and he cultivated a patch of soil for a frugal support, giving the rest of his time to prayer and study. Within a year his hair grew white from his self-imposed austerities, but he was thoroughly satisfied with his lot, and, after another year, he resolved to return to Salamanca, and try and bring his friend to share his privations. On his journey, which, like the first, was made on foot, he passed his wealthy father's house, and was about to knock at the door, when his father rode up, and failed to recognize his son in the gray-haired mendicant. He simply told him to go to work, for a worthless tramp, and Francisco took the command silently, and passed on. At Salamaca he was equally unrecognized, but he found that his friend had joined the Dominican Order in the monastery of San Estevan. Francisco took his place one day at the monastery gate among the poor who came there for food, and was recognized by the lay

brother who conducted the distribution. He at once told the fact to the community, and Aconada and the others rushed out, and brought Betanzo into the monastery. After a few days, the arguments of Aconada convinced Betanzos that the life of the Dominicans was his true vocation, and he was received into the community gladly. He made his novitiate, and was ordained within three years, and then he begged to be sent to the distant American missions. He was sent to Hispaniola in 1514, and twelve years afterwards he was sent to the city of Mexico, where the death or return of most of his community left him for over two years the only Dominican priest. The arrival of new colleagues left him free for new work, and so, in 1529, he set out with a lay brother for distant Guatemala.

The Dominican rule was observed in its primitive rigor in Mexico. Meat was never, and fish rarely, eaten, and seven months of the year were given to various fasts, similar to Lent, during which a jar of water and a morsel of bread was the only exception to one meal a day. The bedding of all the community was a mat and two blankets, their dress a robe of serge, and their work incessant. Betanzos made the journey of fifteen hundred miles through the barrancas and forests of tropical America on foot, with no food but wild fruits and a little bread. It is strange to find among the Spaniards of the sixteenth century in America such lives as his, but they must be known to understand the conversion of the Indian population. Nor was there any lack of either mental powers or business ability in Father Betanzos with all his austere piety. Cortez, in his will, left Betanzos one of his four executors, and during his residence in San Domingo it was his advice which had led the great Las Casas, already famous in Spain as the adviser of Ximenes and Charles V., to become a Dominican friar. It may be a shock to Protestant notions to learn that the same Betanzos was head of the Inquisition in New Spain, yet such is the fact. It may be said that the Indians never felt any antipathy to that tribunal, whose supposed terrors were unknown to them in practice, and whose head was the foremost advocate of their own rights as men as well as Christians.

In Guatemala Father Betanzos was well received by the Spaniards, though his sermons were, in a great part, directed against the slavery unjustly imposed on the Indians. The Spanish proprietors, while respecting his zeal, held that his doctrine on this point was only a private opinion, and slavery still continued. Betanzos would only accept a small portion of land for his monastery, which was built of adobe, and in a few months he was re-

called to Mexico by his superiors in religion. He shut up his monastery, leaving the keys with the local priest, and he begged two of the settlers to build a few cells of adobe and complete the inclosure of the garden during the interval that must pass before other Dominicans could come to occupy the place. It was six years, in fact, before they came, but when they did it was to do a work which had an abiding effect on the whole history of Spanish America. Las Casas was to take up the work begun by Betanzos.

The name of Las Casas is world-wide, but the true story of his life is scarcely so well known. He had come, a priest, to the West Indies, and had for some years lived in Cuba in that capacity. He had received a grant of land and Indian slaves like others, and for some years he found nothing repugnant to his conscience in thus using the labors of others. It was during a Lent, while preparing for the Easter solemnities, that his eyes were first opened to the injustice of the whole matter of Indian slavery; but once convinced of that, he, without hesitation, devoted his whole energy to the task of its abolition. He was then past forty, and highly respected in Cuba, by the Governor, as well as by the Spanish colonists. He gave up his office, resigned his grant of Indians, and started to Europe to bring before the Spanish Government the iniquity of the treatment of the Indians. He won over Cardinal Ximenes and the young Charles V., and with their authority he tried to found a colony of peaceful farmers and missionaries on the coast of Venezuela. The project failed through the misconduct of his assistants and the hostility of the Spanish settlers already established in the West Indies. Some of the missionaries were killed by the Indians, the colony was abandoned, and Las Casas, at forty-seven years of age, returned to Hayti alone. There the persuasion of Father Betanzos made him join the Dominican Order, in which, for eight years, he disappeared from public life, though never abandoning his great object. His pen was busy on his "History of the Indies," and other works, which were one day to have weighty effect on the fate of Spanish America; but, for the time, his labors in favor of freedom seemed to have ended in utter failure. His first appearance in Mexico was on the occasion when Father Betanzos was recalled from Guatemala, as has been just told. The Convent in Hispaniola was the chief Dominican House in America, and the Mexican Dominicans desired a separate administration, for good reasons. A chapter was called to settle this question in the city of Mexico, and to it both Betanzos and Las Casas were called. It was some years later, however, before Las Casas took up the work of Betanzos in Guatemala.

His first task was a mission to Peru, then newly discovered. He went there with two companions, Fathers de Minaya and Pedro de Angulo. They carried to Pizarro a royal decree forbidding the enslavement of the Indians, but they did not remain there. It is quite likely that their presence was not very welcome to the conquerors; but, at all events, the three Dominicans returned. A diocese had been established by the Holy See in Nicaragua, and the Bishop urged Las Casas to remain with him, and found a monastery in Leon. They did so, and all three applied themselves to a study of the language of the country, though Father Angulo, who was familiar with the Mexican dialect, had little difficulty in teaching religion to the Indians. The Governor of Nicaragua, Contreras, was a merciless master for the Indians, and Las Casas and he were soon in conflict. The fearless Dominican succeeded in stopping an expedition of Contreras, which was in reality only a slave hunt. The soldiers, after hearing Las Casas, flatly refused to take part in the work, and the project had to be abandoned. The newly-appointed Bishop of Guatemala, at this conjuncture, begged Las Casas and his brethren to come to his diocese, which they did, and, after six years, the monastery of Father Betanzos was occupied again.

The companions of Las Casas were all to be afterwards well known. They were Luis Cancer, Pedro de Angulo and Rodrigo de Ladrada. All shared the sentiments of Las Casas, to which he had lately given further publicity by his remarkable treatise, "On the Only Way to Convert." This was written in Latin, but also translated into Spanish, and widely circulated in all the colonies. Its first proposition is that men can only be made Christians by conviction, not by force; and the second, that infidels cannot justly be attacked in war for the sole reason that they are such. Both, but especially the latter, were direct impeachments, before God and the Catholic world, of the practices of the majority of the Spanish conquerors of America, and especially of the rulers of Guatemala. The Bishop strongly supported the views of Las Casas, and their combined influence began to tell on the public. Alvarado had gone to Spain, and a temporary Governor, Maldonado, was sent to take his place in 1536. The colony, meanwhile, had an Indian war on its hands. The more civilized Indians had been easily conquered, but in the mountains to the north several wild tribes scattered through the forests defied the arms of the Europeans. Three expeditions from Guatemala had been driven back with loss, and the province bore the significant name of "Land of War." That those Indians would have finally to

succumb to the military power of Spain there could be scarcely a doubt, but at the time they were in possession of full savage freedom.

Here was a chance for Las Casas of proving practically that the Indians could be converted by purely spiritual means, without conquest, a proposition which was laughed at by the Spanish slave-holders. The Governor, Maldonado, agreed to let the Dominicans try at their own risk. In May, 1537, a formal compact was made and duly registered between Maldonado in the name of the King and the three Dominicans, Las Casas, Ladrada and de Angulo. The Governor pledged himself that if the latter could induce the Indians of the Land of War, or any part of them, to acknowledge the royal supremacy, and pay any small tribute as a sign of the same, they should forever be freemen personally, and that neither they nor their lands should ever be given to any private Spaniard. It was further provided that, except the Governor himself, no European but the missionaries would be allowed to enter the Indian country for five years from the date of the agreement. Las Casas, in his first attempt at colonization, had bitter experience of the mischiefs arising from adventurers following in the path of the missionaries from base motives. This agreement with Maldonado carefully guarded against this risk, and its terms became the basis of future mission work during the whole subsequent duration of Spanish rule in America.

The Dominicans began their work by a fast and novenà, and, after long meditation, a plan of action was devised. They had all learned thoroughly the Quiche language of the country, the bishop being especially skilled in it. With his aid the chief doctrines of Christianity, as the creation and fall of man, the redemption, the life and death of our Lord, and the final state of man after death, were told in Quiche verses. The work, though Las Casas could not know it, closely resembled that of Caedmon, the poet-monk of the old Anglo-Saxons. The Dominicans were not satisfied with versifying the Catechism, but they also set their verses to music adapted to the rude instruments used by the Indians, taking special care to give the vocal parts a higher pitch than the deep-toned drums of the natives.

To open communication with the Indian country was the next step. For this, four converted Indians, who were in the habit of trading in the Land of War, were engaged, and taught the versified Catechism by heart. These Indians entered heartily into the task, and within three months from the agreement with Maldonado they started on their journey to the village of the greatest chief of

the Land of War. Arrived there, the Christian traders set up their tent and sold their goods as usual the first day. When the sales were over and the Indians seated for their evening meal, the traders asked for a drum (teplanastle), and began to chant their verses to its accompaniment. The wild Indians were alike surprised and pleased with the new entertainment and the new doctrines. The chief insisted on a repetition the next day, and for seven days afterwards. And meantime he questioned closely the traders on the meaning of their words. The latter cautiously answered that they sang what they had heard from certain padres who instructed the people of Guatemala. The chief asked what kind of men those padres were, and if they were like the Spaniards, who had already come to ravage his country. The messengers painted pictures of monks in the Indian fashion, with their robes, tonsures and rosaries, and described their mode of life. They were not married, they ate no flesh, they took no gold nor other wealth, they prayed much by night and day, and were kind to all, white and Indian alike, and taught freely. They added that if the chief would ask, those remarkable padres would certainly come and teach him fully the meaning of all they had repeated.

The Indian, with natural caution, decided to first send his brother back with the traders and get his report. The ambassador was directed to note especially whether the padres had gold in their houses, like other Spaniards, or any women residing with them. He came to Santiago, and was joyfully welcomed by the Dominicans. At his request, Father Luis Cancer accompanied him back to the Land of War, to begin the conversion of its people. He brought with him a copy of the Governor's agreement to respect the rights of the Indians, and also the four traders, who might properly be called lay teachers, as they continued the work of chanting their lessons every day and collecting the wild natives for instruction.

The chief received Father Cancer with honor and built a church for him, where the former said Mass daily. The Holy Sacrifice made a deep impression on the Indians, whose own priests were used to besmearing themselves with blood for the sacrificial rites practised by them. The chief professed his belief in the new doctrine after some instructions, and at once began to preach it himself to his people. He pulled down and burned the tribal idols. His example was widely followed, and after a few weeks Father Cancer returned to his convent with the welcome news of these conversions.

Las Casas and Father de Angulo at once started on foot for the "Land of War," and found the Indian chief steady in his faith. He had received much opposition from the medicine-men, and also from a neighboring chief whose daughter he had married, but he persevered resolutely. The Indians crowded around the Dominicans, who traversed the country in every direction, explaining religion and assuring the natives of protection against violence from their Spanish neighbors. These Indians lived in small rancherias of three or four families each, scattered through the woods. Las Casas, with the eye of a statesman as well as a missionary, advised the chief to gather several of those rancherias into villages, so that the people might be more easily instructed, and at the same time might enjoy the social benefits of living together. Though necessary for the civilization and improvement of the natives, this measure was highly distasteful to many, and it was only by the utmost tact and the intelligent co-operation of the Indian chief that they could be brought to agree to it. Las Casas founded a settlement at Rabinal, which subsequently grew into a thriving city, though remaining for centuries wholly Indian in its population. Las Casas got a hundred families together there, and the experiment made a sensation among more remote tribes. From Coban, a remote district, an embassy came to ask a visit from the padres, and there their teaching was as well received as by the first converts. Father Cancer remained at Rabinal, and diligently continued the instruction of the natives there.

Las Casas now induced his Indian friend, who had been baptized by the name of John, and was known as Don Juan, to visit the Spanish city, where Alvarado was again governor. In spite of his cruelty at times, Alvarado was favorably impressed by the spectacle offered to his view. He took off his plumed hat and placed it on Don Juan's head as a mark of esteem, and showed him great attention during his visit. This disposition of the reckless Alvarado secured effectually the Indian missions from Spanish invasion. Las Casas returned to the Land of War, and the Indians of the whole province flocked to him for instruction. He was only left a short time to give it, for in May, 1539, eighteen months after his first arrival among the Indians, he was called back to Santiago by the bishop. It was necessary to send both to Spain for more priests and to Mexico to attend the Chapter of the Dominican Province, to be held there in August. Very reluctantly all four Dominicans had to leave their young mission and their convent in Guatemala. Fathers Cancer and Angulo

went to Mexico, Las Casas and Ladrada to Spain, after a final visit to Rabinal and Coban. The convent was again left in charge of a layman, with orders to keep the church open for prayer, and the missions were left for awhile to the zeal of Indian catechists to maintain in the faith.

They were not abandoned, however. Father Angulo returned the next year, with six other Dominicans; and Las Casas, in Spain, where he busily worked alike among his religious brethren and with the government for the spiritual and earthly welfare of the Indians, procured numerous royal orders for the protection of the converted Indians. Letters of thanks for their conduct were sent by the emperor himself to the chiefs of the converted tribes; and their country, while guaranteed its self-government, received the official name of True Peace, Vera Paz, which it still bears. Thus secured from the usual violence of Spanish conquest, the Indian province continued to thrive. A century later it contained seventeen towns, besides the capital, which had a population of twelve thousand, while Rabinal had four to five thousand. An English traveller, Gage, in 1630, described it as a "Town of Indians of eight hundred families, which hath all the heart can wish for pleasure or life of man. The Indians are much like those of Chiapa for bravery, for feastings, for riding, and showing themselves in sports and pastimes." The work of Las Casas was no fleeting one. As a civilizer, the monk had surpassed the soldier and lawyer in Guatemala.

The success of the Dominicans in the conversion and civilization of the Land of War had a marked effect on the subsequent destinies of the whole of Spanish America. It furnished Las Casas with the strongest practical argument against Indian slavery, which was definitely condemned by the Spanish Government in 1542. The terrible slave raids which had decimated the native Americans during the early part of the sixteenth century were finally put an end to, and through the whole continent the Indian race was allowed to live in peace at least. The mission system devised by Las Casas and his colleagues became, with some modifications, the model for nearly every subsequent mission from Paraguay to California; and the protection of the natives from European violence, and their training in agriculture and the other arts of civilized life, as well as in religion, was recognized as the proper work of true missionaries. We need only compare the fate of the Indian tribes on our own soil with that of the tribes of South and Central America to see how deep a debt humanity owes to the Dominicans of Vera Paz, and how strong is the protection

even in this world which the Catholic Church provides for the weak of the earth.

A few words may be said of the principal persons who figured in this work of conversion. Luis Cancer, the first to venture among the hostile Indians, subsequently met death in Florida at the hands of another tribe, to whom he was bringing the same benefits as he had done in Central America. The Florida Indians could not distinguish the Spanish monk from the Spanish soldier, and Father Cancer's noble life was thus ended. Las Casas, who was sixty-three when he learned the Quiche language, before beginning the mission of Vera Paz, continued to labor with almost undiminished vigor for thirty years more. He was made Bishop of Chiapa, near Vera Paz, and resigned the diocese to return to Europe, where he had just arranged a difficult business for Guatemala, when he was carried off by pneumonia on his journey from Valladolid to Madrid. Father Angulo was ultimately made bishop, but died almost immediately afterwards, in 1556. Father Betanzos remained in Mexico, teaching, writing and preaching, till 1549. His greatest wish was, at sixty years, to devote himself to the conversion of China, and only the express command of his provincial kept him from embarking. The first Bishop of Mexico, Zumaraga, had joined in the project of Father Betanzos, and sought release from his diocese for that purpose at an equally advanced age; but, like him, his zeal was disappointed. Betanzos then obtained permission to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and reached Seville on his way. From Seville he commenced his long journey on foot, but at Valladolid a burning fever seized him, and his life's work ended in the Dominican monastery of St. Paul.

Bryan J. Clinch.

THE IRISH COLLEGE, PARIS.

DURING a period of more than two centuries after the Protestant Reformation the difficulties in the way of receiving education for the priesthood in Ireland became so great that numbers of students left their homes to be educated in the universities and schools of the Continent. In every Catholic country to which they came they were received with welcome and treated with kindness and generosity. Aided by fortune or guided by Providence, they met with success altogether exceeding their expectations, and the numerous colleges which they possessed fully attest the ample provision which they were enabled to make for the spiritual wants of the people at home. At one time they owned six ecclesiastical colleges in France, viz.: Paris, Bordeaux, Lille, Toulouse, Nantes and Douai. An Irish college was founded in Rome which still belongs to their countrymen, and an Irish college at Salamanca remains to testify the bonds that existed between Catholic Spain and Catholic Ireland. There were Irish colleges in Madrid, Lisbon, Seville and Louvain. Besides these distinctively Irish establishments and the houses of religious, there were little scattered groups of Irish students in many other seats of learning on the Continent.

Of all these institutions, the most important was the Irish College in Paris. More than three-fourths of all the priests who were educated on the Continent came from France, but chiefly from this College. Its history was very much chequered during the great Revolution, and its life somewhat romantic; but revolution after revolution passed away, shaking religion to its foundations, condemning priests and religious to death or exile, yet the Irish College remained unmolested. Side by side with this institution were an English college and a Scotch college, but the English and Scotch colleges are gone and the Irish College remains. Of all the great religious institutions that once made the Latin Quarter famous this place stands alone. Nay, of all the ecclesiastical corporations in the whole of France it is the only one that has preserved its corporate existence and rights through the Revolution, and it stands to-day a flourishing institution in the heart of the Latin Quarter, and sends forth every year priests as zealous and as self-sacrificing as in the Penal Days.

In the year 1571 Fr. John Lee arrived in Paris, and brought together into one body all the Irish students that were in the city in

that year. As no separate establishment had yet been founded for the education of Irish ecclesiastics they were obliged to live in other colleges, of which there were many at this time. One of these was the College de Montaigu, which seems to have had much varying fortune, but after a long struggle for existence it suddenly rose, under the able administration of Jean Standone, Regent of the Faculty of Theology of Paris, above all the other colleges of the Latin Quarter. The house set apart in this college for the Irish students was called the Seminary of Irish Clerics. St. Ignatius, the founder of the illustrious Order of the Jesuits, and the famous scholar Erasmus, spent some time in the Collège Montaigu. The discipline of the college under Standone was of a most rigid kind and the fare scanty, but in their public disputations the students of the Collège Montaigu were distinguished above all the other students of the university. The education of those days was clearly different from that of ours, because on one occasion the other colleges witnessed with admiration a three days' public disputation carried on in Greek by the students of the Collège Montaigu.

From this college the Irish students passed to the Collège de Navarre, the most important college of the University, and for a long time the school of the royalty and nobility of France. At one time there were together in this college the princes Henry III., Henry IV., and the Duke of Guise. Besides the enjoyment of a college nobly endowed, the Irish students had the advantage of a very complete course of studies and association with some of the most saintly and learned ecclesiastics in Paris. One of the rectors of this famous institution was the great Gerson, who is considered by some to have been the author of the "Imitation of Christ."

Among the numerous friends of the Irish in France, few were more earnest or more devoted to their interests than the Baron de Lescalopier, President of the Parliament of France for many years. This excellent nobleman, about the year 1620, rented a house for the Irish exiles in the Quartier St. Germain, Rue des Sévres, into which the more advanced ecclesiastics passed from the College of Navarre. It was his intention to found an Irish college with a fixed yearly revenue, but this project was frustrated by his death. Of his kindness and generosity towards the Irish students we have ample testimony in the following extract from that rare and valuable work, "Florilegium Insulæ Sanctorum," by Dr. Thomas Messingham, first Rector of the new establishment:

"The Baron was great in authority, profound in humility, mer-

ciful to the poor, kind to strangers, the father of the needy and the orphan, the true friend of students—in fine, he was all to all. Of these virtues, his assiduous kindness and great liberality to our Seminary is no small testimony—a kindness which we should never, and can never, forget. We remember, too, what delight it afforded this most religious president to live with us poor exiles for the faith, and what pleasure he seemed to take in our conversation. He even humbled himself to that excess that he, who was wont to sit in the supreme council of France, amongst the nobles of the land, would not unfrequently place himself last at the table of the Irish exiles. He would remain with us many days together; and he often said, if he survived his wife, he would remain always amongst us. His conversation, free from every tincture of vanity, always breathed piety, for he scarcely ever, except in cases of necessity, spoke of anything but God, the saints, the conversion of heretics, the salvation of souls, the founding a Seminary for us with a fixed yearly income, which he long since would have done had not death anticipated his designs. When the priests of our Seminary had completed their studies and were about to return to their country to break the bread of life to the famishing people, and draw from the Sacred Scriptures the waters of sound doctrine to refresh their parched souls, this pious and provident nobleman, fearing lest the ignorance of the pastors might entail the loss of the flock, sent them to that holy man, Father Bientus, of the Society of Jesus, to be examined; and to those who were found duly qualified for the pastoral duties, this most liberal friend presented a suitable outfit and a sufficient provision for their journey; and thus prepared he presented them to the Cardinal de Retz, Archbishop of Paris, that from him, as a public personage, they might receive authority for their mission. These things, although truly rare and wonderful, nevertheless are true and have often been witnessed by me."

The Irish ecclesiastical students continued to reside in the Rue des Sévres till the year 1677, when Louis XIV. granted them an establishment which still remains in their possession under the name of the Lombard College. The Collège des Lombards was founded in the year 1330, for the benefit of Italian students who frequented the University of Paris, but for a long time the building had been allowed to fall into decay. Two Irish priests, Patrick Maginn, first chaplain to Henrietta, queen of Charles II. of England, and Malachy Kelly, chaplain to Maria Theresa of Austria, made application to the King to have the college restored for the use of the Irish, who were every year becoming more numerous

in Paris. Louis XIV. always showed in a marked degree his appreciation of the Irish exiles in France. He knew that many a gallant officer and soldier shed his blood in the national defence and brought renown upon the army of the Great Monarch. The King generously granted the request made on behalf of the Irish students. They were, besides, endowed with full corporate powers. Contributions towards the restoration of the building poured in from their countrymen, who were at this time very numerous in France. In this charitable work they were generously seconded by their many friends throughout France, who were eager to show a welcome to the strangers and contribute towards their education. The building was in a short time restored, and the Lombard College remained the home of Irish ecclesiastics for more than a century.

A generous patron of Irish ecclesiastics in Paris deserves more than a passing notice here. The Abbé Guillaume Bailly was born of a wealthy and ancient family in Paris, in the year 1621. In his youth he was presented by the King to the Abbey of St. Thierry. Through humility he would not receive the holy order of the priesthood, but remained all his life in deacon's orders. The work of his life was the care of the Irish who were exiles for their faith, and especially of Irish ecclesiastics, on whom he bountifully lavished his rich patrimony. Besides contributing largely to the Lombard College, he established and endowed at his own expense three smaller communities of Irish in Paris, one in the Rue d'Enfer, a second in the Collège Ste. Barbe, containing fifteen students, and the third in the Collège Montaigu, containing twelve in number, all reading the Philosophy or the Theology course. These three houses he united into one in the Hotel St. Michel, Rue Traversine, from which came forth many zealous missionaries, bishops and Doctors of the Sorbonne. He also founded a college in Kilkenny, in Ireland, in the reign of James II., which was very soon afterwards suppressed by William of Orange. Everything Irish was the object of his solicitude. One day, seeing a man cruelly beating a dog, he interposed, saying: "Do not treat this poor animal ill; perhaps it came from Ireland." He died in the year 1692, in the 72d year of his age, bequeathing his heart to the College, that it might remain forever among a people whom he loved.

It is difficult to estimate the number of Irish students in Paris during the eighteenth century, but there is good reason to believe that they were considerably over two hundred. In the year 1776 there were one hundred and sixty in the Lombard College alone.

Of these, one hundred were ordained priests before the completion of their studies, and attended lectures in their own college; the other sixty students attended the lectures of the Sorbonne in the ordinary course. It is impossible to overrate the importance of the Lombard College towards the preservation of the Catholic faith in Ireland throughout the eighteenth century. Of the men whom it sent forth we know but little. Their lives were spent in obscurity, in labor, in self-sacrifice for their flocks in Ireland; but the Lombard College, although too small to accommodate the number of students at the date mentioned, remains still in the possession of the Irish, an enduring monument of the good and great work done for their country.

The institution now known as the Irish College was built by Dr. Laurence Kelly, in the Rue de Cheval Vert, in the year 1777. This excellent priest, with extraordinary energy, collected the necessary funds for the building of a large and commodious college, which he saw completed; but the anxiety and labor entailed by so great a work brought him to an early grave in 1777, deeply lamented by his children, for whom he had made so many sacrifices. His remains lie buried in the chapel under the high altar. The Irish were now in possession of two important colleges, the Collège des Lombards and the Collège des Irlandais. The street in which the latter college is situated was changed into Rue des Irlandais, in honor of the Irish, by the municipal authorities of Paris. All the Irish priests who were at this time studying in Paris remained in the Collège des Lombards, while the younger students passed into the Collège des Irlandais. Both communities lived side by side till the year 1792, when they were dispersed during the Reign of Terror.

It required more than ordinary capacity to preserve both institutions in safety through the troubled times of the Revolution; but at this critical juncture they were in the hands of two devoted Irish priests, who for years braved danger, and even death, to guard the sacred care entrusted to them. Dr. Walsh had been appointed Superior of the Irish College, Nantes, 1779, but was transferred to the Lombard College by the Archbishop of Paris, at the request of the bishops of Ireland, in 1787. He remained in Paris throughout the Revolution, and on more than one occasion saved the Irish property from certain destruction. At a time when priests fled from France in hundreds he was assisting the Vicar-General of Paris in his arduous duties, and was entrusted with spiritual interests of the highest kind in the archbishop's council. Dr. Kearney was appointed Superior of

the Irish College in the Rue des Irlandais, from which place, he declares, he was pursued on one occasion with unexampled fury by the excited mob, and narrowly escaped with his life.

Every student of French history has heard of the Abbé Edgeworth, who assisted Louis XVI. in his last moments on the scaffold. His life, so noble, so self-sacrificing, so full of thrilling incident and hair-breadth escapes from the fury of the Revolutionists, is even at this day very interesting reading. His zeal for the spiritual interests of the King was so great that he had engaged with his countryman, the Abbé Kearney, Superior of the Irish College, that both should assist the unfortunate Louis at the scaffold. After this tragedy the Abbé Kearney spent three years in the Temple, and after his release was frequently thrown into prison; but amid all his trials he never flinched in his resolution to guard the Irish property entrusted to his care.

In 1790 a decree was passed by which all ecclesiastical property in France was confiscated. Dr. Walsh, at this crisis, drew up an able document on behalf of the Irish, English and Scotch colleges, claiming exemption on the ground that they were British property. The petition was heard, and a decree passed in the National Assembly by which the Lombard College and the Irish College were saved.

In the year 1793 the property of nations at war with France was ordered to be sold, a law which was sternly executed in most cases. The fate of the Irish colleges seemed to be sealed. This time, however, an exemption was claimed, probably on the ground that they were of French origin and under French protection. The exemption was granted, and the Irish colleges were once more saved from destruction.

Any reference to the great Irishmen who, by their brilliant talents and military genius, added lustre to the French army in the eighteenth century would be out of place in the history of an ecclesiastical college. One, however, deserves notice, as being a student of the Irish College who subsequently entered the military school of St. Cyr. This young man was a brother of General Corbett, whom he had followed into France in boyhood. Out of five hundred students who competed for high military position from the school of St. Cyr, he obtained first place.

The Irish College remained closed to Irish students from 1792 to 1800. It was opened, indeed, in 1794, amid circumstances that must be considered strange for an ecclesiastical college.

For some time the Abbé McDermott had conducted an academy for the education of young men in St. Germain-en-Laye, which was afterwards removed to Paris. In this academy were numbered sons of the most distinguished families in France—Eugene Beauharnais, Jerome Bonaparte, Champagny, afterwards Duke de Cadore; one of the Perigaux, whose sisters married Lafitte and Marshal Marmont. The Abbé McDermott was permitted to carry on his academy in the Irish College, which served for a long time as the scene of gaiety and pleasure and festive cheer. To preserve any kind of discipline in this lay academy in troubled times was beyond the power of the good Abbé. "If, however," says one who was there, "we were not devout or spiritual in our studies, we distinguished ourselves as gentlemen. The College was the centre of elegance and gaiety. Twice a week we gave balls, at which we were honored with the presence of the highest and the most celebrated women of the day. Our festivities were graced by Josephine, the good, the amiable, the excellent, the kind-hearted; by Madame Recamier; by Madame Tallien, afterwards Princess of Chimay, and other celebrities, as well as by the pupils of Madame Lemoine, whose establishment for the education of young ladies was the most distinguished in Paris. Vestris was the director of our balls. It was a jolly time, but could not last forever."

Such were the scenes enacted in the Irish College for more than five years, when at length Dr. Walsh obtained a decree from Napoleon, then First Consul, re-establishing the Irish College as an ecclesiastical institution. At this time the funds of the English and Scotch colleges were so reduced that the students of all three nations lived in the Irish College from 1803 to 1815. Dr. Walsh was appointed Superior of the Établissements Brittaniques. The improvements effected by Dr. Walsh in the Irish College were such that it was considered one of the most respectable institutions in France. On account of the war it was impossible for Irish students to come to Paris, whereupon Napoleon invited some of the old Irish families in France to send their sons to occupy the vacant bourses, while at the same time some of the old French nobility sent their sons as pensioners. After the return of Napoleon from Rome twenty priests were released from imprisonment, some Irish, some Italian, and were sent to the Irish College, where they were kindly received. Thus students and priests of various nationalities fraternized within the Irish College, and things went on smoothly, when an event occurred which threatened to have serious consequences. This was the appoint-

ment by the *Bureau de Surveillance* (Committee of Superintendence), acting for the Minister of Public Instruction, of an unworthy administrator of the Irish property in Paris in the person of the Rev. Mr. Ferris. This man had followed Napoleon in his Italian campaign, and was seen on the field of battle, not administering spiritual consolations, but as a captain urging his men to the conflict. He was, during his life, more of a combatant than of a peacemaker, more a soldier than a priest. He had challenged the Minister of Public Instruction, Hely d'Oissel, himself the son of an Irishman, to a duel with swords; but in answer to this challenge he soon found himself suddenly transported fifty leagues from the metropolis. This was the man appointed to the office of administrator of the Irish foundations in France at a time when the Irish hierarchy could not be consulted. Being well aware of his unpopularity with the Irish students, he did not reside in the Irish College, but took up his quarters in the English College, and appointed as his substitute Dr. Patrick MacMahon, a medical doctor, who lived in the Superior's rooms in the Irish College. In 1814 the Irish hierarchy sent out, as their administrator, Dr. Long, President of the lay house, Maynooth; but in the following year, after Napoleon's escape from Elba, Mr. Ferris, by his intrigues, procured his own appointment and the dismissal of Dr. Long. He was, however, obliged to retire after a few months. In the year 1820 Mr. Ferris comes upon the scene again, and is appointed administrator for the third time; but in the same year he suddenly disappears, never to be heard of again in connection with the Irish College.

In 1818 a royal decree was issued declaring that the Irish and Scotch Colleges should no longer exist, on the ground of insufficient funds. This decree, which was passed without any intimation being given to the Superiors of these institutions, caused great sensation. Dr. Walsh at once prepared an able statement, signed by the Superiors and students of all three colleges, proving the adequacy of the funds, and containing a touching appeal on behalf of these venerable institutions that had escaped amid so many reverses of fortune. The appeal was heard and the royal decree reversed, and thus the Irish College was a third time saved from destruction.

The long period of tranquillity that followed has been attended with the best consequences for the Irish College. Some of the most prominent members of the hierarchy in Ireland have been professors or students of the Irish College within these years. His Eminence, Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate

of all Ireland, was Professor of Theology in that institution for many years, during which he acquired that profound knowledge and wisdom which have distinguished him in his exalted dignity. The great and patriotic Archbishop of Cashel was some fifty years ago a student of the Irish College. Two of its *alumni* were consecrated bishops within the last year—Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Ross, and Dr. MacSherry, bishop of Port Elizabeth. The learned Bishop of Killaloe, the late Bishop of Elphin, and the Bishops of Ross for several generations, were educated within its walls. Separated from these by long intervals of time, we read some great names. For example, the Irish historians Keating and MacGeoghegan; O'Halloran and Messingham; the author of the "Florilegium"; the learned Morus, Superior of the Collège de Navarre and Rector of the University of Paris, profoundly versed in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, and considered by Pope Clement XI. as the most learned man of his time; Malachy O'Queely, Archbishop of Tuam; the famous Dr. Maginn, coadjutor Bishop of Derry, and Dr. Plunkett, Bishop of Meath. Since the year 1858 the administration of the Irish College has been given by the Irish hierarchy to the Irish Fathers of the Congregation of the Mission, whose zeal and ability in the direction of the college are producing the best fruits. Since that time the number of students has been considerably over one hundred, but in recent years, owing to temporary demands upon the college, the numbers have decreased. The course comprises two years' philosophy and four years' theology. All the professors are Irish priests of the Congregation of the Mission, with, generally, one or two secular priests. The first rector under the new administration was Dr. Lynch. He was consecrated bishop in 1866, and ruled the united dioceses of Kildare and Leighlin for over thirty years. Dr. M'Cabe was rector for a year and a half, when he was appointed by the Sovereign Pontiff to the See of Ardagh. To him succeeded the Very Rev. Thomas MacNamara, the author of many works of the highest value to ecclesiastics. When Fr. MacNamara retired in 1889 the Irish bishops appointed the present rector, the Very Rev. Patrick O'Boyle, C.M., to whose great ability and profound learning the Irish Church is indebted for the wise government of this time-honored institution.

"The students educated in Paris," writes one who knew them well, "have been remarkable for their purity, and many amongst them have been, and still are, distinguished members of the episcopate. The little colony still possesses the house their countrymen built a hundred years ago, and still inhabits the Quartier Latin,

which gave them such a hospitable reception amidst the troubles of the sixteenth century; and if they feel any regret in their present habitation, it is to see the venerable institutions of this portion of the city rapidly disappear from around them. The *Montagne Ste.-Geneviève*, which from the twelfth century was the seat of all the learning and piety of Paris, and which was formerly covered thick with the different colleges and monasteries which composed the University, is now the most abandoned portion of the city. All the monasteries were destroyed at the Revolution, and many of the colleges have since been pulled down. The celebrated Abbey of St. Victor, where the University of Paris may be said to have commenced, where Abelard held his famous discussion with William of Champeaux, and where St. Thomas of Canterbury and many other saints resided when they came to Paris, has been demolished to make room for the great wine stores, the 'Halles aux Vins.' The venerable Abbey of St. Geneviève, which is in part standing, has been transformed into one of the government schools of Paris, the Lyceé Napoleon. The great Carmelite Abbey, whose pious inmates labored hard to sanctify the students of the University and secure them against the dangers of the metropolis, has disappeared, and its site is occupied by a new market, 'Halles des farmes.' The well-known monastery of the Jacobins or Dominicans, where the royal family of France sought their confessors for over three hundred years, and whose modest, unpretending church, where St. Thomas often preached, possessed more royal tombs than the Abbey of St. Denis, is now no longer to be found. It is with difficulty we can discover even the site. All these hallowed abodes of learning and piety, with many others besides, were close to the Irish College; and as we visit these ancient localities, and pass along the narrow streets, with their rough pavement, we feel that we are treading the very ways where passed Saint Bernard and Saint Louis, Saint Bonaventure and Saint Thomas, Saint Francis Xavier and Saint Ignatius, Saint Francis de Sales and St. Vincent de Paul. But even these old streets are fast disappearing to make room for the modern boulevards, and soon the old Quartier Latin will have lost all its peculiar features. It is a strange circumstance that, while of all the religious communities which dwelt here when Father Lee and his companions arrived in the sixteenth century not one now remains, the little colony of strangers alone should have held its ground."

It would be ungenerous to close this brief account of the Irish College without testifying the gratitude due to the great country

which for three centuries and a half received Irish exiles with welcome and kindness, and helped to educate priests for Ireland during a long and cheerless period in her religious history. Even in the evil days of her sorrow and affliction, France showed consideration for Irish ecclesiastics which was denied to many. France, whether royalist, revolutionist, or republican, has been the undying friend of Ireland. The Catholic children of Erin, whether at home, in America, or any other part of the globe, will never forget how much they owe to that great and glorious nation.

Such is a brief history of this old establishment. The Alma Mater of so many devout and heroic children has survived all the sister institutions that once formed the greatest university in Christendom. Even the most sanguine of her children could scarcely have anticipated, in the days of her trials, that her career should be so blessed and prosperous. She is still full of the hope of youth, exulting in her glorious past, ardent with the hope of a great future.

THE RESTORATION OF CATHOLICITY IN GENEVA.

THE well-known writer, François Coppee, in an article recently published in one of the more literary French dailies, has given a sketch as *spirituelle* as true to nature of a certain visit once paid by him to that strange mixture of pleasure and gloom known alternatively as *Genève la jolie* and *the Protestant Rome.*

"It is in winter," he writes, "beneath a sad and sombre sky, that the Calvinistic Rome reveals its true self; and they do not really know it who have but passed through, as travellers, in the tourist season. What memories, indeed, can they retain of it? A glitter of lake and mountain, sumptuous lake-side hotels, a row of tempting shops in the 'Corraterié,' a crowd of cosmopolitan passengers on the way to Lausanne. That is about all. The memory of Calvin has nothing attractive about it. Few travellers feel tempted to trace the footsteps of the terrible Sectary through the narrow byways of the old town, or beneath the arches of St. Pierrie; and the traveller brings away with him only a kind of superficial impression of a fine city situated in a lovely country.

"To feel the cold, intense poetry of the ancient Citadel of Reform one should be there in the very heart of the winter, when the *ryoni* of its temperature is in accordance with that of its local morals, and *when the 'vise' blows as bitterly as a controversial discussion.* Lake Leman hides itself under a fog, as though its too voluptuous blue might offend Huguenot prudery, and the bare boughs of the surrounding trees are as dry as a theological sermon. That is the time to climb those dark and narrow streets of the 'old town.' Here and there one comes upon some grim, dreary, deserted little square, where, on the stone parapet which ends some rude staircase, one may, with but a slight effort of the imagination, picture to oneself John Calvin himself, with the big clasped Bible under his bony arm, muttering under his pointed beard some malediction levelled alike at libertines and heretics. Here, too, are to be found the Rue des Granges, the Genevan Faubourg St. Germain, where in ancient family mansions dwell rich old men, who all the years through *pont des prières et des économies*, say prayers and save money coincidently.

"Then, if one goes down towards the more modern portion of the town, and joins the active crowd along the more commercial

streets, one recognizes, at least on many faces, the same characteristics of savage austerity. The women, muffled in furs and veils, seem to hide their beauty as if a source of scandal, and at the entrance of the Exchange one observes grave men passing solemnly to and fro, who in reality are bankers discussing the rise and fall of the funds, but who might easily be mistaken for theologians discussing the interpretation of a text."

He goes on to relate how, awaking as usual to a morning of fog and gloom, "une atmosphère de désespoir et de suicide, un abominable brouillard qui sentait la suie et qui pénétrait jusque dans les appartements," a friend comes in with the words, "Would you like to see the sun?" and how, accepting the proposition, the two friends journey out to "la Salève," a mountain at some distance from the town, where sunshine reigns.

The description sounds far-fetched; but we who have had the experience know that it is not so, and that, apart from the somewhat effortful festival of the December "Escalade," the winter home-aspect of Calvin's city is as gloomy as its creed.

Did the sun shine more brightly into its streets, one wonders, when Geneva was *Genéve la jolie?* When the chimes of its sevenfold parish bells called the faithful to Mass and Vesper-psalm, when white-robed Dominican and black Benedictine, sedate Augustinian or humble Franciscan, passed to and fro along her streets, or portioned the alms of a loving Christian charity among its beggars at chapel or hospice door, in the days when city enclosure and fortified walls were not, and the town, or its environs, stretched countrywards at will? It was the "Reforming" Government which, in double defence against Catholic and Savoyard attacks, razed the straggling, sunny suburbs, and enclosed their town in gloomy ramparts and high walls, much at the same time as they introduced—by violence, as is now historically proved—the principles of Zwinglius and Calvin. For, contrary to the generally received impression that the Genevan people spontaneously embraced Protestantism, we now find that, to quote the words of one modern authority, "their resistance was so stubborn that, to overcome it, the town had to be reduced one-half, the more obstinate of the inhabitants expelled, and a large importation of strangers introduced to take their place. These were for the most part adventurers, the very scum of Europe; and even so the town was so deserted, and the number of empty houses so great, that it was difficult to find occupants for them."

The soldiery of Berne sacked, pillaged, destroyed churches, monasteries and private chateaux alike. No less than 140 of the

latter, round Geneva, were burned; so that at the present time no country in Europe is so destitute of any monuments or traces of the past as is the Canton of Geneva. Then, on the track of the "blood and fire" of the gendarmerie and soldiers, came John Calvin, with his rigid laws and inquisitorial "Consistory"; a body of men, part lay and part ecclesiastic, whose emissaries, scattered over the town like spies, had as their mission to watch, to note, to introduce themselves secretly into families and report to the Consistory the sayings and doings of suspected individuals, from servant to master, to note each abstention from sermon or "*céne*"—the test-act of Protestantism—and to denounce all practices savoring of adherence to the ancient faith.

Page after page of the secret annals of the Consistory are filled with reports of recusancy or Catholiding; of women who escaped from time to time to hear Mass at Annecy; of the dying who, in despite of ministerial adjurations, persisted in calling on "Jesus-Maria"! of the *ciérges vénis*, or blessed candles, which the people would cling to and place in the hands of the dying; and of the mothers who carried their children to Catholic parishes for baptism, or to the shrine of some saint to be healed.

Little by little, under the double influence of persecution and worldliness—that self-interest and love of material prosperity which, as in the France of to-day, has over and over again proved more fatal to the faith of the nation than fire or sword—Catholicism in Geneva died out. It was succeeded, gradually but surely, by two inevitable supplanters—immorality and irreligion; so that, towards the middle of the seventeenth century, libertinage and the grossest violation of morals were rife and rampant before the eyes of Europe.

But though Geneva had become, not only by profession but in reality, a thoroughly Protestant city, there still were to be found here and there a family or group of individuals who remained true to the ancient faith. Those who write of this question and period divide the so-called Catholics of that time into three several classes—those who remained inexorably Catholic and refused any participation whatever with Protestantism; those who tried to evade the penalties of non-compliance by a certain outward acquiescence in the existing order of things; and then the larger majority of those who conformed, through fear, to the new religion, while secretly regretting the old. Hard indeed it was for any to escape apostasy. The ministers sent by the Consistory visited each house and inmate, examined all as to their beliefs, and insisted on at least the outward act of participation in the

"*cène*" or communion. Meanwhile the curés of the neighboring villages, and some religious orders, notably the Capucins and the Jesuits, penetrated over and over again into the city, in disguise, and carried on as best they might their holy work of encouraging and supporting the remnant of the faithful. The Bishops of Annecy, Bishops of Geneva as they still held title to be, watched anxiously and prayerfully over their separated flock, dealt cordially and encouragingly with such as from time to time sought counsel from them, from the oft perplexed and wavering laymen to the still more doubting Calvinistic ministers who from time to time would come half to argue, half to question or seek light.

Many conversions are recorded from time to time; and not a few records, full of interest, remain, of religious vocation or courageous rescue from the ranks of heresy, although not only the presence of a priest and the saying of Mass, but even the sale of a cross, a crucifix, a rosary, a Catholic book, were forbidden within the precincts of the town.

The advent of a French diplomatic resident—appointed by Louis XIV. of France in 1679, in place of the Swiss representative or consul, as we should call it now, who had hitherto acted under French orders on behalf of France—gave a further impetus to Catholicism among the Genevans, as the first to hold that post, a certain M. de Chauvigny, established an Embassy Chapel immediately on his arrival, and insisted on its being thrown open to the public, in spite of the indignant protestations of the Genevan Government.

For one hundred years this chapel—where Mass was first publicly said on November 30, 1679—continued to be the sole representative of Catholicism in Geneva, and was a centre, on the one hand, for all the scattered Catholics of various nationalities who now found themselves enabled to attend Mass and frequent the Sacraments openly, though not altogether unmolested, as we read of stone-throwing and other insults freely indulged in by the populace at the expense of the little Catholic congregation, and, on the other hand, of a constant irritated watchfulness on the part of the town authorities, who vainly issued orders to their subordinates to "prevent the townspeople from going to the sermons *chez M. le Resident.*"

Long after the establishment of the Resident's Chapel the Genevan Consistory continued to take note, by their spies, of the number of those who frequented or even entered it; and we are told that on one occasion two, and on another three, hundred persons were seen leaving the chapel after Mass, while at one Christ-

mas Midnight Mass "there were a number of people, notably several washerwomen belonging to the town."

Towards the end of the eighteenth century, the Court of Turin, following the example of that of France, sent also an Official Resident to Geneva; a measure which involved the opening of a second chapel, and more facilities still for Catholic worship. Such was the state of things when, in 1792, the storm of Revolution burst over Europe; Geneva, already imbued with revolutionary ideas, and under the protecorate of France, was incorporated into French territory, and passed under the sway of the Directory on the 15th of April, 1798.

Thirty-nine years before that date, in a little village lying at the foot of that very mountain of "la Salève" to which the writer quoted in our opening pages was invited by his friend to "come and see the sun," a fourth son among six children was born to a humble but comfortably circumstanced peasant family of Collonges-sur-Salève. The father, Jacques Vuarin, kept a small shop, and, without being an educated man himself, had a great reverence for education and learning, and was much esteemed by his neighbors both for probity and intelligence, while his wife, Antoinette, was quoted as the model of a Christian wife and mother. "Happy the men who possess such mothers!" exclaims her son's biographer; and in the light of recent theories which trace from the mothers of great men their many hereditary aptitudes, one cannot but ascribe to her who placed "duty before all things" some share in the future virtues of her son's grand apostolate.

Jean François Vuarin, then, was born on the 10th of June, 1769; the birth-year of Napoleon, of Chateaubriand, and of Cuvier; a coincidence which in after life he would sometimes recall in conversation. Together with his elder brother François, he was early destined by his father for the priesthood, and after receiving some first lessons from their village priest the two boys were sent to a Josephite college at Nantua. We are told that François was considered to possess more talent than his younger brother; but a certain difficulty of speech hindered to some extent his advancement in life, and he lived and died in obscurity as curé of a remote Savoyard village. Jean François, on the other hand, was a lively, excitable, somewhat petulant boy, so "impetuous" as to alarm his father for his future. Their good priest and preceptor, however, consoled the parents by pointing out that the boy was recollected and devout in church, loved prayer, and had a perfect horror of sin. It is told of him, indeed, that on one occasion he insisted upon his father dismissing a servant who was

in the habit of swearing; and, again, that when, one day, he was driving a flock of sheep, he treated them so roughly that his father asked him "whether, when he became a priest, he would treat his flock thus harshly"? "Oh, don't be afraid," replied the boy; "when I am a priest I shall know how to lead men"! And so in truth he did.

On leaving the Josephite college, the brothers passed two years at that of La Roche, and then went through a course of philosophy at Annecy. Here, in an atmosphere still fully charged with the sanctity of him whose spirit has for three hundred years been the life of the Church in Savoy, young Vuarin drank deep of the secrets of the inner life, and was judged to be so promising a student by his superiors that they urged him to pass a term at the Sorbonne in Paris. Thither he accordingly went, lodging at the famous Seminary of St. Sulpice, and following the courses of lectures at the Sorbonne, where he soon rose to the front rank among the students, and was chosen, as one of their best men, to sustain two public scholastic disputes, choosing as his subject the Incarnation. He duly passed his degreee as licentiate in Theology, and then returned to Annecy, where he received deacons' orders on the 22d of September, 1792, the very day on which the invading French army crossed the frontier of his country.

For the storm was about to burst; the Revolution had begun, and the Reign of Terror was at their gates. Savoy was invaded, and converted, by force of arms, into "the eighty-fourth department of France, under the name of Mont Blanc." Those Savoyards who refused to take oath of allegiance to the constitution,—the well-known writer, Joseph de Maistre, among them,—were fleeing into voluntary exile, and priests were hunted, altars thrown down, churches destroyed, in the path of the invaders as they advanced. The infamous oath of allegiance was exacted from such priests as fell into the hands of the revolutionists, and some few, as in France, became *prêtres constitutionnels*, only to receive the further insults of their captors to add to the scorn of the faithful; but for the most part the Savoyard clergy stood faithful, and chose but between exile and the guillotine, or a penal servitude almost worse than death, in the galleys at Cayenne.

Our young abbé Vuarin had, with some other priests, taken refuge in Geneva; and having as yet received only deacons' orders, he turned his comparative safety to account by undertaking a most dangerous mission—that of acting as messenger and intermediary between the refugee ecclesiastics in Geneva and their brethren in hiding in Savoy. He devoted himself spontaneously,

too, to an even more delicate mission—that of visiting and bringing back to the fold the unhappy apostates, or "*prêtres assermentés*," whose moment of weakness had caused their fall; and his superiors noted with approbation the discretion, prudence and zeal with which the young deacon accomplished his task. He wandered over Savoy in various disguises—as a merchant, a traveller, or an official—and rode so well, and bore his republican cockade and military cloak with such a swagger, that none suspected in the lively young soldier a humble village deacon. His presence of mind, too, stood him in good stead; as on one occasion we learn that as he was riding through the Chablais district, in soldier's uniform, as usual, he stopped at an inn at Douvaine to rest awhile. Presently up came two gendarmes, and he guessed, with truth, that they were in search of himself; so, calling gayly to one of them as he prepared to mount, "Citizen," said he, "will you do me the service of holding this animal while I mount? He is as wicked as the devil"! The horse in fact happened to be a specially wild and ungovernable one. The good-natured gendarme sprang to the bridle, the *republican soldier* vaulted into the saddle and was off like an arrow, leaving the pair standing to gaze after that fine soldier and accomplished horseman whom they had helped on his way. Then, remembering their own business there, they turned to the landlady of the inn, and asked if she could tell them where to lay their hands on a certain *calotin* called Vuarin, whom they had been sent to arrest. "But yes," she answered, "it is the very man whom you have been helping to mount"!! Needless to say that by this time the *beau cavalier* was far out of sight. In after life M. Vuarin was wont to relate this little episode with great gusto, as one of his "narrow escapes."

But we must give a word of explanation as to the ecclesiastical organization of this troublous period. Monseigneur Paget, titular Bishop of Geneva, and residing at Annecy like all the Genevan Bishops since the "Reform," had, on the invasion of Savoy, retired to Turin, whence he administered the affairs of the diocese as best he might, by correspondence, and provided a retreat for such of his exiled priests as could avail themselves of it.

While the French Convention abolished the ancient Savoyard Bishoprics, and established a "See of Mont Blanc," into which they introduced one of the unhappy schismatic "Evêques Constitutionnels" who were the scandal of the Church in France, the laity, almost with one accord, kept faithful to their ancient Faith, and that sad yet touchingly beautiful period in history which has, perhaps, never been sufficiently portrayed, began, in which, in

the absence of their pastors, the most respected among the old men, or the more pious and learned laymen in each parish, presided over the meetings of the faithful, held in secret, in some remote barn or farm-building. Here these "elders of the people" read prayers, or part of the Ordinary of the Mass, and gave out the approaching feast or fast days and other notices, while the bravest youths in the parish stood on guard, like sentinels, ready to give notice at the approach of the persecutors. Sometimes, but on rare occasions, some hunted priest would appear among them, and pass from house to house saying Mass or administering the Sacraments, while the *prêtres assermentés* were left to their empty churches, and covered with deserved ignominy.

To return, however, to the Swiss portion of the diocese, as we may call it. One of the three Vicars-General appointed by Mgr. Bigex to administer in his place took refuge at Lausanne, and, joined by some of his confrères, devoted himself to the work of directing, sheltering and assisting the devoted missionaries—for such they were—who wandered in disguise throughout the country to administer the Sacraments to the faithful; and it was under his guidance, and in aid of his apostolic work, that the young abbé Vuarin rode hither and thither, in various disguises, to bear orders, give directions, bring news, recall the wandering sheep of the flock, and generally act as spiritual aide-de-camp to his superior, M. Bigex.

After Robespierre's fall, and when the extreme virulence of persecution had a little relaxed, two more Vicars-General were sent to Savoy, and one of them, M. Dubouloz, immediately entered into relations with the young deacon-abbé, whom he made his secretary. In 1795 the exiled Bishop sent, from Turin, a most touching pastoral, said to recall in its language and spirit that of early Christian times, in which he divided his diocese into twenty-five districts, to be visited in due order by missionaries and supplementary lay workers; and this pastoral it became M. Vuarin's duty to "colporter," or carry about secretly, and deliver it in safety to the scattered priests in hiding all over Savoy.

One of the objects which the good Vicars-General had most at heart was the conversion of those unhappy men whom ambition or fear had caused to become *prêtres assermentès*, or juring-priests; and an example of our young deacon's energy in this respect is too typical to be altogether omitted. The "Constitutional" Bishop of Mont Blanc—as the title ran—was at this time a certain M. Panisset, formerly curé of St. Pierre-d'Albigny, a man whose somewhat Jansenistic opinions in the first place, and his morose

discontent over some want of advancement in the second, had rendered an easy victim to the flattery or arguments of the government officials. He had received, from three unauthorized bishops, a sacrilegious ordination, and, installed upon the very throne of St Francis of Sales, at Annecy, fulminated pseudo-pastorals and literary pamphlets against the exiled hierarchy.

One of his former, and still faithful friends, M. Perrin, a Canon of Chambéry, in exile at Lausanne, thought, however, that traces of remorse were to be found in the private letters which he continued to exchange with the apostate bishop, and conceived a bold plan for his conversion, in concert with the new Vicar-General, Dubouloz. M. Panisset was invited by letter to a conference with M. Bigex (chief Vicar-General at Lausanne), to take place in the Château of the Marquis de Sales. He accepted, and MM. Dubouloz and Vuarin repaired there, disguised as oil merchants, to meet him. M. Panisset arrived at the rendezvous dressed as a layman, and was received most respectfully and genially by *the two oil merchants*, who handed him a letter from M. Bigex, expressing regrets that on account of some new laws he could not cross the frontier into Savoy, and begging M. Panisset to come as far as Plainpalais (on the outskirts of Geneva) to meet him. The bishop demurred, but his visitors urged compliance, and a ready-saddled horse was brought up, on which M. Panisset reluctantly mounted. The little party set out, Vicar-General in front, M. Panisset behind him on horseback, and M. Vuarin in the rear, giving a sly cut at the legs of the episcopal steed whenever its rider slackened speed and looked backwards irresolutely! Finally they arrived at Plainpalais, tired, and covered with mud, only to find another—prearranged—letter from M. Bigex, to the effect that the Genevan Government having just forbidden any Catholic priest to enter its territory, M. Bigex conjured his visitor, in the name of God, to come on *just as far as Lausanne!*

More hesitation on the part of M. Panisset; more entreaties and persuasion from the two priests; and finally the three crossed Lake Leman and arrived at Lausanne. Here an imposing group awaited them. MM. de Thiollaz and Besson, Vicars-General of Annecy, M. de Belmont, Vicar-General of Nîmes, M. Perrin, the Chambéry Canon, and more than forty other priests, all exiles and confessors of the faith. M. Bigex addressed the newcomer in language which, though respectful and even affectionate, was "as energetic as that of St. Peter to Ananias"; and the unhappy apostate, falling at his feet, asked pardon of the Church, with tears and sobs, for his sins of usurpation and apostasy. His repentance

was sincere. He afterwards published a thorough and humble retractation of his errors, which was published and sent broadcast throughout Switzerland, Savoy, France, and Piedmont, and did all that lay in him to repair in every way the evil he had wrought. He finally became curé of a village in Lower Savoy, and made a good and edifying end. M. Vuarin never forgot this incident, and in relating it in after years was wont to speak of it playfully as "the rape of M. Panisset."

It was now felt that so earnest and so capable a worker in the sacred cause should no longer remain in the ranks of the diaconate, and accordingly on the 10th of June, 1797, Jean François Vuarin was ordained priest by the Bishop of Lausanne and Fribourg, in the Chapel of St. Michael's College in the latter town, popularly called the Chapel of Père Canisius (now beatified as B. Peter Canisius, S.J.). We need hardly say with what renewed zeal he left the long Retreat in which he had prepared his soul for that solemn moment, nor how ardently he set out again upon his missionary labors in the land of his birth. As he continued to act as M. Dubouloz's secretary and general aide-de-camp, he was attached to no special district, but journeyed to and fro, visiting, teaching, encouraging, from village to village, and from town to town. Towards the end of the same year, the bitter feeling of anti-Christian Revolutionists broke out in fresh and violent persecutions; and the diocese within which Geneva lay, whose priests had almost taken up a normal existence and were living there in great numbers, was particularly attacked. Within a comparatively short period no less than ninety-seven priests, in this one diocese alone, were imprisoned or banished. Many of them, first imprisoned at Chambéry and then drafted on to Rochefort or La Rochelle, were treated with the greatest severity; loaded with chains, half-strangled, dragged along the streets and roads manacled like convicts, insulted and exposed to every kind of outrage. We may judge of M. Vuarin's distress when his beloved master and friend, M. Dubouloz, was, after long search, seized at Thonon by the gendarmes and conveyed to Chambéry. He soon managed, in his ever energetic way, to resume relations with the saintly prisoner; and after in vain attempting to procure his release, he devoted all his energies to collecting money for the benefit of the various priests detained and suffering want in the prisons of the French Republic. His quest was a successful one, and he was enabled, during the continuance of the Reign of Terror, to pass on the alms of the faithful, all committed to his discretion for distribution, to the many suffering ecclesiastics in the prisons of Chambéry,

Grenoble and Bourg, Rochefort, Oléron, La Rochelle, Rhé, and the convict settlement of Cayenne. The island of Rhé alone, where his beloved M. Dubouloz was confined, received from him nearly 12,000 francs. This painful state of things came gradually to an end during the dawning of a new *régime*, the "Consulate"; and, some pardoned, some discreetly allowed to escape, the imprisoned priests returned one by one to freedom and friends again.

About the year 1799 it appeared to the religious authorities and ecclesiastical chiefs of the diocese that the time had now come for taking some steps towards the re-establishment of the Church in Geneva. As the French *émigré* priests in England helped to pave the way for the restoration of the hierarchy in that land by accustoming its people to the presence and gentle influence of these confessors of the faith, so Geneva the intolerant, erewhile breathing death and destruction to Catholic or ecclesiastic, had become, during the Reign of Terror, a place of refuge and a centre for correspondence to the exiled Savoyard priests. M. Vuarin himself had his *piéd à terre* there, and resumed important correspondence, under a feigned name, to this and that friendly address within the city.

As we have already remarked, there had always remained a certain number of Genevan families who were true to the ancient faith, and who had hailed with joy the advent of French and Piedmontese Residents which enabled them to hear Mass within the city, instead of being, as their enemies duly recorded, among that "multitude of people who escape on Sundays from Geneva and go to hear Mass in the neighboring Catholic parishes, notably in that of Monnetier"; but the Revolution, which had incorporated Geneva into French territory, had at the same time suppressed Residents and Residents' Chapels; so that after September 25, 1792, when the Piedmontese Resident left, and April 15, 1798, when Geneva was formally joined to France, its state resembled that of former times. Many and many an exiled priest, indeed, passed through, or even took refuge in, a city which had before been a centre for political and theological malcontents from many countries; and often, as we believe, must the Holy Sacrifice have been celebrated in secret within its walls by many a heroic confessor or future martyr.

When, then, persecution relaxed with the dawn of Napoleon's Consulate, the Vicars-General who ruled the diocese from Lausanne began to take steps for its reorganization, and to this end they designated a certain young confessor of the faith, lately escaped from his prison in the island of Rhé (where he had been

the companion of M. Dubouloz,), M. Neyne by name, a man with "the heart of an apostle and the daily life of a saint," as was said of him, to become the first Missionary Priest of Geneva, and with him, as coadjutor, M. Vuarin.

To find a spot fitted for Catholic worship—to say Mass in public, amidst throngs of violent and unapproachable Calvinists, for the first time for more than two hundred years, unsupported by authority from without; to gather in a number of scattered, timid, wavering Catholics, and this without rousing the animosity of their fellow-townsmen—surely this was no easy task! M. Neyne and M. Vuarin set to work. They hired, first, a room in what is now called "the old town," the very heart and kernel of the city, and set to work to arrange it as an oratory. No sooner, however, had the landlord heard who were his tenants, and what they proposed to do, than he turned them out, promptly, and the two missionaries were forced to search elsewhere. Then they took a large room near the Place Molard, whose chief inconvenience appeared to be its extreme publicity; and here again, arranging a modest altar with a cross and some candlesticks, they prepared to open their oratory for public worship. The first Mass was announced for Christmas Day, and, when the morning came, lo! from every quarter of the town came worshippers, until not only the room itself, but the stairs, the road, the Place Molard, all were filled with an eager, pious crowd. But the landlord of this second chapel took alarm like the first, and requested his tenants to "move on." A third room was taken, not far off; and this time, while the faithful flocked joyously to their new place of worship, Protestant champions took fright, and incited the populace to attack the little chapel. One Sunday, as M. Vuarin was about to mount the altar steps, an infuriated crowd collected outside the building, pelted its inmates with stones and bottles, and threatened to throw the priests into the Rhone. The civil authorities had to be called in to restore order, and they advised, or requested, the two missionaries to retire temporarily from the town and to close their oratory. They accordingly left their present quarters and openly quitted the town, only to return in secret and set to work about a new oratory in a less conspicuous part of the town. A fourth room, and then a fifth, were successively hired, taken possession of, and wrested again from them, till any less persevering—we might almost say obstinate—men would have given up the affair in disgust. But M. Vuarin, at all events, was of too soldierly a mind ever to own himself beaten; and a sixth room was hired, in a building belonging to the Manége, or Riding

School, of the town, the proprietor of which ingeniously kept things quiet by taking upon himself to *close the doors* as soon as he considered that the apartment was becoming too full!

We should add that, besides this public oratory or chapel, Mass continued to be said in various private houses by passing or temporary missionaries up to the time when, chiefly through the exertions of M. Vuarin, the Genevan Government was forced to recognize the needs of its Catholic subjects, and reluctantly to hand over an ancient building—the now famous Church of St. Germain—for their use.

While these changes were taking place within the city, far greater ones were occurring in the political world without. Geneva was occupied by a French, and therefore Catholic, garrison, ruled by French Catholic authorities, and named *chef-lieu*, or chief town, of a more or less Catholic Canton. She was now to follow the fortunes of her conquerors in other wise. The Concordat of 1801 between First Consul Napoleon and the Holy See involved a radical change in church administration; the actual bishops were obliged to resign their sees, dioceses were remodelled and enlarged, and among them that of Geneva, which was merged in the Archdiocese of Chambéry.

But the cession—or rather restoration to its rightful owners—of the Church of St. Germain is too important a matter to be passed over in a few words. It was, as we have said, thanks to the French occupation of Geneva that the claim of its Catholic residents to a more fitting place of worship than some humble room in a back street of the city was thought fit to be considered; and France, still Catholic, even under the First Consul, spoke through her Prefect in demanding (at the instance of M. Vuarin) a fitting and decent place of worship for the Catholics of Geneva, both civil and military. A body called the "Société Economique" appears to have held supreme power over the ecclesiastical buildings of the city, and after infinite discussions and difficulties, and many tentative propositions, such as to build a new church for the Catholics on the one hand, or to relegate them to a sort of vault or wine-cellar on the other, the old Church of St. Germain was finally *let* to the Catholic body for a period of five years only, at a fixed rent. We may as well explain here that on the expiration of these five years, in 1808, the Society, to avoid further expenses of separation from the somewhat dilapidated fabric, handed over the church, rent free, to the Catholics, for "as long as they might require it, on condition that they kept it in good repair and paid the taxes."

To return, then, to the year 1803. The Church of St. Germain was handed over in a completely empty and unfurnished state to the Catholic body in Geneva, and a small sum of money furnished by the government, to which the alms of the faithful—we note in particular a gift from the First Consul of France, of altar vases and ornaments—were added; enabling the Archbishop of Chambéry Mgr. Mérinville, to buy an altar from the former Carthusian Monastery at Ripaille, another, found somewhere as treasure-trove and left at the Genevan Prefecture, and various necessary objects; while the government presented some sacred pictures which apparently were going a-begging, having been offered to and refused by the Town Museum. A large marble *bénitier*, or holy-water stoup, found lying forgotten in one corner of a marble-mason's yard, was likewise bought and placed in the renovated building; after which humble preparations, the priest whom Mgr. Mérinville had named First Curé of Geneva, blessed and restored the building to Catholic worship on Sunday, the 16th of October, 1803. Some days later Mgr. Paget, the retiring and last titular Bishop of Geneva, paid a farewell visit to his former flock, formally blessed the church, and said Mass there—his last episcopal act ere retiring to the solitude of his native town, St. Julien, where, seven years after, he died.

While M. Lacoste, the first curé of Geneva, was setting things in order in his new parish, M. Neyne, the former coadjutor of M. Vuarin, being appointed his vicaire, the latter was summoned to Chambéry to fill the post of secretary to the Archbishop, a post for which he was singularly well fitted. He wrote quickly, clearly, and well, and his previous experiences had fitted him for dealing promptly, yet judiciously, with every variety of character. The sole complaint, in fact, ever made of the young secretary, was that at times he was slightly intractable ; an amusing example of which is left on record. It appears that after the battle of Austerlitz the Prefect of the department notified the then Archbishop, Mgr. de Solle, that it was desired that the bulletins announcing the imperial victory should be read out by the various parish priests on Sunday in their churches. The prelate remarked on the impropriety of this profane announcement being made from the pulpit, but yielded to the request, and desired M. Vuarin to draw up a circular requiring all parish priests to read the Imperial bulletins at the door of their churches after service. On the following Sunday no communication was made by the various curés, and the Prefect laid a complaint before the Archbishop. The latter, sending for M. Vuarin, inquired whether he had not sent out the circular in

question. "No, Monseigneur!" "What have you done with it, then?" "For your honor and that of the Church, I have burnt it!" replied the indomitable secretary, coolly. The Archbishop appears to have let the matter rest, only remarking to some one, *à propos* of his wilful secretary, "It is a good thing that he is pious, otherwise he would be unmanageable!"

The task set before these first Archbishops and their secretaries was indeed too heavy a one to allow of much carping at trifles—four original dioceses to be merged into one (Savoy, Maurienne, Tarentase, Gex), priests appointed to every parish, the "constitutional priests" reconciled to the Church, parish registers and irregular records of important acts, such as baptisms and marriages, to be put in order, Canon Law harmonized with the new *régime*, churches, chapels, presbyteries to be rebuilt or restored; schools to be founded; in fact the whole mechanism of Church government to be put in working order. Mgr. de Mérinville had soon found his failing strength unequal to the task, and resigned his post, to which the Bishop of Digné, Mgr. de Solle, succeeded early in 1805; and only six days after the new bishop had taken possession of his See he found himself called upon to receive two illustrious visitors; first the newly-crowned Emperor, on his way from Paris, where he had been crowned, to Milan, where the famous Iron Crown of Lombardy was to be placed on his brow; then, four days later, the saintly Pope, Pius VII., rested likewise at Chambéry on his return from the coronation ceremony; and our youthful secretary had the supreme felicity of kneeling at the feet and receiving the blessing of the venerable Pontiff.

While the young abbé Vuarin was working, with his bishops, at the reorganization of the newly-found diocese, M. Lacoste, in Geneva, was growing gradually discouraged by the persistent hostility which he felt and saw around him. He was a holy and gentle priest, too gracious, too timid, perhaps, for the "vanguard of the army" which a priest in that "Protestant Rome" was virtually to hold, and before very long he placed his resignation in the bishop's hands. Mgr. de Solle knew well who was the one man to brave the difficulties of the situation, the ravings of Calvinistic ministers, the cold disdain of the laity, the open hostility of the Genevese aristocracy, and the half-hearted support of French officials. He named his own secretary, Jean François Vuarin.

As he knelt to receive his bishop's parting benediction, the young abbé bowed his head in fullest, humblest acceptance of the work which God, by the hand of His minister, was imposing upon him; and on rising he addressed the Archbishop with the words:

"In verbo tuo laxabo nete." (At thy word I will let down the net.) And on bidding farewell to his closest friend and successor in the secretaryship he remarked, "My friend, when one is named Curé of Geneva, one goes, one stays there, and one dies there!"

As our apostle enters on his life-work, we may now pause for an instant to picture his "outward presentment." What the inner man was, time and these pages will show. Exteriorly, then, he was a tall, muscular, well-developed man, having all the appearance of health, although at times he suffered from ophthalmia, and extremely grave and dignified in his manner. Those who only knew him by reputation generally expected to meet a stern, severe ecclesiastic, but were sometimes surprised by the affability he could, when he chose, exhibit to his friends. His nobly-formed forehead, serene and smooth as that of a statue, bore witness to the lofty mind within; as did his dark and strongly-marked eyebrows and keen, searching eye, to the vigor of his intellect. Like flint on steel, one word of opposition would bring flashes of lightning-like anger to those speaking eyes, telling of the soul within which sought to bear down all obstacles by sheer force of will. Curiously enough, his voice had not the deep tone one would have expected from such an exterior, but was feeble almost to shrillness.

Those who know Geneva as it now is, will alone be able to judge of the vast area over which the new curé found himself set. His parish, which in truth had almost the proportions of a diocese, comprised 1st, the whole town; 2d, the commune of Plainpalais; 3d, the commune of Eaux-vines and part of Cologny; 4th, part of the commune of Petit-Sacconnex, that is, St. Jean, les Delices, Montbrillant, Chateau-Banquet, les Pâquis. Less than this area makes fine large parishes to-day. And in all this vast expanse, his Catholic parishioners were scattered and hidden. Some poor or sick, some non-practising, some led away by mixed marriages into Protestantism, how was he to reach the souls for which he was responsible? He promptly decided on calling the muster-roll of his parishioners by a house-to-house visitation; a work not only involving much labor, but almost unheard of at that time, and never practised as it is among the English-speaking Catholics of to-day. In the France of the present time the priest does not, as a rule, venture uninvited into the houses of his flock.

M. Vuarin has, in some autobiographical notes, left us a description of his method of procedure during the thirty-five days which he consecrated uninterruptedly to his pious task, accompanied by his *vicaire*, M. Magnin:

"In each visit I went to every door of every house, from the

basement to the top story. I asked, 'Are there any Catholics here?' and if the answer was 'No,' I passed on; if 'Yes,' I entered, and wrote down the names of each individual in the family, under the heads: 'Name, ——; surname, ——; age, ——; place of birth, ——; profession, ——; name of street, ——; number, ——; floor, ——; date of first communion, ——; observations, ——; if he can read, ——; confessor, ——.'

"I was very prudent as to questions of morality, taking care not to compromise husbands and wives towards each other or before their children; and I also noted the state of their temporal resources."

He made a point, during these visits, of distributing abundant alms, and making little presents, such as of a book, a crucifix, a picture, etc., which, in the comparative scarcity of such objects at that time, were probably much appreciated by the recipients. He notes that his expenditure in these small presents sometimes amounted to as much as 800 francs—we presume, yearly. Of course he encountered during his visitation the usual brutal ignorance and rude assaults; he was pelted with stones, covered with dirt, the door-handles of the houses which he was to enter made red-hot, and so on; but on the whole he was almost surprised at the civility with which he was received, at least among the better class of Protestants; and his Catholic parishioners welcomed him, of course, with open arms.

Unfortunately, the detailed list which he made after these visits is lost, but we are told that the numbers made out in it were: 3500 people of all classes, not counting the French soldiers; 942 children of Catholic marriages, and 225 of mixed marriages, most of them brought up as Protestants, and the remainder necessarily frequenting Protestant schools. A later table made out by him gave the Catholic population as 4035; the numbers of mixed marriages were 359, out of which 29 only had been made with dispensation. Out of 437 children resulting from these marriages, only 41 were brought up as Catholics, and the same proportion occurs again and again in later statistics. Small wonder, then, that our energetic priest should have entered on a vigilant and unceasing warfare against the perilous practice of mixed marriages, and that he should have entered on an untiring campaign to "move heaven and earth" in order to procure religious education for the children of his flock. The former danger, of course, will exist as long as society—and its necessary admixture of differing faiths—lasts; and the warnings of M. Vuarin are still re-echoed in the Catholic pulpits of Geneva to-

day; while the latter has become what we may call a Catholic campaign throughout Europe.

Finding the children of the poor—French workmen's families and other immigrants, for the most part—thus neglected, M. Vuarin began at once to work in earnest for their education. His great desire was to introduce some order of nuns—preferably the Sœurs de Charité—to tend both young and sick; but though he acted with the greatest circumspection, and managed to make the suggestion come from other and more influential persons than himself, the Municipal Council took alarm and negatived the proposal, actually naming a Commission of two Protestants and two Catholics to inquire into the circumstances and investigate as to the need for Catholic schools, and, on their report, voting a certain sum (1200 francs annually, and 200 francs for their installation) for their support; by which means they hoped to shelve the question of teaching Sisters. "The Reformation of the sixteenth century got rid of 'nuns' for us; we will not retrogress and get them back in the nineteenth," they said. So M. Vuarin took his subsidy, established a girls' school under a mistress, a boys' school (in the church, for want of a school-room) under a priest, and—— was silent.

But his silence held a fixed purpose. He was not a man to relinquish lightly anything that he had once intended to acquire, but he carried out his plans silently, and with the greatest reserve. As an instance of his habitual prudent uncommunicativeness, it is said that whenever he quitted Geneva for a time (and he was constantly setting off on long journeys), he provided himself with passports for every capital in Europe, that no one might be certain in which direction he intended to go. So now, though outwardly acquiescing in the compromise of lay schools for his parishioners, in reality he continued to work for the advent of his "Sœurs de St. Vincent." For it was that order, and no other, which he had set his heart upon. Other orders had been proposed to him and had offered him assistance, while, on the contrary, the Superioress of St. Vincent's white-capped Sisters "regretted that the want of suitable subjects would prevent her from sending any to Geneva"; and arrangements had already progressed far towards the establishment in Geneva of another order, when one day he received the following unexpected communication from the Mother House of the Sœurs de St. Vincent: "Notwithstanding the paucity of our subjects, which has already forced us to refuse several other solicitations for new branches, . . . we promise to send you three Sisters, during the course of December, or at latest in January,

wishing to second the zeal which animates you, and to respond to the instances of M. Emery (a friend of M. Vuarin), who desires us to *give this pleasure to St. Francis of Sales.*"

Some practical difficulties disposed of, an agreement was drawn up between M. Vuarin and the Superioress, by which the former bound himself to supply a furnished house, an allowance of 450 francs yearly for each Sister, and a servant to do their rough work. One Sister was to take charge of the girls' school, the others, of the sick and poor; and in July, 1810, three good and capable nuns arrived in Geneva—the first of their Order to tread its hostile streets. We should here remind our readers that Geneva was at this time administered by, 1st, a French Prefect, who represented the Imperial authority of the Conqueror, supported by a strong garrison of French soldiers; and, 2d, the Mayor and Town or Municipal Council, who conducted the civil or communal portion of the government, and who were, of course, violently Protestant. There was also the "Conference," or ecclesiastical authority, so frequently referred to in these pages, an assembly of ministers which had inherited from Calvin's time (when they seemed as his mouthpiece) no inconsiderable influence and weight, even in political affairs.

When the three Sœurs de St. Vincent de Paul arrived in the town, their first care was to call upon, and present themselves to, the authorities. They were cordially received by the Prefect, who had already received recommendations from headquarters to serve them to the utmost of his power; but when they proceeded to pay their visit of ceremony to the Mayor, they received a far different reception. Not only did he receive them in the coldest way, but began roughly to question them as to "what they came to do in Geneva, since there were already a Catholic girls' school and a Maternity Society, and therefore their coming was not merely useless, but dangerous." Sœur Benoit, who was spokeswoman, replied by begging the Mayor's good-will and protection, in a judicious little speech, and concluded by presenting him with two letters of introduction, which, when he had opened, he found to be signed by — the Secretary of "Madame Mère," as the Emperor's mother was styled, and—the Emperor himself! Never was change more sudden! *M. le Maire* suddenly beamed with smiles, and heaped attentions on his visitors; Madame the Mayoress, who had *turned her back* on the nuns when they entered, now overwhelmed them with polite speeches, and they departed escorted ceremoniously to the head of the staircase by the Mayor, with effusive leave-takings.

For some time, until the good people of Geneva became accustomed to the sight of the Sisters, their appearance in the streets was the signal for a curious mob to follow them with interested and inquiring glances, as though they had been the denizens of another sphere. The Consistory inserted the following note in their official acts: "Arrival of some Sisters of Charity in Geneva, with recommendations from the Secretary of Madame Mère, and from His Majesty, to the Mayor of Geneva. It is said that funds are assured to them; that they are three in number; that the apparent object of their labors is the foundation of a Catholic house of education. The Consistory names a commission to give information in case they seek to make proselytes."

This first success made M. Vuarin eager for more, and he now cast about for means to supply his poor boys with the same religious education which he had bestowed on the girls. This time the Frères de la Doctrine Chrétienne were the objects of his pious covetousness. After much the same difficulties as had attended the coming of St. Vincent's Sisters, three Christian Brothers were invited to come from Lyons, not as "Fréres," but as "French citizens," holding passports and exercising their rights of settling in any part of the Empire. They arrived on the 31st of October, 1813, and a perfect storm of protestation immediately broke out. How the news spread so quickly one hardly knows, but the fact remains that deputation after deputation poured in upon the Mayor, demanding to know "whether he would tolerate such a scandal," he, the last and only defender of his country's rights! The Mayor hastened to the Prefect to implore his intervention against this terrible invasion of three horrible Brothers. "If they stay in the town, I will not be responsible for public tranquillity," he declared, vowing that "their presence was an outrage on three centuries of Protestantism"! For the sake of public tranquillity, then, the Prefect requested M. Vuarin to send back his importation, and after *one day spent in Geneva* (All-Saints' Day) the three Christian Brothers returned to Lyons, doubtless marvelling at the intolerance of the Genevese.

As may easily be imagined, the Catholic population of Geneva formed a body of parishioners which, humanly speaking at least, might be characterized as unsatisfactory. Not only were they for the most part of the poorest class, but of that fluctuating description of which there must always be a certain proportion in every large or frontier town. Workmen from various countries, countryfolk who came to "make their fortune," and very often only fell into more hopeless misery; the nondescript offspring of hundreds

of mixed marriages, utterly untaught, and still more utterly indifferent in matters of religion; it needed high courage to meet and cope with so depressing a state of things, and that, too, surrounded by the active hatred of the better and official classes. M. Vuarin strove in vain to stem the incessant tide of undesirable immigration by writing to all the civil and religious authorities of Savoy, to the Bishops of Chambéry, and others, to beg them to prevent their people from emigrating, or at least to turn their steps elsewhere than toward Geneva; but still the tide flowed on; the everlasting procession of families, youths, women, malcontents of every description, who, like the Piedmontese of our own day streaming across the frontier to the various towns on the French Riviera, poured unceasingly on. Poor M. Vuarin was inundated with these indigent adventurers from morning till night, and toiled unceasingly for them, assisted by his Sœurs de Charité. Thanks to his orderly practice of keeping and rendering his accounts and other statistics, we learn that between the years 1810 and 1835 he distributed through the Sœurs de Charité 122,022 francs, besides his own personal almsgivings. His Protestant neighbors wondered within themselves over his generosity, and inquired whence came the vast sums which he expended, while they had the injustice to accuse him of bribing and inviting the poor Savoyards to come to Geneva to swell the number of his flock. All the charitable institutions of Geneva were in the hands of Protestants, and Protestants only were allowed to benefit by them, with the exception of the *Bureau de Bienfaisance*, which, originally instituted by French subjects on the French model, gave some sparse and grudging help to occasional Catholics.

One of the chief supporters and patrons of this Bureau, the Baron Capelle, finding M. Vuarin thus devoted to the poor, procured his nomination to its membership, as in France Protestant ministers as well as Catholic priests sat together on the board of relief; but a storm of indignant protestation burst forth, headed by the Mayor, who went so far as to suspend its meetings, that M. Vuarin might not appear at them. Baron Capelle, however, persisted in his nomination, and to the horror of the "vieux Genévois," the Catholic Curé took his seat amongst them.

But though the mere presence of M. Vuarin at the Bureau de Bienfaisance was a triumph for the Catholic cause, it was not from this source that he received much material aid for his flock. In point of fact, the vast sums of money already referred to, which he expended on his parish, were the result of the marvellously extensive and eloquent correspondence which he maintained with

influential personages in all parts of Europe. His papers are said to be a perfect museum of royal and illustrious autographs; popes, emperors, kings, cardinals, bishops, nobles, almost every wealthy family in contemporary history received his urgent appeals, and responded to them with more or less generosity. Two Papal Briefs, addressed to himself, as well as pecuniary assistance, testify to the interest he had awakened in the Holy See, to which he, on the other hand, had always shown the most devoted loyalty. As an eminent member of the Sacred College remarked on one occasion: "The Curé of Geneva loves the Holy See *passionately*." His love of order and of work has left its mark in the immense masses of papers of all descriptions he left behind him—notes, reports, letters, documents, all sorted and docketed, with *résumés* of their contents attached; all his parish rules, sermons, lists of parishioners, services, expenses, sick people, visits, in fact every detail of his forty years' ministry, including the letters from his converts and other penitents—all of which now lie in the ecclesiastical archives of Geneva. Count Joseph de Maistre, who knew him intimately, thus wrote to one of his correspondents (the Duchesse des Cans) who was going to stay in Geneva: "I hope that our venerable Curé of Geneva will please you much. He is an inconceivable person as to activity, zeal, and perseverance. When I see him at work, he gives me the idea of the Apostolic successes. But the number of such men diminishes daily, and they are my heroes. What good are all our fine discourses, which reduce themselves in the end to a 'yes' or 'no?' What is the use of fine talking? as someone said at your house. Talk to me of the men who *work*, and who persuade."

In the line of preaching, M. Vuarin was never very strong; possibly his thin voice was partly the cause of this deficiency; but he made up for it by procuring Advent and Lent courses of sermons for his parishioners from some of the best preachers of the day; as we find the Abbé de Maistre, brother of Count Joseph, preaching the Advent course of 1809 and the Lent of 1810 at St. Germain, while a name of Irish origin, the Abbé Macarthy, appears among a list of others, all well known in their day, who succeeded him year by year.

We have enumerated, among the papers which he left behind him, some letters from his converts; and these, though not many in number, as may easily be guessed in that violently Calvinistic centre, were in some instances singularly interesting in themselves, though space will not allow us to dwell upon them here. During the forty years of his ministry in Geneva, he received sixty abju-

rations, and there were a few whose conversion he helped in, but who were received into the Church elsewhere. Every one of these conversions is recorded in detail among his writings; their motives, their course of procedure, the letters concerning them, and, not infrequently, the autobiographies of their subjects. They would form, in themselves, quite an interesting volume.

T. L. L. Teeling.

IRELAND LOOKING BACK.

IT is the fashion for ordinary nations to celebrate victories. Sedan is still fought over again in mimic warfare in Germany; down to a quarter of a century ago the memory of Waterloo was kept alive in Great Britain by sham battles outside all the garrison towns. But Ireland is peculiar. It is her pride to celebrate, this year, a defeat in the field. The defeat was for the time being a crushing one, yet the fact that the Ireland of to-day feels pride in celebrating the date of the appeal to arms is a proof that that appeal was not in vain.

We cannot regard the rebellion of 1798 as a mere incident. The tragedy possesses more than a local interest. It was the culmination of centuries of battling for a twofold principle—a principle of nationality and a principle of antagonism to an alien class ascendancy. Questions of religion and international commerce entered into it also, but, more conspicuously still, the question of the success or failure of the new idea of democracy springing from the immense impetus given that principle by the events on this continent and in France. It was a wrestle between the monarchical system of Great Britain and this new-born infant Hercules within her own borders; and although the decision for the time being was adverse to democracy, the principle did not expire. When next it made its appearance it was on British soil, and it was triumphant as the result of the Reform agitation, the Chartist movement, and the massacre of Peterloo. It is a singular fact that every political and agrarian reform which the English people have won for the past half century has owed its impulse to an Irish beginning, while the English masses have proved stolidly indifferent to the obligation.

Attempts at a democratic movement had been made four years previously by English leaders such as Hardy, Horne Tooke and Thelwall, but the idea was strangled at its inception. Before the national convention called by these admirers of French methods could assemble, the leaders were arrested and prosecuted for high treason. English juries were not so complaisant as Irish ones when the Crown wanted convictions, however; the defendants were acquitted, and the panic-stricken Ministry put face to face with a real danger in the jury-box rather than an imaginary one in the press and on the platform. Hence it may well be imagined that the baffled Minister secretly welcomed the opportunity which the Irish trouble afforded of teaching a lesson of terror to the discontented in England through the fearful punishment he contemplated inflicting upon those whose share in the benefits of constitutional rule was never a matter of concern to English juries. Moreover, William Pitt was well aware, from the information furnished by his secret agents, that the plans of the United Society's chiefs on the Continent embraced a diversion in London and other English centres whenever the movement in Ireland was ripe for action in the field. The importance of this portion of the scheme appears to have been much exaggerated, but we may easily imagine, with all the terrors of the French uprising before their eyes, how easily the Crown and its counsellors could be led into dangerous hallucinations over such a subject. Attempts were being made by the agents of the movement, at the same time, to sow the seeds of disaffection in the navy. Seditious literature was distributed through the fleet, and the alarm created by the boldness of this attempt may be judged of from the frightful punishments meted out to seamen engaged in this perilous work. They were flogged until some died under the torture, imprisoned in irons, or sent away to penal settlements. How many suffered in this way cannot be known, but the court-martial proceedings published with regard to some showed that the number was considerable. A similar movement, there is reason to believe, was suspected in the army and the militia, and hence a transference of regiments in which any considerable number of Irishmen were enrolled took place before the military operations in Ireland were provided for.

It is impossible, therefore, in any retrospect of the course of democracy in Europe, to ignore or minimize the part which Ireland played in that mighty struggle. And it is equally impossible to enter upon an inquiry into the science of statesmanship without weighing the motives, the morality, and the results of Pitt's politi-

cal conceptions, as illustrated in his great effort to crush out democracy in Ireland and consolidate the empire. To the philosophical student the subject must present a profound fascination; to the descendants of those who fought and lost in that ill-matched struggle, its higher aspects, from the historian's point of view, must subordinate themselves to the agony of the immediate drama and the rankling memories which it dedicated to the survivors. And it may be the irony of history that those aspects of the episode which appear subordinate now may, in the ultimate result, prove to be the dominant factors ere the drama be worked out to a close.

Some of the Irish leaders imprisoned in Fort George were asked by the Government commission sent down to examine into their views what was the immediate cause of the insurrection in 1798. They had no hesitation in answering that it was the measures taken by the Government under the Insurrection Act—the system of picketing, *i.e.*, military torture, such as pricking with bayonets, and the horrible pitch-cap; the whippings, free quarterings, and outrages of the military on the female peasantry, and the burning down of the homes of the people. This answer was more applicable to the *means* by which the insurrection had been fomented; its *causes* must be looked for sixteen years earlier, when the formation of the Irish Volunteers and their patriotic declarations aroused the English Ministry to the existence of a danger never before suspected, as well as in the attitude of independence taken up by Grattan's Parliament. Powerless to resist the claims of the patriots backed by the bayonets of eighty thousand men, the English Government yielded, but only to brood over schemes of revenge. It was reserved to Pitt to give form and life to those visions of green-eyed jealousy and impotent chagrin, and he eventually did so in a fashion and upon a scale to which history is powerless to furnish a counterpart.

That profoundly philosophical observation, that from the moment a man is born he begins to die, might be most appropriately spoken also of the new nationality born of the Declaration of Independence. From the moment of its birth it was doomed, for it contained within itself the germs of disintegration. The wolfish eyes of jealousy were quick to perceive its vulnerable points, and no less swift to take advantage of them. There was a chasm of rivalry between the leading spirits of the Volunteers, soon destined to widen into an impassable gulf over a question of rival policies and theories of constitutional procedure. In the ranks there were divergences of opinion no less favorable to

the designs of the cunning plotters of mischief. Civil and religious freedom was the broad platform of the Dungannon Convention, but when the Convention met in 1783 to give effect to that generous principle, there was no unanimity as to the mode in which the theory could be reduced to practice. Nor was this uncertainty confined to the Protestants and Presbyterians who composed the Convention. The Catholic leaders were just as much unsettled as to the nature and extent of their claims and the opportuneness of pressing them just then. Every move on the board was being eagerly followed by the agents of the English policy, and when it became evident that the elements of difference were strong enough to be turned into factors of dissension, all the rest of the course was plain sailing. The plan of operations to break up the new national movement embraced a dual policy. To divide the Catholics among themselves, by means of conflicting counsels, formed the first portion of the programme; the second, and more important part, was merely to fan into fresh activity the smouldering flame of religious and racial differences, chilled and diminished by the new-born enthusiasm of Republican Ulster, but at no time wholly extinguishable in a province where the seeds of discord had been deliberately and with malice aforethought planted by the settlement of Scotch Presbyterian settlers and London Protestants on the territory of the O'Neills and O'Donnells. The Catholic leaders whom the Government flattered by empty compliments were utilized for the first of these purposes. In especial the services of the brilliant Franciscan priest, the Rev. Arthur O'Leary, were secured, and, it is painful to say, in such a way as to raise a doubt in the minds of many as to his integrity—a doubt which has not been absolutely dispelled down to this very day. Father O'Leary enjoyed the unique distinction of being the only Catholic priest in the realm with an annual stipend from the Government. He was granted an annuity of a hundred pounds a year because of the able pamphlets which he had written in opposition to the new ideas of democracy, but no satisfactory explanation is as yet forthcoming why this sum was subsequently increased to two hundred, nor has the most diligent search amidst state archives and private correspondence on the part of that most successful of literary seekers, Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, resulted in a solution of the question. Certain it is that overtures were made to him on behalf of the Government, and equally certain that he let the fact be known, together with his own indignant rejection of the temptation. This much is, likewise, certain, that he counselled postponement of the Catholic claims as inopportune, and that this

counsel, coinciding with a forged letter, purporting to be from Lord Kenmare, but really written, it would seem, by Sir Boyle Roche, had a fatal effect on the Catholic cause.

Down to the days of Pitt no step had been taken by any English Ministry to give definite shape to its feelings with regard to the consequences of the emancipation of the Irish Parliament from the tutelage previously assumed over it by the assembly in St. Stephens. But England beheld with unconcealed fury and dismay the constant progress of the Irish people under the fostering care of a Parliament legislating for the benefit of its own country, and not for that of its rivals across the Channel, as so-called Irish Parliaments had done for four hundred years previously without demur. It was not only that the pride of England was galled, but that very sensitive region, the pocket, was touched in a way that roused the commercial ire of the nation. The Irish Parliament had forced England to open her ports to Irish products on a free-trade basis; for previously a rigidly prohibitive tariff had been maintained against the staple products of Irish industry. This had been extorted from the Ministry under the menace of Napper Tandy's artillery, drawn up on College-green, each gun bearing the significant motto on its muzzle "Free trade, or else ——." Prosperity had followed in the train of independence. The eighteen years during which the country had felt the vivifying impulse of native government were marked by an advance in manufactures, the first essential in a nation's material well-being, a revival of individual industry, and a birth of arts and letters quite unexampled in the modern history of the island. The capital was the home of a resident nobility and aristocracy whose incomes were liberally expended in the erection and embellishment of palatial mansions whose imposing lines and architectural elegance still testify to the traveller of the taste and luxury of a caste which, though composed in great part of alien elements, took a pride in the land of their birth and confessed to the irresistible influence of the Celtic character over the very elements which had proved their superiority in the sterner field of conquest. Dublin rose rapidly in population, and still more so in the magnificence and number of its public and private residences; its clubs and coffee-houses were frequented by the choicest wits and men of fashion of which any European city could boast; its stage was occupied by actors and actresses who have secured a lasting fame; in one of the theatres the immortal Handel had given to the world for the first time, under his own leadership, his glorious oratorio of "The Messiah"; Mrs. Siddons, the Kembles, Spranger Barry,

Foote, Mossop, Macklin, and many others of hardly less note, shone as stars at this bright period for the drama in the city by the Liffey. But more incomparable far was the reputation of that stately Senate-house whose majestic peristyle and sweeping colonnades challenge the awe and admiration of the stranger who for the first time gazes on the desecrated temple of genius and patriotism. Here, indeed, the intellect and power of the Irish race had flashed forth in irresistible eloquence, and the orator's voice had caused the world to realize by what magic it was that Demosthenes was enabled to transform the peaceful citizen into the enthusiastic defender of his country's honor and independence. What a galaxy of brilliant figures rise before the mind's eye as it travels over the empty chambers of the Irish House of Lords and the fine hall where the clerks and scribes of the Bank of Ireland take the place of the men at whose magic invocation a nation awoke from a trance of death and shook the fetters of centuries from some, at least, of her limbs! Plunket, Burke, Malone, Burgh, Hardy, Newenham, Curran, Parnell, Foster, Parsons, Langrishe, and many another giant of debate, defile before us, until our eyes at last rest upon the face and figure of the man who seemed to embody all his country's passion and fire and soul in the one feeble but electric frame—Henry Grattan.

This historic Senate-house of Ireland was its glory in the transient period of the country's prosperity—but it was also its shame. It was never a representative institution, in the proper sense; it had been always the Parliament of the Pale. The majority of the Irish people—that is, the Irish Catholic population—had no part in it. They had no legal existence; they were under a ban more dreadful than that of fire and water. And though it had been composed of the *élite* of the privileged "Sassenach" class, down to this period it had been known to be corrupt and bore no especial reputation for enlightenment. Three-quarters of a century previously it had come under the lash of Swift:

> "Not a bowshot from the College;
> Half the world from wit and knowledge."

It trafficked with every Ministry for its "pocket-boroughs"; it had been the subservient tool of successive dispensers of the "corruption fund." It was not until the vivifying spirit of Grattan's patriotism was breathed into it that it dared to assert its power as a guardian of the rights of the privileged class which it represented; and even then the germs of rottenness impregnated it so sensibly as to give hope to the ever-vigilant enemy of national rights.

The nomenclature of modern thought has made us familiar with the phrase "social evolution." Writers of the stamp of Carlyle and Froude and Standish O'Grady have advanced the theory that the evolution of society in Ireland has been in accordance with the inevitable decree of what they call destiny; what has been was to be, and is for the best. O'Grady, one of the most seductive apologists of this school, paints pictures of the tribal society of Ireland, with its semi-feudal customs, intended to prove that it was a judgment of Providence that it should be shattered and give way to the superior civilization of the stronger power. But it is only necessary to read the literature of later days to be convinced that the breaking-up of the old Celtic fabric meant for the time being, and perhaps even still, a relapse into semi-barbarism and real feudal bondage. The pages of Sir Jonah Barrington give vivid pictures of the brutal order of things which supervened upon the destruction of the old Celtic aristocracy as a consequence of the Williamite campaign, and the hopeless slough of misery into which the masses of the people were plunged. We read of swinish orgies, protracted night after night, in the homes of the new aristocracy. Drunkenness, gaming, hunting and duelling were the lessons of civilization which they taught. The man who could not drink his sixteen bottles of wine at a carouse was not accounted a fit member of society; the greater the number of duels he had fought the more estimable was his character. The abduction of an heiress was a necessary concomitant to this sort of liberal education. The money wrung from the life-blood of the peasantry was squandered in the club-houses of Dublin, and the prolonged sederunt over cards and wine was frequently finished up by a duel in the backyard, with the occupants of the tenement-houses surrounding it as witnesses from their windows. The bucks and "bloods" at night converted the streets into a pandemonium, pricking the wayfarers with their rapiers, and under the appellation of Mohocks waging bloody war with the butchers of Ormond Market, the students from Trinity College, or the coal-laborers from the quays. Under the guise of fops and exquisites they carried the manners and instincts of savages. Such were the characteristics, generally, of the gentry of the Protestant ascendency down to the period when the breath of liberty from these shores fanned the cheeks of the enslaved Irish people. It was no wonder they hailed the trumpet-blast of the Volunteers from Dungannon as a note of regeneration; and though their religion precluded them, under the law, from participation in the new military movement, they subscribed liberally towards the expenses of car-

rying it to a successful issue. But the Volunteer uprising was only a splendid delusion. By the dissensions of its chiefs and the machinations of the English Government its disruption was soon brought about, and the hopes of the people were changed into the lethargy of despair. It was at this darkest hour that the United Irishmen sprang into existence, and the people turned from a Parliament which had proved itself incapable of bringing permanent social relief to the promises of a brotherhood which drew its inspiration of democracy from the formula which had had so sanguinary a success in France—Liberty, equality, and fraternity.

There are many circumstances connected with the origin and growth of this famous organization which appear anomalous in the extreme to all who have not studied the social and political condition of Ireland thoroughly. In order to gain an elementary knowledge of the facts it is necessary, first of all, to divest our minds of the idea of a loyal Ulster, such as the northern province boasts itself to be to-day ; for it is to be borne in mind as a primary fact that it was in Ulster the Society of United Irishmen first came into existence, and that its principal founders were Protestants and Presbyterians. A dozen Presbyterian clergymen were enrolled in its ranks, and three of these were among the Ulstermen who paid the penalty of their lives for their patriotism—one of whom was the grandfather of the present Judge Monroe of the Irish bench. The chief strength of the United Irishmen, in fact, was in the province of Ulster, where the number of enrolled members was said to be about a hundred thousand, and from whence thirty thousand stand of arms was taken when a search was undertaken under military law, on the eve of the outbreak. The men who formed the nucleus of the military party in it, and who drew up the new constitution on the Cave Hill, near Belfast, were three Protestants—Wolfe Tone, Samuel Neilson, and Thomas Russell. For several years before this event the society had been established on a moral-force basis merely. Its constitution was public property, and there was not a clause of it to which the most scrupulous politician of to-day could take exception. It aimed simply to secure a redress of grievances for the mass of the Irish people, together with complete civil and religious liberty for all. It was the Irish complement of the Great Charter and the Declaration of Rights, and the terms in which its purposes were stated were moderate and unaggressive. But an open constitutional movement was just as obnoxious to the government of that time as a secret revolutionary one—perhaps more so. It was about three years before the Rebellion that the turning-point came. Two very significant events in that

year presaged the coming storm. The first was the establishment of the Orange Society; the second the recall of the popular Viceroy, Lord Fitzwilliam. This excellent nobleman had been dispatched to Ireland as the bearer of an olive-branch at a time when better counsels prevailed. The growing dread of revolutionary trouble in England, and the well-known antagonism between the Jacobin propagandists and the Catholics, inspired Pitt and his colleagues with the view that their best policy was to make friends of the Catholic subjects of Great Britain, especially in Ireland. Hence delegates from the Catholic Association were received by the King in the year 1792, and sent back to Ireland under the belief that Catholic grievances should soon have substantial redress. An instalment of justice was actually given, shortly afterwards, in the shape of the bill giving the elective franchise to the forty-shilling freeholders in rural districts, and to Catholics in towns the privilege of the municipal franchise. These slight concessions were bitterly opposed by the small knot of Ascendency adherents in the Irish Parliament, but they were easily carried. Small as they were, to the miserable Catholic people they were accepted as the rainbow after the Deluge. A harbinger they seemed of a halcyon period of justice and safety in the days to come.

We cannot but observe the mode in which this period of Irish history is slurred over by many chroniclers. Some, perhaps, are unacquainted with the real condition of affairs; even the most fair-minded may be misled by the language of the pseudo-philosophers of the time. It was a day of dawning science. Speculation had stirred the depths of things in the supernatural, the metaphysical, and the social world. Theories of society were being set afloat and discussed, and, imperfect as the means of communication then were, there was danger of their reaching ears in the most remote and sequestered places. Arthur Young had been travelling through Ireland, observing the social conditions and rough-hewing the road for the feet of more scientific and perhaps less humane successors. The masses in England had found some palliation for the dreadful savagery of the uprising in France in the miseries entailed by the feudal system. The search-light was being turned on in England—and immediately under the search-light is the profundity of darkness. Arthur Young and every other inquirer into the state of the Irish peasantry either overlooks or gives insufficient value to the fact that, besides having no status as an individual before the law, besides being a more abject serf before his landlord than any Russian hind, besides having every instinct of nobility of manhood crushed out of him

by a system of superhuman ingenuity of contrivance, the Irish peasant was forced to support by his labor a religious institution which he hated, and had good reason to hate, called the Established Church. The system of tithes was one of the most powerful contributory causes to the Irish Rebellion, and it was the only one which survived its suppression to be victorious in its principle in the long run. Forty years later, that insulting and iniquitous system received its death-blow in the resistance of the peasantry at Carrickshock. It is by no means difficult to understand, then, why the mass of the people should have hailed the advent of Earl Fitzwilliam, with his promises of relief, as the aurora of a blissful morning after a long night of despair. Nor is it any wonder that the Viceroy, differing as he did from so many of his predecessors in notions of honor and liberty, should have spurned a post when there was no longer use for either quality. When he learned of the change of mind on the part of the Ministry he indignantly refused to continue in office with the reputation of a pledge-breaker. He had been authorized to promise relief to the down-trodden Catholics, and when he was told by Pitt that he must, for reasons of expediency, postpone the project, he acted as any honorable man who felt that he had been duped would act. "I refused," he says, in his own letters, "to be the person to run the risk of such a determination. I refused to be the person to raise a flame in the country that nothing short of arms could keep down." How prophetic was the presage, how memorable the warning!

The man who was selected to carry out the relentless policy spurned by the noble Fitzwilliam was one fitted by temperament and character for such a task—he whom O'Connell so scathingly denounced in the Magee trial as "the cold-hearted and cruel Camden." An examination of his character and the chief events connected with his administration in Ireland leave no doubt that the description was well deserved. Brought up to the profession of the law, in which his father, the English Lord Chief-Justice, was so distinguished an ornament, he inherited nothing but its cold and pettifogging spirit, and a special pleader's familiarity with all its resources of oppression in the shape of obsolete or half-forgotten statutes against Catholicism. His callousness and cruelty are abundantly manifested in his own official letters to the Duke of Portland. In several of them he speaks with great satisfaction of the cold-blooded massacres of Carlow and Kildare, where several hundred insurgents, who had surrendered on promise of immunity, were deliberately murdered by the English troops and yeomanry.

He was, in brief, a tool eminently suited by temperament and want of human sympathy for one of the most repulsive tasks ever intrusted to the agent of a tyranny since the time of Alva.

It would be impossible to portray the consternation and despondency which seized upon the body of the Irish people as soon as the true meaning of this ominous step was perceived. Nor was the depression by any means confined to the Catholic population. Through the unflagging exertions of Theobald Wolfe Tone and the North of Ireland leaders the great mass of the Dissenting body had been brought into thorough sympathy with the oppressed Catholics; and this generous feeling was shared in, it is but just to say, by a considerable proportion of the more liberal-minded Protestants. The measure of success which had attended the efforts at unification of all the people by the United Irish organization had been great beyond expectation. Such harmony was never erstwhile beheld at any phase of the nation's existence, and none can doubt that it was the deliberate design of the British Ministry to terminate the alliance as a bond that threatened the supremacy of English power. The policy of the Ministry was dictated by a selfish terror, unintelligible now, when we consider the relative strength of the two nations. When we contemplate the spectacle of a powerful, rich and well-armed individual addressing a feeble, struggling and defenceless stripling, and saying, in the words of Edmund Burke, "Sir, I find your liberty to be incompatible with my safety," how profound must be our abhorrence and contempt for such a craven policy!

It was not long ere the dismal apprehensions of the people began to find confirmation in the fruits of the change in policy. In the condition of Ulster the government found the most reliable basis for a campaign of disintegration. For several years a social and religious war of a ferocious character had raged on the borders of Armagh, Cavan and Derry, between the Catholic and Protestant inhabitants. Among the latter it had for its avowed object the extermination of their Catholic neighbors, and this atrocious purpose was sought to be effected by means of nocturnal raids by armed bands, in which murder was too often the concomitant of conflagration and the levelling of the peasants' cabins. Thousands of families were rendered homeless annually by these inhuman proceedings, and as the Catholic population had neither protection nor redress from the magistracy, who were Protestants and English sympathizers to a man, they had been forced to protect themselves by means of secret combinations. Under the name of Defenders they sought to shield their own people and

exact reprisals from the aggressors, their Protestant neighbors, who, banded together either as Hearts of Steel or Peep-o'-Day Boys, acted the part of Turkish bashi-bazouks while professing devoted adherence to a system of Biblical Christianity. A state of civil war had in fact existed in Ulster for some considerable time, and no steps whatever had been taken by the Government to quell it. Nothing could be more favorable to the secret designs of the Minister in whose dissembling mind the embryo of the Union was beginning to assume shape and organic life. The first decided symptoms of the form which that life was to assume was given in the transformation of the scattered bodies of the Hearts of Steel into one centralized, homogeneous organization, destined to leave a sanguinary mark in history, under the title of the Orange Society. The county Armagh was the place where this ill-omened association had its rise, and a local magistrate, one Thomas Verner, was the first "Grand Master" elected. In a pamphlet of the time, attributed to Arthur O'Connor, the terms of the secret oath taken by members of the Orange order are given as follows: "In the presence of Almighty God, I, ——— ———, do solemnly swear that I will to the utmost of my power support the King and the present government; and I do further swear that I will use my utmost exertions to exterminate all the Catholics of the Kingdom of Ireland." Time after time the authenticity of this version of the oath has been denied by the Orange body, but the conduct of its members has proved beyond all doubt that the murder and extermination of Catholics was the absolute purpose for which the society was started. Societies, like individuals, are judged of by their actions rather than their professions. Owing to its sanguinary misdeeds at Dolly's Brae, some years after the Union was accomplished, the Orange Society was condemned by the Government under whose patronage it sprang into existence, and its Grand Master, Lord Roden, deprived of the commission of the peace. On proof of a treasonable conspiracy to place the Duke of Cumberland on the English throne, instead of the Princess Victoria, the quietus was given to it as a secret society, and it was compelled to reorganize on an open basis. The serpent's nature does not change with the sloughing of its skin. No alteration in the Orange methods or principles has ever been witnessed, no matter what the form of the oath or the constitution of the society, since its inception down to this very day. It is a sort of Protestant Islamism.

Mr. Plowden, a contemporaneous historian not by any means partial to the claims of Irish nationality, or given to exaggeration

in his recital of the determining facts and motives of that melancholy time, has no second theory about the real beginnings of the struggle which culminated in 1798. The spread of union and fraternity was beheld with consternation. Then, says Plowden, "the gentlemen in place became frightfully alarmed for their situations; active agents were sent down to Armagh to turn the ferocity and fanaticism of the Peep-o'-Day Boys into a religious contest with the Catholics, under the specious appearance of zeal for Church and King. Personal animosity was artfully converted into religious rancor; and for the specious purpose of taking off the stigma of delinquency the appellation of Peep-o'-Day Boys was changed into that of Orangemen." The effect was soon made palpable in renewed atrocities against the Catholic peasantry, and a massacre called "the battle of the Diamond," in which many were killed and wounded on the Catholie side, put an end to the Defenders' hopes of a continuance of successful resistance, for the Orangemen were plentifully supplied with arms, while the most rigid precautions were taken, under the provisions of the Insurrection Act, specially passed for the occasion, that not a musket, pistol or powder-flask should be left in Catholic hands. The horrors of the ensuing year in the county of Armagh baffle description. It was one long chapter of midnight agony, when murder stalked ubiquitously over the country and the flames of the burning cabins illuminated the sky night after night. Seven thousand persons, it is calculated, were either slaughtered or driven by violence from their doomed hovels by the armed ruffians blasphemously banded together in the name of religion.

In this shocking dragonnade, as it may be called, the Orange banditti had the open sanction of the Government. From Armagh the terror was extended to other counties in Ulster, then over most of the Leinster counties outside of Dublin, and several portions of Munster. A crop of Orange magistrates suddenly sprang into view, and these everywhere issued warrants wholesale for the arrest of people without a shadow of foundation. The jails were soon full of men young and old, so that some trouble arose about providing for their maintenance and detention. The problem was quickly solved. Lord Carhampton, who was then commander-in-chief, came forward with a plan which he judiciously styled "a vigor beyond the law," and the principle of this atrocious panacea soon found embodiment in an Act of Parliament relieving magistrates and military men from responsibility either to Parliament or the civil tribunal for excesses committed against the law by themselves or the armed rabble under their command. The

mode in which Lord Carhampton proposed to relieve the congestion of the jails was ingenious. He caused a Government ship to be sent to Sligo Bay, and, having consulted with the local magistrates in various places, got their opinions about the most desirable among the incarcerated persons—against whom, in all cases, no charge could be legally made—to get rid of. These men were, therefore, without any more ado, sent off to Sligo and shipped on board the tender for transmission to the ships of the regular navy at Portsmouth, in order to be flogged into shape as British blue-jackets. The English fleet secured thousands of able seamen by this simple expedient of an Irish general, whose claims to distinction in the field of invention atoned for his lack of any in the field of glory.

The first legislative measures pressed by Lord Camden on the opening of Parliament in 1796 were an "Insurrection Act"—that is to say, a proclamation of martial law—and an Indemnity Act; in other words, a legislative license for the perpetration of outrage without check or restraint in the fear of consequences. One of the provisions of the Insurrection Act was that the penalty for the administering of an unlawful oath was death. The only association named by the Attorney-General was that of the Defenders; the name of the Orange Society was carefully excluded. Henry Grattan and the leading members of the Irish Opposition offered a determined resistance to these infamous proposals in Parliament. But the placemen and pocket-borough holders mustered in sufficient force, and the Government triumphed in its first attack on the principles of the British Constitution.

It may be usefully observed, here, that had the Irish Parliament been a really representative institution, the manifold disasters which overtook the Irish nation at this epoch never could have occurred. But it had never been more than the Parliament of the minority in Ireland. The only true Parliament of all the people, since the English power was established in Ireland, was that convoked in the short-lived Kingship of James the Second. In this assembly were representatives of the Catholic masses; but it comprised also a fair proportion of Protestant members—at least such were summoned to attend, though all did not respond. It should be remembered, to the credit of this really representative Parliament, that amongst its first enactments was one decreeing perfect religious freedom, while the succeeding Parliaments of King William the Third, who is spoken of as the assertor of the principle of civil and religious freedom, were long occupied in the enactment of ferocious penal laws against Catholics and Dissenters. Restricted and un-

representative as the Parliament of Grattan's period was, however, there cannot be the slightest doubt that, if left unhampered by the English Ministry, it would in time have established a system of equality in political matters for men of every denomination and worked out a scheme of Parliamentary reform calculated to satisfy any legitimate aspiration. Many bills and resolutions for the sweeping away of religious disabilities were brought forward in it from time to time, and many of these received generous support. Were the Catholics only agreed among themselves as to the terms of their demands, there can be no reasonable doubt that they would have been conceded; and, had this been the case, it is not rash to hypothetize there would not have been any rebellion. In how far the failure of the Catholics to secure their emancipation was due to the writings and counsel of the timid and temporizing leaders, especially the Rev. Arthur O'Leary, may never certainly be determined, but it must be confessed those influences were largely responsible for the collapse. Let us not put aside these speculations as useless. Influences of the same character are at work to-day, and are powerful in determining the problems of public life in Ireland. We do not for a moment mean to say that any ecclesiastics in Ireland are recipients of emoluments from the English Government, as the Rev. Arthur O'Leary undoubtedly was, but there are a few who believe there is more security for religion in the supremacy of the English Government than in that of the Irish people. The small section of Catholic "aristocrats" are especially obnoxious to Irish nationality by reason of their open adherence to this unpatriotic view. This narrow and exclusive section was represented in the earlier period by such men as Lord Fingall, Lord Kenmare, Viscount Trimleston, Lord Gormanstown, Lord Southwell, and several baronets of lesser note. It is also to be remarked that their ranks included the hypocritical attorney, Francis Macan, who succeeded so long in keeping his identity as the secret betrayer of Lord Edward Fitzgerald from the scrutiny of the historian.

There is another element in this painful problem which must by no means be overlooked. Not a few of the Irish bishops and clergy looked with alarm, if not with horror, at the idea of the spread of what were known then as "French principles." The Irish political leaders, on the other hand, were openly in favor of a French alliance. Looking back at the whole episode now, and surveying all the facts which led up to its bloody culmination, it may be safely concluded that the dependence of the Irish leaders upon this broken reed of a French alliance was the

one great fatal mistake which led to the overthrow of the Irish hopes and deprived it of that moral support which it must otherwise have received from many sections at home as well as some portions, probably, of the English democracy.

Too much reason, unhappily, had been given for the apprehension of the ecclesiastical body in Ireland, in the proceedings of the French "liberators" in Belgium, under the *régime* of the Directory. The religious feelings of the people were everywhere insulted by the infidel rabble quartered upon them under the pretence of delivering them from domestic tyranny. Is it to be wondered at that this knowledge, taken in conjunction with the prophetic warnings of Edmund Burke against the dangers of the new democracy, induced many of the bishops and clergy in Ireland to discourage by every means in their power the resort to French help? They acted for the best, and solely with the hope of preserving their flocks. But they little knew what horrors were preparing for the unhappy people as a consequence of their intervention, else it is but just to suppose that they would, for the most part, have adopted the more patriotic course of strengthening the people's hands to resist the demons of outrage and extermination, as many of the Wexford clergy eventually were compelled reluctantly to do by circumstances which made submission not only cowardice but criminality.

To the Irish leaders it is but just to say that those of them intrusted with negotiations with the French Government took every precaution to secure that the military help they bargained for should be that of auxiliaries, as in the case of Rochambeau's forces in the United States, and not as allies. The letters of Dr. Emmet, McNeven, and others, are very explicit upon this point. They also make it clear that Bonaparte at least entertained his own views upon this matter, and at one stage of the negotiations gave it to be understood that the French would not be satisfied with the *rôle* of auxiliaries, but would take over the control of things generally, once they were established in the island. But at no time during these negotiations, save in the case of Hoche's expedition, can the French be said to have acted with sincerity. They fooled the unhappy Irish people with false promises of support, only to desert them when they had in desperation taken the field themselves. Reliance on French help was the fatal flaw in the Irish programme.

The position which the Government had created gave it an irresistible advantage in dealing with the results as they successively developed themselves. While the Catholic clergy were for

the most part hocussed into using their all-powerful influence for the repression of the national movement, on the other hand, everything was done to influence the passions of the Orange section to the point of abandonment of every principle of humanity; race hatred and sectarian animosity were blown into a white heat of murderous ravening. The fears of the Catholic gentry were stimulated by artful stories of the communistic designs of the peasantry. Unhappy Ireland was, in short, as a chess-board with both sides of the game in the hands of one player, the antagonistic pieces being moved toward the solution of one problem solely.

Among the Irish bishops and clergy over the rebellion or the Union, it is quite evident there was no concerted policy. Every bishop acted, as he undoubtedly had a right to act, according to the interests of religion in his particular see. By artful promises, directly from the Minister, or by secret agency conveyed, very many of the Irish hierarchy were led to believe that every just aspiration of the Irish Catholics would be realized provided they only stood loyal to the British Government. Nothing more artful was ever known than the means taken to impress this view. While that Government steadily operated in the Irish Parliament to prevent any real measure of relief for the Catholics from being passed there, the impression was being sedulously cultivated among the Catholic bishops that from an Irish Parliament it was hopeless to expect any such measure, and that only from a great imperial assembly was such a measure of large-minded policy to be looked for. What between the promises to the Catholics, the incitements to the Orangemen, and the appeals to the fears of the landed gentry, there never was witnessed a more masterly display of the fine art of unscrupulous government than that exhibited at this bifurcate pass in Irish affairs. All the time the engineer had his hand securely on the throttle-valve of the locomotive. So masterly were the measures taken for winning the race that not a single chance was overlooked. That system of venal corruption which won over French generals like Pichegru to lose battles in the English interest and honeycombed the French staff was depended on to work the ruin of the United Irishmen, and the confidence was not misplaced. At every secret meeting of the executive an emissary of the British Government sat as one of the sworn members, and the most important communications between the chiefs at home and their secret agents abroad were in the hands of the English Minister as soon—aye, sooner than they were in those to whom they were addressed. Money unlimited was

at the disposal of the one party; only credulity unlimited the bank of the other. Is it any wonder who was the winner in this most unequal contest?

It is not necessary to tell the story of the rebellion,—how it was prematurely forced upon the leaders by the goading of the people, and how it was stamped out with a ferocity never exceeded in the fever-heat of the Thirty Years' War. Every horror that has been charged against the Spaniards and the Free Companies in that frightful struggle was enacted on the soil of Ireland during the couple of years while the rebellion was being incubated and while the fruit of such hatching was justifying the care bestowed on it. It is necessary to asseverate, however, that the testimony of every witness entitled to speak proves that those who rose in rebellion were driven to it, because men like Mr. Goldwin Smith do not hesitate to lay all blame on the United Irishmen and the Irish peasantry, and to insist that the rebellion was not used by Pitt as a means of carrying the Union. Quite recently Mr. Smith wrote that the Union was not carried either by bribery or British bayonets, and that the English forces sent over to Ireland in '97 and '98 were not employed in putting it down. Against this may be put the statement of Mr. Gladstone during the discussion of the Home Rule Bill in the House of Commons. Colonel Sanderson had been boasting of the power of the Ulster Orangemen to put down the Catholics of Ireland as they did in '98, when Mr. Gladstone jumped up excitedly and exclaimed, "You could not do it; you had to call in England." Nothing could be truer than this. It was twenty thousand English regulars who formed the *cordon* around Vinegar Hill when the Wexford insurgents made their last great stand, and English regulars who won the other engagements in which the untrained and unarmed valor of the peasantry succumbed to discipline and arms of precision. The Orange yeomanry were never conspicuous for anything but cowardly outrage wherever their numbers gave them the superiority over isolated bands and fugitive stragglers. The main facts of this memorable uprising are so well known, and so freely confessed by every reputable English writer, that it is amazing how Mr. Goldwin Smith could think of giving them any new gloss.

There is something more beneath this story than the villany of either bribery or bayonets, and Mr. Goldwin Smith does not allude to it. But it is necessary that the world should understand it, so that when the epithet of "rebel" is flung in the Irishman's face he may not be made to blush for shame, but rather to feel a

thrill of pride in those progenitors who, in all the inconsiderate rashness of unarmed vigor, flung circumspection to the winds and appealed to the Lord of Sabaoth. That shame which turns the coward's heart to steel was written everywhere upon the peasant's brow. By the institution of "free quarters," one of the first steps taken under martial law, dishonor was brought to every Irish hearth where the ruffian yeomanry were thrust upon the inhabitants as unwelcome guests.

Mr. Plowden disposes of this sickening subject in a few brief but pregnant sentences. He says :

"As to the species of outrage, which rests not in proof, it is universally allowed to have been on the side of the military. It produced an indignant horror in the country which went beyond but prevented retaliation. It is a characteristic mark of the Irish nation neither to forget nor forgive an insult or injury done to the honor of their female relatives. It has been boasted of by officers of rank that within certain large districts a woman had not been left undefiled ; and upon observation, in answer, that the sex must, then, have been very complying, the reply was that the bayonet removed all squeamishness. A lady of fashion, having in conversation been questioned as to this difference of conduct towards the sex in the military and the rebels, attributed it, *in disgust, to a want of gallantry in the Croppies.*"[1]

The Hessian troops were remarkable for their outrageous behavior towards women, and some of them who had been taken prisoners were shot by the rebels for this reason, even though the women whom they had attacked were of the loyalist party. In this connection it is useful to remember that the British agents sent to the Continent to induce foreign governments to lend troops for service against the American colonists promised the Hessians, amongst other tempting baits, *plenty of indulgence for their passions*, and that the reputed watchword of Pakenham's army in the attack on New Orleans was "Booty and beauty."

So, too, with regard to the religion of the people. The miscreants who were sent to terrorize them were only too glad to get an opportunity of showing their detestation of "Popery" by destroying its temples. The country "chapel" was everywhere foredoomed to destruction on the slightest pretence of rebellion existing in the locality. About sixty "chapels" were given to the flames in the dioceses of Ferns and Kildare before a single blow was struck by the peasants. The Wexford priests did everything in their power to calm the people under these diabolical outrages, for in no place had a more determined stand been made by

[1] The rebels generally were called Croppies from the practice of the troops cutting the hair of prisoners very short, in order that they might be recognized in case they took up arms again.

the clergy against the principles of the United Irishmen than there. But human nature was too strong. The cup of suffering was filled until it could hold no more, and then the priest became the leader of his flock. By the light of his burning sanctuary and desecrated altar, Father Murphy rallied his parishioners at Boolavague, and bade them strike back in the name of God and honor. Many other priests followed his example, and who is here to-day to say that they did not do well? With their lives they paid the forfeit of their heroism, but in what holier cause could man give back his soul to his Creator than that of outraged religion and virtue?

There were humane and chivalric men among the English generals at that time, and they revolted at what they saw. Sir Ralph Abercrombie, who was commander-in-chief in Ireland at the beginning of the agony, would not go through with it. He resigned his command, alleging as reason something very remarkable. The army, he declared, he found a terror to everybody but the enemy. Cornwallis was often sickened with the stories of military atrocities. But no banditti of Marathon or Sicily ever approached the army's dreadful auxiliaries, the yeomanry, the militia, and the Hessian mercenaries. Long after the rebellion was suppressed hordes of these armed ruffians harried the peasantry, hanging, shooting, flogging, and outraging as they went. Tortured by the pitch-cap—a device which burned the head into the brain and often drove its victims mad—was a favorite amusement with some of the militia regiments—notably the North Cork. (The yeomanry and militia, it should be remembered, were entirely composed of loyal Protestants.) In Dublin itself the shooting and hanging were carried on daily in the streets, until the Lord-Lieutenant's wife, driving through Thomas street to the Viceroyal Lodge, one day, saw the gutters running blood and implored her husband to put a stop to the carnage,—which he did.

Simultaneously with the stoppage of this butchery by the military arm the machinery of the civil law was set in motion to finish what the soldier had left incomplete. Special commissions of judges were sent out, and these made quick work of the prisoners penned up awaiting their doom. The character of these legal processes may be inferred from the fact that at one assize over which the infamous Lord Norbury presided there were one hundred prisoners put forward on the capital charge, and all but one of these were sentenced to death. The sentence was carried out in ninety-seven cases out of the ninety-nine, and within a day or two after they had been delivered. Courts-martial had been co-operating in other quarters of the country, and several hundred persons

were executed under their findings in the four months which immediately succeeded the end of the rebellion. This fact is mentioned in Lord Cornwallis's "Memoirs."

With all this carnage, the thirst for blood displayed by the "loyal" party was not slaked. Lord Cornwallis was blamed by many for being too merciful. He defends himself from the charge in a letter to Major-General Ross, in this wise:

"You write as if you really believed that there was any foundation for all the lies and nonsensical clamor about my lenity. On my arrival in this country I put a stop to the burning of houses and murder of the inhabitants by the yeomen, or any other persons who delighted in that amusement; to the flogging for the purpose of extorting confessions; and to the free quarters, which comprehend universal rape and robbery throughout the whole country."

Ordinary warfare is horrible enough in its effects upon human nature. The taste of blood arouses all the tiger within the combatants, and for the time extinguishes the feelings of humanity in the breasts of many. But in wars of rebellion, wherein the one party is put outside the pale which international law has drawn around the lawful belligerent, horrors are accumulated upon horrors to the total eradication of all vestige of the angel in man, and the transformation of the soldier for the time being into the fiend incarnate. This is very often the case in the present day, when the world's sentiment leans in the direction of the mitigation of war's miseries. What must it have been in the past, when there was so little of this sentiment, and when the results of campaigns or battles might not be known generally for weeks after their occurrence, owing to the scanty means of intelligence? The horrors of this Irish rebellion of barely a hundred years ago were not fully revealed until many months after the end. Massacre after massacre of prisoners was perpetrated by the British troops upon bodies of insurgents who had surrendered. It is not surprising that these outrages had the effect of exciting bitter feelings of revenge, and yet only a couple of cases are cited by the historians of the Rebellion wherein this feeling was gratified. The one was the dreadful incident of the burning of Scullabogue barn, wherein about a hundred persons are said to have perished; yet Mr. Plowden declares that it was little wonder that the insurgents were provoked into this act of reprisal, considering the many atrocities perpetrated by the other side. The other case was worse. It was the massacre of Wexford Protestants by a fanatical mob headed by a Captain Dixon, whose relative, a priest, had been murdered by the Orange yeomanry. This outrage was the direct result of the incitement to a religious war resorted to by the authorities, and

the great redeeming feature about it is the fact that it was by the action of a Catholic priest in throwing himself between the maddened murderers and their next intended victims that the butchery was stopped.

Supplementary to the burlesques of legal proceedings for treason and sedition set on foot before and after the insurrection, the Government had trained for this particular service a peculiar corps which was styled the "battalion of testimony." This squad of wretches was under the command of Major Sirr at the Castle, and its duty was to swear scientifically, so that no one against whom the fire of the battalion was directed could possibly escape. The character of these infamous hirelings and the state of terror which their presence produced all over the country were vividly portrayed by the fearless advocate, John Philpot Curran, whose life was at one time in danger in open court for the vigor with which he denounced the prostitution of the law by the judicial tools of the Government. His picture is unsurpassed, and it is worth presenting. He said:

"I tell you, therefore, gentlemen of the jury, it is not with respect to Mr. Orr or Mr. Finnerty that your verdict is now sought; you are called upon on your oath to say that the Government is wise and merciful; the people prosperous and happy; that military law ought to be continued; that the Constitution could not with safety be restored to Ireland; and that the statements of a contrary import by your advocates in either country are libellous and false. I tell you these are the questions; and I ask you if you can have the front to give the expected answer in the face of a community who know the country as well as you do? Let me ask you how you could reconcile with such a verdict the jails, the tenders, the gibbets, the conflagrations, the murders and proclamations that we hear of every day in the streets and see every day in the country? What are the processions of the learned counsel himself circuit after circuit? Merciful God! What is the state of Ireland? and where shall you find the wretched inhabitant of this land? You may find him perhaps in jail, the only place of security, I had almost said of ordinary habitation! If you do not find him there, you may see him flying, with his family, from the flames of his own dwelling—lighted to his dungeon by the conflagration of his own hovel; or you may find his bones bleaching on the green fields of his country; or you may find him tossing on the surface of the ocean, and mingling his groans with those tempests, less savage than his persecutors, that drift him to a returnless distance from his family and his home without charge or trial or sentence. . . . . I speak not now of the public proclamation for informers, with a promise of secrecy and extravagant reward. I speak not of those unfortunate wretches who have been so often transferred from the table to the dock and from the dock to the pillory. I speak of what your own eyes have seen day after day, during the progress of this commission, while you attended this court—the number of horrid miscreants who acknowledged upon their oaths that they had come from the seat of Government, from the very chambers of the Castle (where they had been working upon the fear of death and hope of compensation to give evidence against their fellows), that the mild, the wholesome and the merciful council of this Government are holding over those catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried a man lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up a witness. Is this a picture created by a hag-ridden fancy, or is it a fact? Have you not seen him, after his resurrection from that tomb, make his appearance upon your table—the image of death and life and supreme arbiter of both? Have you not marked,

as he entered, how the stormy wave of the multitude retired at his approach? Have you not seen how the human heart bowed to the awful supremacy of his power in the undissembled homage of deferential horror? How his glance, like the lightning of heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused and mark it for the grave, while his voice warned the devoted wretch of woe and death—a death which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent! There was an antidote—a juror's oath; but even that adamantine chain, which bound the integrity of a man to the throne of eternal justice, is solved and molten in the breath which issues from the mouth of the informer. Conscience swings from her moorings; the appalled and affrighted juror speaks what his soul abhors, and consults his own safety in the surrender of the victim.

'Et quæ sibi quisque timebat
Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.'

Informers are worshipped in the temple of justice even as the Devil has been worshipped by pagans and savages. Even so, in this wicked country, is the informer an object of judicial idolatry—even so is he soothed by the music of human groans—even so is he placated and incensed by the fumes and by the blood of human sacrifice."

The late Mr. Froude, with characteristic rancor, endeavors to give a Titus Oates tinge to the motive of the insurrection. In his references to a mysterious visitor to Lord Downshire who came to sell the secrets of the United Irishmen he apologizes for his treachery by the following monstrous invention:

"He had discovered that the object of the Papists was the ruin and destruction of the country and the establishment of a tyranny worse than that which was complained of by the reformers; that proscriptions, seizures of property, murders and assassinations were the certain consequences to be apprehended from their machinations; that he had determined to separate himself from the conspiracy."

Who this mysterious visitor was Mr. Froude could never discover, but the indefatigable author of "Secret Service Under Pitt" unearthed the solution. He was a member of the Irish bar named Samuel Turner, and it does not appear, from what Mr. Fitzpatrick discovered relative to his well-kept correspondence with the English Government, that there was a scintilla of foundation for the theory that there was any religious complexion about the Irish rising. It was an audacious invention of Mr. Froude's, pure and simple; for all the correspondence connected with the movement establishes this fact most clearly—that the leaders had no object so definitely in view as the keeping the movement free from the suspicion of sectarian bias of any kind. So, too, with regard to the plea of intended assassination as a means toward the end. Assassination *was* openly advocated at one stage of the movement, but it was in the pages of the publication controlled by Watty Cox, and there was strong reason to believe that Cox was in the pay of the Government. Those leaders of the United Irishmen examined by the Government commission indignantly repudiated any thought of such a sinister design as assassination and confiscation.

Considering the limited period of the rebellion and the very circumscribed area of the theatre of hostilities, the bloodshed which attended it was of appalling volume. Outside Wexford there were only a few small engagements, chiefly in Ulster, and the fighting was virtually over in Wexford within a month. Yet the numbers who fell on both sides was so great as to be out of all proportion to the actual magnitude of the affair. According to the War Office returns the total loss in all parts of Ireland was, on the side of the British 19,700 men, and on that of the insurgents 50,000, exclusive of women and children, great numbers of whom were slain, especially in the county Wexford. All this carnage, it should he remembered, took place within a couple of months. Never was a revolt stamped out with such remorseless cruelty, and never, it might be added, was a braver resistance made by an unarmed peasantry, pitted as they were against the best soldiery in the world.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has made some statements about the non-employment of any regular British force in this dreadful business. The following figures, taken from a Parliamentary report in the year 1799, show the forces employed in crushing the insurrection: Regular army, 32,281; Irish militia, 26,634; English militia, 24,201; yeomanry, 51,274; artillery, 1300; commissariat, 1700; total of all arms, 137,390.

Bribery, Mr. Smith further states, was not used to carry the Union; it was only compensation to Irish members for the loss of their pocket-boroughs. He is free to put any name he pleases on the transaction; the fact remains that the English Government paid seven million and a half of dollars to Irish Members of Parliament to efface their trust without asking the consent of the people through a general election. Many of those traitors, besides the money compensation, were raised to the peerage. Several millions more were expended indirectly and in secret service.

Lord Chief Justice Bushe, an authority as eminent for his learning as for his incorruptibility, thus characterized the Union after it had been effectuated, and the means by which it had been contrived:

"I forget for a moment the unprincipled means by which the Union has been promoted, and I look on it simply as England reclaiming, in a moment of our weakness, that dominion which we extorted from her in a moment of our virtue—a dominion which she uniformly abused, which invariably oppressed and impoverished us, and from the extortion of which we date all our prosperity. . . . . The Union is a measure which goes to degrade the country, by saying it is unworthy to govern itself. It is the revival of the odious and absurd title of conquest; it is a revival of the abominable distinction between mother-country and colony which lost America. It is the denial of the rights of nature to a great nation from an intolerance of its prosperity."

Time, which draws a tender veil over everything, when the wrongs and the passions of exasperating crises have mouldered away in the tomb—time has vindicated the character of many of the men whom the government of the day doomed not only to death but to the infamy of the "spotted rebel." Not many years ago one of the most eminent of the Irish judges paid a warm tribute to the virtues and the heroism of Robert Emmet. And Lord Holland, a Cabinet Minister of the stormy period of the Rebellion, thus frankly referred to the motives and action of Lord Edward Fitzgerald:

"Many of my political opinions are softened, my predilections for some men weakened, my prejudices against others removed; but my approbation of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's actions remains unaltered and unshaken. His country was bleeding under one of the hardest tyrannies that our times have witnessed. The fact is incontrovertible that the people of Ireland were driven to resistance, which possibly they meditated before, by the free quarters and excesses of the soldiery, which were such as are not permitted in civilized warfare, even in an enemy's country."

It is remarkable that the social standing of the '98 leaders was such as to preclude all idea that they were men who took to politics as a means of livelihood. At the head of the movement was a member of the Leinster house of the Geraldines, a chivalrous and accomplished nobleman, who had served with much distinction in the British army—Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Arthur O'Connor, one of its most prominent leaders, was also a member of a noble Irish family. Landed proprietors, merchants, members of the legal and clerical professions, substantial agriculturists—every interest in the country that had everything to lose by an unsuccessful appeal to arms, in fact, was amply represented in the thronged ranks of the United Irishmen. Any attempt, therefore, to disparage the movement as a socialistic or desperate enterprise must be futile. It was as genuine an uprising of a country as an aggregate of all classes against an intolerable foreign tyranny as that of the American colonists a few years previously. The sole question which remains regarding its justification is that of probability of success before embarkation on the desperate course of war. We may be sure that the solemn consideration was well weighed by the responsible leaders. Looking at all the facts—at the immense numbers of men enrolled, the aid promised by France, the different circumstances as to transport and communication in military operations between that period and our own, we cannot accuse the Irish leaders of rashness or incompetency. When we consider the tremendous fight made by a single county, we can well imagine how difficult must have been the task of the English

generals had hostilities been deferred until the neighboring counties had been in a position to take the field. How accurately the Government had gauged this emergency may easily be estimated from the extraordinary steps they took to provoke the premature ignition of the torch of war, and the herculean efforts they immediately put forth in order to extinguish it when lit.

But the most remarkable fact, perhaps, in the whole tragedy is the suddenness with which the contest was begun by the Wexford people. The county was one of the worst organized in the whole of Leinster. Very little progress had the United Irish organization made there, because the Catholic clergy from the first had steadily set their faces against the movement. They even refused the sacraments to members of the society. But it was soon apparent that this forbearance was not of the slightest use to either priests or flocks. Flesh and blood could no longer endure the torture to which the innocent people were subjected, and the men who had been foremost in preaching peace to their flocks now became the boldest in the sacred duty of resistance. The bond of union which always existed between the Irish priests and their flocks was cemented, as it so often was in the bitter penal days, by the commingling of the life-blood of both on the sacred altar of the Irish soil. How tenderly Ireland holds the memory of those heroic martyr-priests language is only able feebly to portray. Only those who know Ireland and the meaning of "soggarth aroon" can form an estimate.

True to her traditional policy in such nefarious international transactions, Great Britain threw the monetary cost of her monstrous aggression upon the country which she had goaded into making it. Every shilling of the cost of the army, the yeomanry and the militia was charged to Ireland, and with a cynical indifference to justice and the opinion of the civilized world the same course was adopted subsequently when the bill for carrying the Union was totalled up. Ireland was not only asked to commit national hari-kari, but to pay out of her own depleted purse, to be still further depleted by the results of the Union, for the cost of the immolation. Twenty-one millions of pounds, Dr. Madden tabulates, was the sum which the dual operation of rebellion and Union cost, and every penny of this Ireland has had to pay. As O'Connell remarked, it was just as reasonable to ask Ireland to pay for the razor with which the instrument of the Union, Castlereagh, committed suicide. And not only was Ireland made to bear this cost, but it has been conclusively shown by Mr. O'Neill Daunt, Sir Joseph Neale McKenna, and other expert statisticians,

that the figures upon which this cost was originally estimated were deliberately "cooked" by the British accountants, in order that Ireland might be the more effectively mulcted. This allegation was fully borne out, it is well to observe, by the evidence given before the late Royal Commission on Financial Relations.

We have seen that at its inception the United Irish organization was an open movement, and how the astute policy of Government at length forced it to abandon this position. Open agitation for the redress of grievances was either non-productive of results or put down by the strong hand, and the patriots were actually driven to what has been aptly styled the policy of despair, as an alternative to the total abandonment of the people's cause. This insured the ruin of the movement. Nothing more conclusively proved the futility of oath-bound precautions to preserve inviolate the counsels of political leaders, when pitted against the strength of a Government having unlimited monetary resources at its disposal and all the machinery of secret espionage which a power having its ramifications extended all over the globe always needed. This '98 movement, as well as the subsequent '65 one, showed that at every important council meeting, no matter where held, there was present a representative of the British power, who had taken the oath of secrecy like all the rest. Behind the unselfish patriot, wherever he bent his steps, there stalked, like a shape of doom, the stealthy informer in the guise of a friend and a brother-in-arms, ready to take another oath when the time came for the panoply of British vengeance in the form of law to step in and end the drama of perfidy and dishonor. Innumerable were the informers of '98, and so deftly did they do their work that it was not until they had lain many years in the grave, in several cases, that their baseness was discovered. The social position of some of these betrayers disarmed all suspicion of their treason, and all their lives they passed as respectable members of society and the best friends of the men whom they had sent to their doom. Reynolds, McNally, Macan, Higgins, Armstrong, Turner —the principal figures in this hideous game of hypocrisy—carried their dreadful secret for many years. Thanks, mainly, to the industrious labors of Mr. Fitzpatrick, we are now in full possession of their true character; and no more serviceable work can be studied by the Irishman who would play the winning game in the contest for liberty than his story of the "Informers of '98," and "Secret Service Under Pitt."

It is not an exaggeration to describe the great drama of the Rebellion and the Union as the greatest political crime of which we

have authentic record. They were the correlative parts of the one transaction, the one deliberately planned and carried out in order that the other might the more easily be effected. The principle we find enunciated in this masterpiece of governmental policy is that, in order to effect what is considered beneficial to the ruling nation, it is permissible to employ every evil agency for the accomplishment of a given end. The commands of religion and the laws of morality may be alike disregarded; respect for human life and the liberty guaranteed under the civil constitution—respect for female purity, for the ties of friendship, for the sanctity of oaths, public honor and private virtue—all these considerations may be cast aside so long as the object in view is the consolidation of the State and the aggrandizement of the ruling power. Such cynical profligacy, if proved against an individual, would consign his memory to never-ending infamy; if perpetrated by a mob, usurping the functions of government, it would, as in the case of the French revolutionists, have banded all other States that professed to be foremost in civilized and humane principles against the tyranny. But the comparative isolation of Ireland and the powerful position which England had secured amongst the European powers enabled her Machiavellian Prime Minister to carry out his atrocious design without attracting much attention. Nay, more, in the inscrutable ways of an overruling Providence the crime-stained power which perpetrated it has been suffered to thrive and wax rich and great on the fruit of its iniquity. We must not let our views of human justice seek to establish any paradox in the fact that Great Britain has prospered beyond all comparison since the Union, and that concurrently Ireland has dwindled away to a mere skeleton of her former self, instead of becoming rich, free and happy, as Pitt assured the world she must. God's ways are not our ways; in His own good time He will vindicate His justice. Even as it is, time has shown that all this perfidy and plotting has been practically ineffective, for so little has the Union been able to consolidate the governmental systems of Great Britain and Ireland that even now the Tory Government, after resisting the proposal of Home Rule as treason to the empire, are practically undoing the work of the Union by giving back to Ireland the control of nearly the whole of her resources under the machinery of the Local Government Bill. As a matter of fact, looking at the restricted character of her ancient Parliament, and the total absence of popular representation and voice in both parliamentary, urban and baronial affairs in the system which prevailed before the Rebellion was planned,

what is offered now is far more than the people ever dared to hope for in pre-Union days. And this result is due altogether to the spirit which was fostered by the lessons of the Rebellion. Again and again it has been shown that that spirit is irrepressible and ineradicable. Hence we see that though the heroic men of '98 lost in the field, they are victorious in the grave, and the legacy of devotion and love of country they left has not been altogether squandered or disregarded by those who have been called upon to take up the *rôle* which they were compelled so sorrowfully yet so gloriously to abandon.

JOHN J. O'SHEA.

MODERN APICULTURE.

AMONGST the most humane of man's interferences with the natural development of the more tractable members of the animal world, both for their benefit and his own, has been the culture of bees. In most other cases of domestication the improvement has to be paid for by some sacrifice on the part of the animal itself or of its master. Who does not lament the moral evils that have come upon sporting and betting humanity in the production of that most superb of animals, the thorough-bred horse! How many "horsey" men are made in the rearing of a single racer? On the other hand, the ploughing horse must do a slave's work for his food and lodging, and the ass and mule render an unwilling service; while it is only domestic animals which are attacked by that pest of the South African Veldt, the tsetse fly.

There have not been wanting philosophers, like Count Leo Tolstoi, whose doctrine, implicitly at least, condemns the domestication of the sheep and the ox, not so much because the beasts of the field are cruelly treated in the process, for indeed they are served and pampered like princes from the womb to the shambles, in happy unconsciousness of the speedy and probably almost painless death which awaits them, but because, in the opinion of these thinkers, man was created for a vegetable diet, and that flesh meat has been responsible for most of his transgressions. No such fault, however, can be found with the domestication of the honey-bee, for bee-keepers tell us that not only are the bees

themselves made more comfortable and prosperous under man's providential management, but that their guardian is instructed and morally improved in the process. The present writer is ready to indorse this statement in all its parts from his own experience in the management of a small apiary, and he will confess that he has had to submit at times to receiving humiliating if useful lessons from the puny objects of his charge when careless or blundering treatment has made them rebellious. Fortunately, however, the bitter experiences are mostly gone through in the beginning of the bee-keeper's career, and they ought not to discourage him.

Bees have been a subject of careful cultivation from the earliest times, and numerous treatises have been written on their management. Of ancient works on the subject, the most familiar to us, of course, is the fourth book of Virgil's "Georgics," which was not, perhaps, considered a very trustworthy text-book, even in its own day. The ancient Egyptians seem to have invented the system of floating apiaries. The inhabitants of Lower Egypt observed that the flowers and fruits of the earth were more forward in Upper Egypt than with themselves by above six weeks. Towards the end of October, therefore, they embarked their hives in boats and conveyed them up the Nile into Upper Egypt, arranging that they should arrive at their furthest destination just after the subsidence of the inundation, when the land had been sown and the flowers were beginning to bud. After remaining at their first station long enough to gather the full flush of nectar from the flowers, the bees were conveyed some miles lower down the river during the night, and, travelling thus in stages, they traversed the whole length of Egypt, keeping pace with the height of the flower season as it advanced northwards towards the delta of the Nile. They reached their home in Lower Egypt about the beginning of February, when the hives, which were carefully marked and numbered, were returned to their respective owners.

This practice of moving bees from pasture to pasture was common among the ancient Greeks and Romans, and continues to this day among the dwellers upon the banks of the Po. "As soon," says Pliny, "as the spring food for bees has failed in the valleys near our towns, the hives of bees are put into boats, and carried up against the stream of the river in the night, in search of better pasture. The bees go out in the morning in quest of provisions, and return regularly to their hives in the boats with the stores they have collected. This method is continued till the sinking of the boats to a certain depth in the water shows that

the hives are sufficiently full, and they are then carried back to their former homes, where their honey is taken out of them." The forms of hives used by the ancients were various, some being woven with osier twigs, while others were made of cork, hollowed wood, boards or earthenware. The Japanese and Indians of to-day use cylindrical hives lying horizontally, constructed sometimes of earthenware and sometimes of wood. In Cashmere, where such hives are used, the bees are not destroyed, but, when the honey is removed, they are driven forward with smoke, and the virgin combs at the back are taken away, while the bees are left to winter on the old and soiled combs in front, their stores being supplemented, if necessary, with sugar and meal. In England, even yet, the barbarous practice of destroying bees has not entirely died out among the peasantry; but probably, before many years have passed, it will be almost unknown.

The great revolution in bee-keeping was inaugurated in the year 1851, when the movable comb-hive was invented by the Rev. L. L. Langstroth, a native of Philadelphia. A somewhat similar hive had been invented in 1838 by Dr. Dzierzon in Germany; but Langstroth's invention was quite independent of this, and was a great improvement upon it, owing to the fact that the roof was movable, allowing the frames to be handled from the top, whereas Dzierzon's hive was opened from the side.

The chief feature of the new hive was, not merely that the combs were built in frames adjusted for the purpose, but that these frames were movable. Wooden frames of one sort or another had been used long before Langstroth's days, and seem to have been known to the ancient Greeks. Huber, who was a contemporary of Goëthe, and to whom we owe much of our knowledge of the mysteries of bee-life, invented a form of hive especially suited for close observation. It consisted of a number of wooden frames one foot square and rather less than an inch and a half in width. These were united together by hinges at one side so that they could be opened and shut at will, like the leaves of a book, while the two outer frames were closed by squares of glass. When closed the whole assumed the form of a cubical box, and might be kept together by means of cords. It is worthy of note that Huber's investigations were carried on when he was blind, and he was entirely dependent upon the assistance of his wife and a man-servant into whom he had instilled his own love of natural history. But so well did he direct their observations and experiments that he was able, in 1792, to publish his work entitled "Nouvelles Observations sur les Abeilles," to which we are indebted for the foundation of our scientific knowledge of bees.

Though Langstroth's invention was an undoubted boon to the bee-keeping world, which it has since completely revolutionized, it was hardly a source of profit to the inventor himself; in fact, shortly before his death a subscription was being made in America and in England to relieve his straitened circumstances. He died of apoplexy while addressing a congregation at Dayton, Ohio.

The use of movable comb-frames hanging from the top of the hive-sides enables the bee-keeper of to-day to have his colonies under much better control than used formerly to be the case, while his harvest of honey is vastly improved both in quantity and quality. In the first place the frames are easily fitted with an artificial midrib, to serve as a foundation for the comb. This consists of a sheet of wax stamped between rollers with hexagonal bases upon which the cell-walls are afterwards raised by the bees. When made of pure unrefined wax these sheets of foundation are readily accepted by the busy inhabitants of the hive, and often enough, within two days after insertion, they are found well filled with eggs, or gleaming with the first deposits of honey. The use of artificial foundation is a device for saving labor in wax-production. The calculations of experts make it probable that from six to twelve pounds of honey are consumed in the production of one pound of wax, the making of which involves a great strain upon the energies of the bee. It follows, then, that, if a large part of the wax is provided, which is the case when thick sheets of foundation are given, there is a wide margin of time and energy to spare for the production of honey.

Again, bees, if left to themselves, will often produce many more drones than are required in the apiary. Now, drones are reared in larger cells than the ordinary worker-bees, and, if worker foundation is given, the bees will not commonly modify it in order to produce drone-comb. Hence the queen, finding no drone-cells, will not lay drone-eggs. It thus happens that the number of idlers and useless mouths in the colony is kept down to a sufficient minimum, while the population of active workers is correspondingly increased.

Another advantage of movable frames comes from the fact that not only may their position in the same hive be altered, but that they may be readily transferred from one hive to another. In the early spring-time, when the queen or mother-bee starts her laying operations in earnest, she strives to maintain the spherical shape of her brood-nest. That is to say, supposing for the sake of explanation that there are five combs occupied with eggs and larvæ,

the middle comb will contain a large circular patch of brood on both sides, while the two adjacent combs will have smaller patches, and the two outer ones smaller still. But it will happen that the bee-keeper wishes to hasten on the egg-laying, in order to have the colony strong by the time that the fruit-blossom is well out. He may therefore take one of the outer combs of the brood-nest and change its place with that of the central comb. Upon this the queen, in order to preserve the spherical shape of her nest, will fill the new central comb with eggs, and also lay in the other combs until she has completed a sphere which is necessarily much larger than the original one. This method, if discreetly used, will do much towards bringing on a colony to its full strength in good time.

But perhaps the chief benefit to be derived from the movable frame is the fact that when full of capped honey it may be removed, emptied of its contents without the destruction of the wax-cells, and returned to the hive to be refilled by the bees. Much time is thus saved, and probably twice as much honey is secured as would have been the case had the bees been left to build out their combs afresh. The operation of emptying is carried out by means of the "extractor," a cylindrical vessel fitted with a spindle, in which the honey is driven out of the combs by centrifugal force. Before the combs are placed in the extractor, the cappings of the cells are removed by a sharp knife with a broad blade which has been previously dipped in hot water. When the cappings are melted down they usually produce a cake of beautiful, light-colored wax.

Under favorable circumstances the quantity of honey which may be produced from a single hive is very great. It is not an uncommon thing for one colony of bees to produce some two hundred pounds in a season. But probably the largest harvest ever taken from one hive was secured last summer by an amateur bee-keeper in the Isle of Man. One of his colonies produced three hundred and thirty-four pounds of honey.[1]

---

[1] The following figures will serve to illustrate this part of our subject. They are taken from *The Bee-Keepers' Record* (London), December, 1891. The first table gives the results for sixteen years from an extensive apiary in California, and shows the conditions of weather influencing the yield of honey:

Years.	Inches of rain.	Number of colonies.	General average.
1876,	21¼	150	200 pounds.
1877,	4⅛	300	No honey; half bees dying.
1878,	20¼	150	275 pounds.
1879,	12¾	300	No honey; half bees dying.
1880,	22 7/16	200	175 pounds.

No such results as these were ever attained under the old system of straw hives or "skeps." Moreover, the honey produced under the present system is always perfectly clean, for it is not, as a rule, extracted from those combs in which eggs have been laid and brood reared, as the exuviæ of these are apt to spoil both the color and the taste of the honey. In order to explain how the brood-combs are kept separate from those which are destined for the extractor, it will be necessary to give a short description of the architecture of the hive.

The modern movable comb-hive usually consists of two chambers or boxes, one above the other, and separated by means of a sheet of perforated zinc. In each of these chambers some ten or eleven frames hang by the ends of their upper bars from shoulders on the sides of the walls. The floor of the hive is separable from the other parts of the same, as is likewise the case with the roof. The object of the zinc separator is to prevent the queen bee from ascending into the upper chamber and laying her eggs in the combs there. For this purpose it is perforated with slots large enough to admit the workers, but not the queen. Thus the lower story is reserved entirely for the raising of brood and for such stores as the bees require for their own sustenance. It is

1881, . . .	13⅝	400	20 pounds.
1882, . . .	11 1/16	120	15 pounds.
1883, . . .	11¾	150	40 pounds.
1884, . . .	41¼	160	100 pounds.
1885, . . .	8⅞	200	No honey; half bees dying.
1886, . . .	28⅝	240	175 pounds.
1887, . . .	16⅝	330	10 pounds.
1888, . . .	20	400	50 pounds.
1889, . . .	24⅜	420	36 pounds.
1890, . . .	39½	430	60 pounds.
1891, . . .	19⅞	450	21 pounds.

The next table gives the averages for seven years of an apiary in Sussex:

	Average per hive. Pounds.	Rainfall. Inches.
1885, ...	42	29.68
1886, ...	28	31.62
1887, ...	34	23.44
1888, ...	4	29.83
1889, ...	66	27.53
1890, ...	14	24.13
1891, ...	60	27.79

The averages in this second list are not high, nor do they represent what is expected from a good honey district in England. This last year, in North Wales, I secured an average of 94 pounds per hive. In 1889 the average in the same apiary was 109 pounds.

usually filled with food during the late summer, so that, when the upper story or "super" has been taken away after the harvest, there still remains enough food to support the colony during the winter. If natural supplies are not sufficiently abundant by the fall, the deficit may be made up with sugar boiled to a syrup, with which the bees store their empty cells.

Of course it does not always happen that extracted honey is the only product of the "super." Our readers are doubtless familiar with the neat little basswood boxes or "sections" of honey-comb which are often exposed for sale in the windows of the grocer's store. These sections have been filled out by the bees upon a thin sheet or midrib of pure wax, artificially prepared, and the beautifully level surface of the comb is secured by separating the sections from one another by means of thin metal sheets, which prevent the bees from extending the cell-walls beyond a fixed distance from the midrib.

The actual removal of full combs from the hive is frequently a source of great irritation to its inhabitants. Every comb has to be cleared of bees, and where smoke and brushes are relied upon, such an operation cannot easily be performed without much disturbance. In fact, for days after the removal, it is often unsafe for passers-by to approach the apiary unprotected. Much, however, may be done to avoid these troubles by careful manipulation. But an invention has recently been made which makes the process of robbing the hive an easy one to the merest novice. When the top story of the hive is full of honey, and the time has come to empty it, it is lifted up a few inches from the lower chamber, and between the two is placed a board fitted with a trap-door, formed by two delicately adjusted strips of tin, meeting together so as to form a V, through which a bee may pass but not return. When the upper chamber is laid upon this board or "super-clearer," as it is called, the bees have only one way for going below, and that is through the trap-door. They are not long in finding it, and if the weather is favorable the chamber is emptied of its occupants in from four to six hours, and may be carried bodily away without the bees ever, apparently, becoming aware of their loss.

It is perhaps clear, from what has been hitherto said, that modern bee-keeping does not involve any hard treatment of the bees. The insects are comfortably housed and relieved from all that uncertainty as to the future which is incident to a swarm left to shift for itself in the wilds and forests. They are not destroyed at the end of the season, but are rewarded for their hard work with a liberal allowance of food and plenty of warm packing

during the winter. It is true that they are robbed of sometimes as much as five-sixths of their total store; but then this is entirely superfluous wealth, as far as they are concerned, and may be taken as a fair rent by their landlord, the bee-keeper. When they are left to themselves, their surplus honey, if indeed they are able to gather any surplus, is liable to be entirely wasted. It will sometimes happen that wild bees, when they have settled in a cave or some other favorable situation, will go on increasing their store, year after year, until the older combs begin to grow useless with damp and age; whereas, were they under the charge of a careful manager, they would be equally secure against famine, and there would be no waste of their produce.

It is the part of the skilful apiarist to study the natural laws which rule the life of bees, and give those laws the most favorable circumstances for working themselves out. He provides for his charge a suitable abode, which, unlike the crevice in the rock or the hollow of the tree, may be enlarged for greater storage in summer and contracted for warmth in the winter. He provides the queen with all the space she needs for giving play to her wonderful fertility, and he satisfies the toil-loving instinct of the workers by insuring a long-continued succession of the flowers they most do love. If need be, he can add to the joy of the bee nation by an indefinite increase of their numbers. For if he divides his colonies and provides each with a young queen, according to a method which we shall hereafter describe, he will soon increase his apiary fourfold. But such increase is only attained by sacrificing the present income of honey.

In hives where fixed combs are built there is often cause for anxiety, because the apiarist does not know whether the colony is headed by a good prolific queen, or even whether there is a queen there at all. In the case of movable combs this difficulty is done away with, and it is only necessary to lift out a few of the frames in order to see how many larvæ are growing to maturity, while a more careful search may reveal the queen herself. If she is too old she may be caught and superseded.

If the apiarist wishes to increase the number of his colonies in a way which involves less uncertainty than that of natural swarming, the operation of dividing his existing stocks is rendered perfectly easy by the use of movable combs, as these may be transferred from hive to hive without difficulty. But it may happen that he prefers the bees to choose their own time of swarming, and in that case he has to hive them by an operation which, if sometimes troublesome, is full of interest for those who

wish to observe the habits of bees. The task of securing a swarm is often full of difficulty, especially when the cluster is formed among the thin upper branches of a tall tree or at the top of a high chimney. As a rule, however, the position chosen is more assailable, and, when the swarm is once secured in a basket or by cutting off the branch on which it has settled, the rest of the work is easy enough. For the bees are now in the best of tempers, and there is no danger of their stinging unless, by an awkward movement, one or two of them happen to be crushed. A new abode has been made ready for them, and they are shaken off on to a sheet laid out in front of it. At once, those nearest the entrance make their way inside. A cheerful humming is set up, and the rest of the bees, forming in orderly procession, follow their foremost comrades into the hive, and start their operations of comb-building on the sheets of foundation prepared for them. They are enabled to do this by the supply of honey which they have taken care to bring with them from the parent hive, and, as no time is lost, cells are soon built out for the queen in which to deposit her eggs, in order that a new generation may speedily arise to carry on the existence of the colony. Some three weeks must pass before any young ones are hatched from their cocoons, and, meanwhile, the original members of the swarm are dying off rapidly, owing to the great strain which is laid upon their energies in the task of nursing the younglings of the family and laying up their store of honey. But, if all goes well, the new generation will soon begin to hatch out in great numbers, and in the case of an early swarm the owner will probably obtain a fair quantity of surplus honey from the upper story, besides leaving enough in the brood-chamber to serve as winter stores for its inmates.

Readers who have seen nothing of the practical operations of bee-keeping may wonder how the bees allow their owner to move them about at will, and whether they do not at times make an effective use of the deadly weapon wherewith nature has furnished them. It is well, of course, for beginners to be provided not only with a veil but also with a good, thick pair of woollen or india-rubber gloves. Very soon, as confidence comes, the gloves are discarded, and when the novice has become an expert in his craft, he even learns to do without the veil. Different races of bees differ not a little in disposition, while those in the same hive will show great varieties of temper at different seasons, and even in different hours of the day. The careful manager must, therefore, know when to choose the best time for his operations, and he will always proceed with that quiet deliberation which is aquired, often

enough, only by bitter experience; for the very least jarring or jerking is apt to disturb the inmates of the hive, and a careless novice will sometimes provoke a general attack where an expert would come off without a single sting. It is well, therefore, for a beginner, who has had no practical instruction, to start with some quiet race of bees such as Carniolans, which are remarkable for their gentleness.

Smoke is an effective agent in the quieting and subjugation of bees. It must be used in large or in small quantities according to the nature of the operation in hand, but an apiarist who prides himself on his personal influence over his bees will use as little as possible. A free use of the smoker is advisable when two colonies are to be united into one. The combs, covered with bees, are taken from the two stocks to be joined, and are alternated in a single hive. The instinct of bees is, ordinarily, to regard all strangers who enter their hive as hostile intruders, and unless due precautions are taken the union will be one only of murderous conflict. The smoker is, therefore, pretty vigorously plied, both before and after the union, and the use of it should go on until both parties have been coerced into friendship.

An interesting instance of the change of demeanor of bees when subdued is afforded in the operation of "driving," which is performed when we wish to remove the occupants of a straw hive, or "skep," into a frame hive. The skep is inverted on the ground so that its floor-board now forms a lid. Smoke is puffed in at the entrance, and a minute or so is allowed the inhabitants to fill themselves with honey, which they always do when disturbed. The board is then removed, and an empty skep is firmly clamped over the one to be driven, in such a position that the edges of the two skeps meet in one point, while the upper one is inclined at an angle of 45° above the lower. The operator, after again smoking the bees, begins rapping vigorously with both hands upon the sides of the skep to be emptied. As soon as the rapping is started the bees, being now filled with honey, which acts as a sedative to their temper, and being, moreover, too frightened by the shaking and noise to offer any resistance, do not attempt to fly away, but begin a quiet and orderly procession into the empty skep above, passing over the point of contact on their way. In from ten to twenty minutes they are all clustering within their temporary lodging, quiet and completely in hand, and may be carried away to their new location to be transferred to a frame hive. It is best to unite two or three colonies of driven bees in order to make one strong stock, and if the union is performed soon after the driving, the

insects are so thoroughly cowed that they may be shaken together in a skep like so many beans.

So far, we have given a general account of the external aspects of apiculture without entering far into the inner life of the bee-garden; but for one who approaches the subject with the feelings of a naturalist, it is precisely the inner economy of the hive which presents the most interest. And, indeed, the study of bee-life, even where it does not carry the observer beyond his own garden, provides him with a source of amusement and instruction which is not soon exhausted.

A prosperous colony, about the month of May, consists of a fertile queen, a few hundred drones, and from thirty to fifty thousand worker-bees. The queen differs from the workers in size, shape and color. She is somewhat larger than they are, has comparatively shorter wings, and is longer and more slender in structure. The drones, too, are larger than the workers, and more bulky in shape than the queen. The purpose of their life is to impregnate the newly-hatched queens, and, when their services are no longer required, they are ruthlessly driven out by the workers.

Let us suppose that a young virgin queen has just emerged from her cell in a hive which has been deprived of its original queen by a swarm, or in some other way. One of her first acts is to destroy her sister queens who are just on the point of hatching out from their cells. This she is prevented from doing by the workers whenever they have made up their minds to send out a second swarm or "cast," as it is called. When this happens, the emigrant bees are headed by the virgin queen who has failed in her attempt to destroy her rivals. After the last swarm has departed, only one young queen is allowed to survive. Within a week or so after her birth she issues forth from the hive on her mating flight, and, after meeting the drone, who dies within a few hours of the accouplement, she is rendered fertile for life, which in her case lasts from three to four or five years. In a day or two after impregnation, which always take place on the wing, she starts her maternal duties, and begins to fill the combs of her brood-nest with eggs. When in her prime, she is capable of laying from two to three thousand eggs a day, and a vigorous queen will do so for days, and even weeks, in succession. In other words, she yields every day a quantity of eggs which is equal, on the lowest computation, to twice her own weight. More properly, it is four times her weight, for at this period more than half her weight consists of eggs; so that, in the winter, her weight is one-

fourth of that of her daily yield of eggs in the summer. It may be wondered how she achieves this prodigious result without any strain upon her energies; for it would seem that her powers of digestion must be equal to those of a man who is able to eat up the better part of an ox and feel perfectly well the next day. Such, however, is not altogether the case. In fact, her stomach is smaller than that of the worker, but, by an admirable division of labor, the task of digestion is performed for her by hundreds of worker-bees, who keep her supplied with digested food, which, with little or no further defecation, is rapidly transformed into eggs. By far the greater part of these eggs are laid in the smaller cells, and eventually become worker-bees; but the queen has the power of laying drone-eggs at will, whenever drone-cells have been provided by the workers to receive them. In fact, as Dr. Dzierzon discovered, drone-eggs are produced by parthenogenesis. He says: "All eggs which come to maturity in the two ovaries of a queen bee are only of one and the same kind, which, when they are laid without coming into contact with the male semen, become developed into male bees; but, on the contrary, when they are fertilized by male semen, produce female bees." Moreover, just as every egg is, before fecundation in the body of the queen, potentially a male or a female, so, after fecundation, the female egg is potentially either a queen or a worker. The difference is produced by the different treatment of the larvæ after they are hatched from the egg. All the newly-born grubs are fed by the workers on a kind of pap or digested food during the first three days of their existence, but on the fourth day after hatching the worker-larvæ are weaned, and their nurses begin to feed them on honey. The queen, on the contrary, is never weaned, and her continued feeding on pap or "royal jelly," as it is sometimes called, serves to make her development more rapid, as well as more complete.

The various metamorphoses of bees and their periods of transformation are well explained in the following table, which we borrow from Mr. T. W. Cowan's work, "The British Bee-Keeper's Guide-Book":

	Queen. Days.	Worker. Days.	Drone. Days.
1. Time of incubation of egg,	3	3	3
2. Time of feeding the larvæ,	5	5	6
3. Spinning of cocoon by larvæ,	1	2	3
4. Period of rest,	2	3	4
5. Transformation of larvæ into nymphs,	1	1	1
6. Time in nymph state,	3	7	7
Total,	15	21	24

	Queen. Date.	Worker. Date.	Drone. Date.
1. The hatching of the egg takes place, and the grub emerges on the	4th	4th	4th
2. The cell is sealed over on the	9th	9th	9th
3. The bee leaves the cell as a perfect insect on the	16th	22d	25th
4. The bee leaves the hive to fly on the . .	5th	14th	14th

It will be seen from the table that the queen completes her series of changes much more rapidly than the workers and drones. In fact it is possible for her to be laying eggs before her equals in age have left their cells as perfect bees, though this will not often happen. It should also be observed that the worker stays nearly a fortnight in the hive before issuing forth to gather honey. This period is often shorter, and will vary according to the needs of the colony; for the newly-born insects are the nurses of the larvæ, and they begin their duties almost immediately after leaving the cell. Moreover, not only do they nurse the larvæ, but it is upon them that the drones depend for their subsistence; for Pastor Schönfeld has recently shown that these gentry are so helpless as to be unable to feed themselves, and that, if their food is withheld, they die after three days, in presence of abundance of honey. The same authority thinks that this is the reason why the drones perish so quietly at the end of the season. It will sometimes happen that the worker-larvæ are fed with digested food a little beyond the allotted period. In this case they become half-developed queens, who, though incapable of mating, are still able to lay eggs, all of which produce drones. Their existence helps to confirm the theory of the parthenogenesis of drones. Such prolific workers are sometimes a source of trouble in an apiary, though they are not usually tolerated by bees which have a good fertile queen. They do not lay their eggs in the same orderly way as the queen, who never misses a cell in her passage over the combs, but their eggs are deposited up and down the comb without any regard to order.

We have seen that a vigorous queen at the height of the season will lay upwards of three thousand eggs a day, or two a minute, and it will readily be inferred that the increase of population will often proceed at a very great rate. And such, in fact, is the case. Moreover, as fifty thousand bees form a strong hive, and as a normal colony going into winter-quarters does not materially increase its spring muster, it may be well imagined that the mortality among bees in the summer months is very great. Their death-rate varies with their activity, and it has been stated that, speaking roughly, a bee will live six weeks in summer and six months in winter. Of course such an assertion but very inaccurately represents the truth.

To illustrate this subject we make the following extract from a letter to "Gleanings in Bee-Culture," a journal published at Medina, Ohio.

"Here are observations on a colony of bees I followed in Palestine, January to December, 1891. As nearly as I could make out, the colony numbered some ten thousand bees, January 7.

	Daily average.	Total.
January 7 to 20,	100	2,000
January 20 to February 7,	666	11,988
February 7 to March 3,	700	16,800
March 3 to 18,	2,333	34,995
March 18 to April 10,	2,600	57,200
April 10 to May 21,	1,000	30,000
May 21 to June 17,	2,111	56,977
June 17 to July 10,	2,277	50,094
July 10 to August 3,	1,250	30,000
August 3 to 29,	460	10,960
August 29 to September 13,	200	4,000
September 13 to October 14,	115	3,000
October 14 to November 11,	35	1,000
November 11 to December 10,	28	1,000
December 10 to 31,	0	—
Grand Total,		320,034

. . . . The colony did not swarm, and at the end of the season it was reduced to very nearly what it was in the beginning; three hundred thousand bees were hatched and passed away; the colony had produced nearly one hundred and eighty pounds of honey."

When we consider the above facts and remember that, owing to changes in the weather, the expenditure of energy by the bees, and therefore their mortality, is probably more variable than their rate of production, we are not likely to be far from the truth in saying that, during a busy working-day in summer, sometimes as many as four thousand bees will leave their hive, never to return. A death-rate such as this will soon tell heavily on the population of a hive which, by any mischance, has been deprived of its queen, and consequently the careful apiarist, whose bee-garden is large enough to admit of such a practice, will always have a supply of young queens ready for emergencies. These may be produced somewhat after the following manner: As soon as the old queen has left her home with the swarm, there will be found in the hive from six to a dozen cells built quite differently from the common worker or drone-cells. They hang mouth downwards from the comb and are shaped somewhat like an acorn in its cup, which they also resemble in size. These cells contain the larvæ of the future queens, and they are all fed plenteously upon digested food until their cells are sealed over. Unless the owner interferes, the first queen that hatches will probably destroy her sisters; but

if all the cells but one are taken away and placed each in a small queenless hive of three or four combs covered with bees and containing honey and larvæ, there will soon be a number of young queens, which, if successfully mated, may be transferred to larger colonies whenever they are wanted. Such a need arises after a swarm, since, if the hive is left to itself, a period of three weeks will often elapse before the new queen is ready to lay, and meantime there will be no young produced to make up for the heavy mortality among the older workers. If the surplus queens are not all wanted in the course of the season, they will, if born early, have raised the little colonies in which they were reared to the proportions of a populous hive, strong enough to pass through the winter. We cannot here do more than touch upon this subject of queen-rearing. It is an art which has been carried to a great degree of perfection, especially in America, and considerable profits are often secured by the sale of artificially raised queens.

Special precautions have to be taken in introducing these queens to new colonies. As the queen is the sole parent of the family, the members of her household are extremely careful that no harm shall happen to her, and are attentive to her every want. While she is in the hive no strange queen is admitted, and so attached are the workers to her person that she is often allowed to rule when she is in her fourth or fifth year, long after her fertility has begun to wane. Superannuated queens are, however, eventually deposed by their colonies. This affection of the bees for their common mother renders it necessary, for on removing her, in order to put another in her place, the bee-keeper must wait till the colony has realized its loss and become eager for a new sovereign before he ventures to make the substitution; for, if the stranger is introduced too soon, she is likely to be destroyed by the workers. It is, therefore, a common practice to enclose her within the hive in a small cage of wire-net or perforated tin for a day or more, according to circumstances, so that the bees may become accustomed to her presence. When they have found out how necessary she has become to them, they begin to feed her through the bars of the cage, and when she is released they crowd about her, and give her a kind of ovation before she enters upon her new duties. A caged queen should always have access to honey or sugar when in the cage, for otherwise, if the workers do not provide her with her ordinary digested food, she will very soon starve.

Before winter bees enter upon a period of rest, during which little or no breeding goes on, and they do not leave the hive in great numbers at a time. Their bodies are so constituted that

they can, if need be, remain indoors for weeks together without detriment to the perfect cleanliness of the hive, though, of course, a sanitary flight is occasionally necessary. During their hibernation they are generally in a semi-torpid state, and form a cluster among the combs, which is only disturbed when they fill their honey sacs from the adjacent cells with a supply of food which may last them several days. If the weather is not unusually cold, the consumption of stores does not go on rapidly, and is just enough to keep up a temperature of about 60°. But about the month of March, when breeding is going on apace, a much higher temperature is required for the nursing of the tender brood, and a much more rapid encroachment on the winter supplies is necessary for their nourishment. At this time the temperature of a prosperous hive is probably about 90°, while at swarming-time, when the bees are unusually excited, it is sometimes as high as 96°.

There is an evil tendency among bees which is apt to show itself now and again during the winter months when the weather happens to be milder than usual, and, indeed, at any time when there is no honey to be found in the fields and gardens. Their foraging instinct will then sometimes take a wrong direction, and the members of a strong colony, although well supplied with stores, will combine to rob a weaker hive of all its winter food. The best preventive of this troublesome tendency is to keep all the colonies strong by uniting the weak ones about September; but, failing that, the entrance of the hive may be narrowed, so as to leave a defensible passage. Bees will make a much more determined resistance to an attack of this sort if there is a queen present in the hive. In fact, as a rule, they are always in better heart, both for fighting and working, when the future of the colony is secure. The addition of a comb of larvæ to a broodless swarm will help to attach it to a new location, and a practised eye will often be able to detect the absence of a queen by the listless behavior of the bees as they go in and out at the entrance of their hive.

Though bees appear to recognize members of their own colony by the sense of smell, and are jealous of intrusion, yet they exercise considerable discrimination in the exclusion of strangers. During the honey-harvest all comers seem to be welcome, and no right-minded colony will refuse a stranger the right of laying down its load of treasure in their hive if it so desires. If a number of bees from one hive are marked during the honey-flow, several of them will probably be found, ere long, distributed among

various hives of the apiary. When, however, a strange bee comes to rob, it is easily recognized as a marauder. Langstroth, in his "Treatise on the Honey-Bee," says: "There is an air of roguery about a thieving bee which, to the expert, is as characteristic as are the motions of a pickpocket to a skilful policeman. Its sneaking look and nervous, guilty agitation, once seen, can never be mistaken."

The honey produced by bees is gathered from the flowers, and sometimes, as in the case of the bean and some laurels, from the leaves of various kinds of plants. The nectar, or thin, sugary syrup, which is produced by the flowers most abundantly in the early morning, is sucked up by the bees through their long, pliant tongues into the honey-sac, whence it is transferred to the cells of the comb after undergoing chemical change in the body of the insect. Besides honey, the pollen of flowers is necessary as food for the bees, especially for the young larvæ, to which it is given in an undigested form when they are weaned. The use of it may be supplied, if necessary, by wheaten or pea flour, which is sometimes exposed in the open air on stavings, so as to be more easily gathered. The pollen is gathered into compact lentil-shaped pellets, carried by the bees on their posterior legs, which are provided with recurved hairs, to keep their loads in place. It is a gladdening sight in the early spring, when the busy workers are streaming into the hive with their golden burdens of crocus pollen heaped up symmetrically on either side. Sometimes their load seems almost too heavy for them, and they will occasionally rest on any object near the hive, or on the observer's hand or clothes, while summoning up strength for their flight through the entrance and their final labors within.

As is well known, it is the distribution of pollen from one flower to another by bees and other insects which causes the fertilization of plants, and, on this account, a few hives of bees are a useful addition to the orchard or fruit-garden. There are some flowers, however, which the honey-bee cannot fertilize. One of these is the common red clover, into which her tongue is not long enough to penetrate, and which depends upon the humble-bee for its reproduction. A curious effect of this dependence was felt not many years ago in New Zealand, where, previous to 1884, all red clover seed had to be imported owing to there being no humble-bees to fertilize the flowers. Several unsuccessful attempts had been made to import these insects, but they died on the voyage out. In 1884, however, nearly five hundred humble-bees were sent out packed in moss and in boxes containing reservoirs of ice, so as to

keep the temperature just above freezing-point, and to keep the bees in a dormant state on the voyage. About one hundred of the bees survived, and their offspring now abound in New Zealand, so that clover seed has been exported thence to England. The secretary of the Canterbury Acclimatization Society wrote, in January, 1895: "The humble-bees have been a great success in Canterbury, and clover seed has been *exported* to England the last three or four years. It is estimated that the clover-seed crop is worth £30,000 per annum to this province, and this is entirely due to the successful importation of the humble-bee."

When common bees are sent by sea they should be placed in the refrigerator of the ship, and then, if they are well packed, they may travel round the world without being any the worse for their journey, for the outside temperature is cold enough to keep them dormant, and not so cold as to oblige them to consume much food in keeping up the necessary minimum of heat in the cluster.

We have already said something about the use of wax in the hive. Wax is a secretion from the body of the bee, which is given off in a solid state from the four junctions of the ventral plates of the abdomen. It comes forth in the shape of eight little scales or flakes resembling mica, two from each joint. These scales are removed by a pincer-like joint of the hind leg. They are then transferred to the front leg, and thence to the mouth, to be masticated by the jaws with the addition of saliva, which modifies the wax and renders it malleable. For the production of wax close clustering is commonly necessary, in order to keep up the requisite temperature of 87° to 98° Fahr. The cells of the comb are built in the form of hexagons, which is the most suitable for the purpose. Dr. Reid observes:[1]

"There are only three possible figures of the cells which can make them all equal and similar without useless interstices. These are the equilateral triangle, the square, and the regular hexagon. It is well known to mathematicians that there is not a fourth way possible in which a plane may be cut into little spaces that shall be equal, similar and regular, without leaving any interstices."

There are sixteen drone-cells, or twenty-five worker-cells, to one square-inch of comb.

There is yet another product of the hive, not yet mentioned, which, if useless to man, is often put to a good purpose by the bees when in their wild state. This is a sticky, resinous substance called propolis, collected from the buds of the poplar, horse-chestnut and various other trees, and is used in closing all useless chinks and

[1] See *The Honey-Bee*, by E. Bevan, p. 388.

openings in the hive. It is said, too, to be sometimes of great service in the embalming of intruders in the hive which have been stung to death and are too heavy to be carried away. An unwary snail, for instance, will creep through the entrance, and, being stung, will retire within its shell to die. The instinct of the bees tells them that, with such an encumbrance in their midst, their hive will soon be uninhabitable unless the proper remedy is applied. They therefore glue down the rim of the shell to the floor-board, so that the evil odor does not infect the hive.

The free use of propolis is often a serious nuisance to the bee-keeper, sticking to his hands and rendering the movable frames almost immovable. The quilt, too, which covers the frames is often glued down fast, so that careful handling is necessary in order to remove it without disturbing the bees. It may be wondered how the insects themselves carry and apply this sticky material without becoming involved in it like birds in bird-lime. But nature has provided them with the proper appliances, not only for keeping their home clean but for removing the stickiest substances from their own bodies. Their saliva, which is yielded freely and is of service in the modification of wax and honey, is also used for cleansing purposes, and is, in fact, both soap and water to the bees. Moreover, they are provided with natural combs and brushes formed by hairs of various degrees of thickness, as well as with claws at the ends of their feet. It is a common and interesting sight to see bees performing their toilet or grooming one another in the sunlight. In the case of propolis, the manipulation of it is so delicately performed that little or none adheres in its wrong place. The gathering of it by the bees is thus described by Mr. F. Cheshire:[1]

"If a piece of propolis be placed on the finger, and a seat be taken near the hive, ere long a bee will be at work appropriating the treasure; and in this way I have studied, with a hand-magnifier, their methods of packing it. The mandibles, by a gnawing process, cut off a ribbon, which passes down under the thorax. This, by a process of mastication, is softened, and carried by the legs backwards, without soiling any part of the body, and finds its way to the pollen basket, where it glistens like a tiny brown glass bead. The bee, loaded, returns to the hive, and here the expectant painters lay hold of the material with their mandibles, pull it off in strings, and apply it as desired."

Propolis, though necessary to bees in a wild state, is only a hindrance in a well-ordered apiary, and, though once regarded as valuable for its supposed medicinal qualities, it is now no longer in any request in the commercial world.

[1] *Bees and Bee-Keeping*, vol. ii., p. 602.

It does not fall within the scope of this paper to enter into the microscopic study of the bee. For those who are interested in this pursuit, several complete and well illustrated manuals have been published; while such as desire to learn at first hand from the microscope will find occupation for many a long hour. It may be of interest here, however, to say a word about the action of the sting of the bee. As is well known, the sting usually remains in the wound with a large part of the intestines adhering to it, while the aggressive insect pays for its revenge with its life. The actual pain of the sting is not often severe, but its after-effects are extremely disagreeable with some people; for occasionally a single sting on the finger will cause the arm to swell beyond the elbow, while one on the face will often produce considerable disfigurement. But such cases are the exception rather than the rule, and the enthusiastic bee-keeper does not greatly count the cost of becoming inoculated. The present writer's experience at the outset of his career as an amateur apiarist was that, though the swelling caused in him by a single sting was considerable at first, and accompanied by a slight upsetting of the system, yet very soon these effects began greatly to diminish. In his first year with the bees, the effect of some thirty stings incurred in an imprudent experiment with vicious bees at the end of July was less disagreeable than the consequences of a single sting in the beginning of the previous June.

The reason why the bee, unlike the wasp, is unable to withdraw its sting from the wound is, that the end of it is furnished with two rows, each containing ten barbs. These barbs are larger in the worker than in the queen, and the result of this difference is that the queen, who, realizing instinctively the value of her life to the community, is more chary in the use of her sting; is also better able to withdraw it if she does occasionally employ it.

It will, perhaps, add to the interest of our subject if we compare the habits of bees with those of one or two of the well-known species among hymenopteræ. The humble-bees, or *bombi*, are nearly related to our hive-bees, and are also partly social. A common species of them, the *Bombus muscorum*, not unfrequently makes its nest in the open fields, constructing it with moss, plastered on the inside with wax, so as to keep out the rain. The general construction of the nest does not resemble that of the hive-bee either in size or symmetry; and the cells, which are oval in shape, are heaped together without apparent order. These cells, besides the larvæ, contain also honey and pollen. The mother-bee, who is impregnated before the winter, has to begin

her work of founding a colony single-handed, as the males and workers do not survive the winter. The first eggs laid produce workers, and when these begin to hatch out the mother is relieved, by degrees, from her work of nursing the larvæ and foraging. In due time males and females are born, both of which are tolerated in the colony without any restriction as to number.

The nest of the *bombi* is far from being as populous as that of the hive-bee. In one large colony of the *Bombus terrestris* there were counted one hundred and seven males, fifty-six females and one hundred and eighty workers—a number equal to that of the young, which are sometimes hatched out in two hours in a prosperous hive.

The common wasp (*Vespa vulgaris*) presents many points of resemblance to the humble-bee. In both cases the queen alone survives the winter, the nests are commonly found beneath the ground, and the colony contains males, females and workers. The nest of the wasp, however, is more symmetrical than that of the humble-bee, having a nearer resemblance in structure to that of the honey-bee, for the cells are hexagonal in shape, though they do not present the same neatness and regularity of formation. The combs are regularly placed, and, under favorable circumstances, the nest may contain a population which has been rated as high as thirty thousand. The position and structure of the combs, however, differ from what we find in the hive, for they are circular in shape, are arranged one above another horizontally, and each contains a single layer of cells opening downwards. The material, too, of which they are made is different. It consists of a papery substance manufactured by the wasp from dried wood, or sometimes even from paper itself. The raw material is worked by her mandibles, with the addition of saliva, into a pulp, which is easily moulded when moist.

During the first half of the summer only workers are produced, but later on fully developed females and males make their appearance, the latter being produced by parthenogenesis from eggs laid by the later broods of workers.

Another of the Hymenoptera with habits in some ways resembling those of the bee is the ant, whose natural history is peculiarly interesting. They, too, have their males, females and workers; but the neuters are wingless, while the females lose their wings after their nuptial flight. Whilst in this state they are taken by the workers to found new colonies. In certain species of ants there are two kinds of workers, one kind consisting of the soldiers, who are provided with large mandibles or biting-jaws, to fit them

the better for warfare. There are some species of ants which capture the pupæ or immature young of other species and train them up as slaves; nor do they limit their exactions to their own genus, for several kinds of insects have been found living regularly with the ants in their nest. Chief among these domestic animals are various kinds of the sugar-yielding *Aphis*, which are kept by the ants in their nests for the sake of the sweetness which they excrete. Sir John Lubbock writes:[1]

"The ants may be said literally to milk the aphides; for, as Darwin and others have shown, the aphides generally retain the secretion until the ants are ready to receive it. The ants stroke and caress the aphides with their antennæ, and the aphides then emit the sweet secretion. . . . . Nor is this the only service which ants render to them. They protect them from the attacks of enemies, and not unfrequently build cowsheds of earth over them. The yellow ants collect the root-feeding species in their nests, and tend them as carefully as their own young. But this is not all. The ants not only guard the mature aphides, which are useful, but also the eggs of the aphides, which, of course, until they come to maturity, are quite useless."

The longevity of ants is much greater than that of either bees or wasps. Sir John Lubbock, whose observatory ant-nests enabled him to keep ants under observation for long periods, identified workers of *Lasius niger* and *Formica fusca* which were at least seven years old, whilst of two queens of the latter species which he kept, he declared that one lived for more than thirteen years and the other for nearly fifteen. Five years is probably the limit of a queen-bee's life.

After this digression, and before bringing this paper to a conclusion, we will yet presume upon the patience of the reader so far as to devote a few paragraphs to what may be called the curiosities of Apiculture. That bees do nothing invariably is a fact which, though it adds to their interest in the eyes of the naturalist, is often a source of despair to the novice bee-keeper. Swarms will sometimes choose the most inconvenient places for clustering, and will collect in a sooty chimney, when there are plenty of suitable trees quite near the hive. A swarm has been known to take possession of a post-box, and so to delay the letters through one delivery and until some experienced person was able to remove them. In July, last year, a swarm from an apiary under the present writer's management settled in the thin upper branches of a tall lime tree. The position seemed, at first, quite unassailable, as the cluster was far away from the trunk of the tree and out of reach of any basket or skep that could be stretched out towards it, nor was there any suitable branch against which a ladder might

[1] *Ants, Bees and Wasps*, p. 69.

be rested. Eventually, however, a ladder was planted with ropes, somewhat after the fashion of a flagstaff, and by this means the branch holding the swarm was reached and sawn away, along with the clustering bees. The bees were safely hived, and before July was over they had produced more than thirty pounds of surplus honey.

The instinct of bees works rather for the species than for the individual. One result of this tendency is their extreme recklessness of their own lives. The sentinels who keep watch at the entrance and the workers who stream through any opening that is made in the quilt over their hive seem to have no sense of fear. They are not alarmed by heavy bodies descending upon them, and, without the use of smoke, it is extremely difficult to avoid crushing them in many operations, however slowly performed. Their extreme eagerness for honey or sweets will often lead them into the most dangerous situations, and it is on such occasions that the limitation and one-sidedness of their instinct will show itself. "No one," says Dr. Langstroth,[1] "can understand the extent of their infatuation until he has seen a confectioner's shop assailed by myriads of hungry bees. I have seen thousands strained out from the syrup in which they had perished, thousands more alighting even upon the boiling sweets; the floor covered and windows darkened with bees, some crawling, others flying, and others still so completely besmeared as to be able neither to crawl nor fly—not one in ten able to carry home its ill-gotten spoils, and yet the air filled with new hosts of thoughtless comers."

The above does not speak well for a bee's power of adapting means to ends, at least under certain conditions; nor does the spectacle of a bee ascending and reascending the pane of an open window in fruitless efforts to escape tend to increase our respect for her sagacity. Sir John Lubbock made some experiments, which any one may repeat, to illustrate this helplessness of bees in finding their way in unaccustomed situations. He writes:[2]

"I have been a good deal surprised at the difficulty which bees experience in finding their way.

"For instance, I put a bee into a bell-glass 18 inches long, and with a mouth 6½ inches wide, turning the closed end to the window. She buzzed about for an hour, when, as there seemed no chance of her getting out, I put her back into the hive. Two flies, on the contrary, which I put in with her, got out at once. At 11.30 I put another bee and a fly into the same glass; the latter flew out at once. For half an hour the bee tried to get out at the closed end. I then turned the glass with its open end to the light, when she flew out at once. To make sure, I repeated the experiment once more, with the same result.

[1] *Hive- and Honey-Bee*, p. 277.

[2] *Ants, Bees and Wasps*, p. 278.

"Some bees, however, have seemed to me more intelligent in this respect than others. A bee which I had fed several times, and which had flown about in the room, found its way out of the glass in a quarter of an hour, and when put in a second time came out at once."

The experiment just described illustrates the fact that bees make for the light. If they are taken into a gas-lighted room, they fly about the gas like moths. As we have said above, an opening made in the quilt at the top of a hive will cause a stream of bees to issue forth. Yet, when the hive is laid quite open, its inmates will take very little notice of a strong flood of sunlight, remaining perfectly quiet and gentle as long as there is no other cause of disturbance. Their chief concern on such occasions seems to be to fill themselves with honey.

With regard to the sense of hearing in bees, opinions differ, and evidence is very conflicting. The popular opinion on the subject was expressed by the tumult which, until quite recently, was the usual accompaniment of a swarm. Sir John Lubbock, in the work from which we have already quoted (page 221), says:

"I have never succeeded in satisfying myself that my ants, bees or wasps heard any of the sounds with which I tried them. I have over and over again tested them with the loudest and shrillest noises I could make, using a penny pipe, a dog-whistle, a violin, as well as the most piercing and startling sounds I could produce with my own voice, but all without effect. At the same time, I carefully avoided inferring from this that they are really deaf, though it certainly seems that their range of hearing is very different from ours."

And again (page 225):

"It is, however, far from improbable that ants [and the same may be said of bees] may produce sounds entirely beyond our range of hearing. Indeed, it is not impossible that insects may possess senses or sensations of which we can no more form an idea than we should have been able to conceive red or green if the human race had been blind. The human ear is sensitive to vibrations reaching, at the outside, to 38,000 in a second. The sensation of red is produced when 470 millions of millions of vibrations enter the eye in a similar time; but, between these two numbers, vibrations produce on us only the sensation of heat. We have no special organs of sense adapted to them. There is, however, no reason in the nature of things why this should be the case with other animals, and the problematical organs possessed by many of the lower forms may have relation to sensations which we do not perceive."

Having thus given a general review of the main operations of the apiary and of some of the principal facts of bee-life, we bring this somewhat lengthy paper to a conclusion. Our object has been to interest the general reader, and not to provide such detailed information as would enable anyone to make a successful start as an amateur bee-keeper. If anyone has this object in view, he will find the instruction he requires in the works of Langstroth, Cheshire, Cowan, Doolittle, and others, and in the various agricultural journals which are published in England and America.

JAMES KENDAL, S.J.

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CARDINAL WISEMAN. By *Wilfrid Ward.* Two volumes. Longmans, Green & Co. 1897.

THE life of Cardinal Wiseman was more interesting, important and eventful than has been the life of any English ecclesiastic since the death of Cardinal Pole.

It is wonderful that we have had to wait for a whole generation since his decease before the appearance of any biography of him; indeed, it was not till twenty-eight years after his death that any account of his eventful career was undertaken, as it then was by the late Father Morris, S. J.

An excellent life has now appeared, thanks to Mr. Wilfrid Ward, to whose filial piety we owe the admirable account of his father, William George Ward, and of the history of the Catholic movement in England which immediately preceded, accompanied and followed his father's unceasing intellectual activity.

But, after all, we are very far from regretting the delay which has thus taken place in the production of a life of Wiseman. Mr. Ward has done his work well, supplied as he has been with all the documents collected by Cardinal Manning and Father Morris since 1865, and acquainted, as he has shown himself to be, with the temporal and spiritual environment of the illustrious man whose biography he has undertaken. Nevertheless, we think that even Mr. Ward does not quite apprehend the full meaning and significance of Cardinal Wiseman's career, and we doubt whether it will be possible for any one to do entire justice to it till the twentieth century shall have completed more than half its course. For Wiseman's life was, as it were, the temporary arena for the meeting and conflict of forces the result of diverse epochs, and of ideas and of streams of tendency which, while hurrying onwards, there met, and thence again diverged even more and more from each other.

The struggle which had endured for two and a half centuries between the parties into which English Catholics were divided was practically terminated by his Pontificate. That great Catholic revival which followed, as a most unexpected result of the French revolution, was carried forward by him to the utmost of his power, and we do not see that he could have done more to promote it than he did do—especially the latest form of it, which was em-

bodied in the Tractarian movement. He witnessed the liberation of Italy from Austria and other events which made it plain to clear-sighted politicians that the end of the Papal princedom was at hand, as well as those ecclesiastical agitations which could have no other logical termination than a conciliar decree of Papal infallibility. He beheld the high tide of Catholic reaction advance almost to its highest point. He also witnessed the early stages of that scientific, historic and critical movement which has so greatly alarmed many timid Catholics during the last thirty years. With much of it his bright intelligence sympathized and desired to sympathize, up to a certain point, and his first laurels were gained through his efforts (very laudable and meritorious at the time they were made) to reconcile the science of his earlier days with what was then the average condition of Catholic opinion. It was during his rule, also, that English Catholics began to secede from the Liberal party, with which they had long been closely allied, and commenced that alliance with Conservatism which so generally characterizes them to-day.

Thus he was brought in contact with, and was influenced by, the old Ultramontanism of Lammenais and the new Ultramontanism of Veuillot; the old Gallicanism of the English clergy of the generation which preceded his own and the new Gallicanism of those "liberal Catholics" who were so specially abhorred by Pius IX. in his latter days. The greatest outburst of English anti-Catholic fanaticism of the century was not only witnessed but was set going by him, while that system of Biological thought which has probably done more than any other since Voltaire and Rousseau to destroy belief in Christianity—the system enunciated by Charles Darwin—troubled the last five years of his life, as we well know, having been anxiously consulted by him about it.

Thus the first head of the new English Hierarchy was indeed a most interesting and significant personality, on account of the circumstances in which he found himself, as well as on his own account; and we feel sure that, in the future history of modern English Catholicism, the importance of the career of its first Cardinal Archbishop will become more and more increasingly evident.

Nicholas Wiseman, the son of a Spanish merchant and an Irish lady, was born at Seville on August 2, 1802. Destined by his mother for the priesthood from his infancy, he was, after the death of his father in 1805, taken first by his mother to Waterford, where he learned to speak English, and afterwards (in 1810) consigned to Ushaw College (near Durham), where he remained till

1818, when he went to the English College then newly reopened at Rome. He took the degree of Doctor of Divinity in July, 1824; was ordained Priest in December of the same year, and became Vice-Rector of the College in 1827. He had early devoted himself assiduously to the study of Oriental literature, and his "Horæ Syriacæ," which appeared in 1827, at once brought him much renown. In the following year, though not yet twenty-six years old, he was made Rector, a post he retained till 1840. During these years he became more and more esteemed; his acquaintance was sought by many most distinguished visitors to Rome, where he was the most celebrated and admired English preacher.

Early in the autumn of 1835 he made a visit to England, returning to Rome in that of the following year, and this visit seems to have largely determined the course of his subsequent career. He was much struck by the depressed condition in which he found the Catholics of England. About that he wrote: "Catholics have just emerged from the catacombs; their shackles have been removed, but not the numbness and cramp they had produced." Himself full of hope from the Catholic movement in Germany, which he had witnessed during his journey to England, he was further encouraged by the nascent Oxford movement; while on his arrival he was no unknown personality, but was welcomed by many men of distinction who had known and esteemed him in Rome. No wonder, then, that when an opportunity offered itself for him to address the English public he eagerly availed himself of it, and gained a striking success.

One of three embassy chapels which once were the only tolerated Catholic chapels in London, that of the Sardinian Embassy,[1] in Lincoln Inn Fields, which still exists, was the theatre of his first triumph.

Its chaplain, Dr. Baldaconni, wishing to revisit Italy, asked Dr. Wiseman to take charge of his church during his absence. The request was granted, and Wiseman took up his abode (after having paid a round of visits in different parts of England) in its vicinity, at the house of the father of the present Judge Bagshawe.

He was amused, Mr. W. Ward tells us,[2] at the rigorism of his host's Irish cook, "whose delight at Wiseman's name and fame in Protestant England passed into horror when his doctors forbade him to keep abstinence, and she was asked to cook a chop for

[1] It was built in 1648, and was sacked in the revolution of 1688. It was therein that the first statue of the Madonna was erected since the Reformation, namely, about three years before Dr. Wiseman came to it.

[2] Vol. i., p. 232.

him on Friday. She not only refused, but gave warning, indignant at being expected to deny the first principles of Christianity."

His Advent lectures, addressed to Catholics and Protestants alike, produced an immense sensation, and his success reacted strangely upon his own impressionable nature. "I used to shed tears in the sacristy, fearing that whatever good the lectures were doing to others, they were filling me with vainglory"; so he told the present Cardinal, his successor.

The result was that Bishop Bramston, the then Vicar-Apostolic of the London district, caused him to give a Lenten course of lectures at the Chapel of Moorfields. The building was crowded continually when he preached, and by no undistinguished audience, the celebrated Lord Brougham being one of the most constant of his auditors. Wiseman himself wrote, saying: "I had the consolation of witnessing the patient and edifying attention of a crowded audience, many of whom stood for over two hours without any symptoms of impatience."

One great cause of the interest felt in him was the work he had written "On the Connection between Science and Revealed Religion," which was first made known in the form of lectures, delivered in Cardinal Weld's rooms at Rome in the Lent of 1835, and which were speedily published. Devoted as they were to the consideration of the difficulties which were then felt with regard to various questions which had arisen concerning physical science and criticism, they were welcomed and read with extraordinary avidity. In the present day some of his arguments are, of course, out of date, owing to the advance of science; but they have an historical interest, and an especial interest for us who seek to understand Wiseman. They show that he had a real sympathy for science as well as art, that his mind was a broad one, that he deprecated most earnestly anxious fears with respect to human intellectual progress, and that his great desire was that Churchmen should show themselves to be sympathetic with science, and the Church to be evidently an aid to, instead of a check upon, intellectual advancement in all directions.

It is interesting here to note that he had himself suffered from difficulties and doubts about the truths of Christianity,[1] and that it was at the very time when he was thus tried that he began to collect together notes for his above cited work on science and religion.

It seems to have been the matter of biblical criticism, little de-

[1] Vol. i., p. 64.

veloped as it then was, which gave rise to these misgivings. As to their extent and intensity, he tells us, in a subsequent letter (written in 1848):

"Many and many an hour have I passed alone, in bitter tears, on the *loggia* of the English College, when everyone was reposing in the afternoon, and I was fighting with subtle thoughts and venomous suggestions of a fiend-like infidelity which I durst not confide to anyone, for there was no one that could have sympathized with me."

This lasted for years.

Before terminating his successful visit to England he, in conjunction with Daniel O'Connell, founded and started the "Dublin Review," the first number of which appeared in May, 1836, to which his own contributions gave the tone.

He returned to Rome for a few years, and became the greatest attraction there to a variety of most distinguished men. But his great desire was to reside in England—a desire soon gratified. In 1840 Pope Gregory XVI. doubled the number of the English Vicars-Apostolic (from four to eight), and he was named coadjutor to Bishop Walsh of the Central District, becoming Bishop of Melipotamus *in partibus*, and President of Oscott College, near Birmingham, which, under him, became the centre of the Catholic movement, especially in all that concerned ecclesiastical art and ritual. For such matters Bishop Wiseman felt the greatest interest, and he longed to familiarize Englishmen with all stately rites and ceremonies as practised at Rome, to which he had been accustomed from his youth, and which he greatly loved. But at that very time a different ecclesiastical revival was taking place in England under the guidance of the illustrious Gothic architect, Augustus Welby Pugin (and his liberal employer, John, the sixteenth Earl of Shrewsbury), who was a fanatic in favor of everything mediæval, but whose fanaticism was often amusing. Once, speaking in depreciation of another man to a friend of ours, he said: "My dear sir, my dear sir, he is a man who does not know what a mullion is!" On another occasion, when that holy man, the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer, was vesting for benediction, Pugin came up to him in the sacristy, and, taking hold of his vestment, exclaimed: "My dear sir, what *is* the good of praying in a cape like that?" It was a great proof of the largeness of mind of Wiseman that, in spite of his Roman education and Roman tastes, he could adapt himself to the mediæval movement he encountered, and the importance of which, then and there, to the projects of Catholicity was certainly great. He so adapted himself thoroughly, and approved and wore the large "Gothic"

chasuble (appreciating justly its much greater beauty and dignity compared with the Roman one), in spite of the opposition which it encountered from various quarters. As Mr. Ward says:[1] "Pugin and Wiseman remained throughout, like the representatives of allied armies of different nations, working together for the common cause, but with strong differences of habit and tradition."

It was in the spring of 1844 that we made the acquaintance, at Nottingham, of Bishops Wiseman and Walsh, and, on the same day, that of an extremely urbane and gentlemanly Protestant minister, who afterwards became the celebrated Oratorian, Father Faber. For two years we were at Oscott, and saw much of the future Cardinal, as we subsequently did at York Place—his town house—and at his country residence, Etloe House, Leyton.

It is, in our opinion, a common fault of biographies (especially of the biographies of men of piety, widely esteemed) that they endeavor to depict the man described as being altogether and exclusively animated by one set of motives and ideas. They wish to represent him as having been worldly or unworldly, self-denying or self-indulgent, governed by high motives or by low ones, and so on. But surely each man's experience of his own life—the examination of his own conscience—ought to teach him that his life is an internal conflict; that he is, as it were, two men in one; and that, at one time, one of these men, and at other times the other, gets the upper hand. Such again, we venture to think, and so we have been often told, is the experience gained in the Confessional. Most men reveal themselves as made up of a bundle of ideas, sentiments, desires and inclinations, which vary from time to time in force and efficiency; and though, of course, the amount of oscillation which takes place in one man may be very different from that which takes place in another, yet that in the vast majority of men there are times and seasons when they are governed by motives which at other times are but little operative.

The most eventful circumstance that took place during his presidency at Oscott was the reception of Newman and his band of Oxford associates; and everyone who has the cause of Catholicity at heart must be grateful to him for the skill and tact with which he appreciated, encouraged and received the many converts of those days, whose advent was witnessed with mixed feelings by many of the old English Catholics. But so much has been written about the Oxford movement that we will refer to it as little as possible here.

---

[1] P. 359.

It was while we were under his rule at Oscott that Gregory XVI. died. Dr. Wiseman was a strong conservative, and his sympathies were altogether for the Austrian domination in Italy, and he abhorred the liberals. We well recollect how, when he got news of the election of a new Pope, the boys were assembled, in order that he might impart to them "good news," and with what fervor and unction he told them what, he believed, had taken place. He had been informed that the new Pope was Cardinal Ferretti, whom he knew to be a strong supporter of Austria and the old ways, and thanks were duly given to God accordingly. Great was his dismay when tidings came that the new Pope was Cardinal Mastai Ferretti, a prelate so well known for his liberalism that Gregory XVI. had once said of his family: *In casa Mastai anche il gatto é liberale!*"—"In the Mastai's house even the cat is a liberal!"

With such conservative tendencies, it is no wonder that Bishop Wiseman gave an enthusiastic reception at Oscott to the Comte de Chambord, then generally known as the Duc de Bordeaux. That royal "dog-in-the-manger," who would neither do what was necessary to mount the throne nor abdicate, and so betrayed his best friends, such as the Comte de Falloux,[1] was very solemnly received, one of the lads being appointed to recite to him some lines by Wiseman, wherein "a crown" was foretold for him, though the prophecy was "hedged" with the words—"when Heaven shall know it best."

The great event of Cardinal Wiseman's life, the foundation of the new Hierarchy in England, was now close at hand. This had been some years in preparation, and negotiations were actively carried on by Bishop Ullathorne in 1848. The storm which was excited rather by the manner in which the foundation of the new Hierarchy was announced than by the fact itself, has already been described by us in the pages of this REVIEW, so that we will not take up space now by retailing it, but refer our readers to what we have before said.[2] We will only notice here one aspect of the event which has generally been passed over in silence.

After the death of good Queen Mary, and the accession of the energetic and talented Elizabeth, the Catholic bishops and priests were deposed or imprisoned in large numbers, and the Castle of Wisbeach was inhabited by a number of them, who lived together in peace and resignation.

---

[1] See a most interesting work entitled *Mêmoires d'un Royaliste*, par le Comte de Falloux, 2 vols., Paris, 1888. Bishop Dupanloup, on learning the fatal manifesto, exclaimed, with inexpressible sadness, "*O sang de Charles X.!*"

[2] See AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW, 1892, pp. 777–782.

By degrees the Catholic bishops died or disappeared from England, and the number of the Marian clergy necessarily decreased. Unhappily the bishops consecrated no one to the Episcopal office, and soon colleges, as everyone knows, were founded abroad (Rome, Douay, St. Omer, Valladolid, etc.) for the education of laymen, as well as those intended for the ecclesiastical state. The inevitable consequence was that some, both of the clergy and the laity, were made to a certain degree "un-English"; and the Catholics of the United States well know how good it is to be "in touch" with national feeling and sentiment. But between 1580 and 1640 a lamentable struggle arose among the Catholics of England. The Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and notably Father Parsons, were vehement politicians in support of Spain, and some of them seem to have had no hope of reintroducing Catholicity save by the sword. They took up a vigorous position with regard to the Oath proposed to Catholics repudiating the Pope's deposing power, and, through one of their number, the peace and harmony which had reigned among the inmates of the prison of Wisbeach became transformed into a most bitter and unedifying strife. Many of the surviving Marian priests and many of the laity above all things desired to have a bishop with ordinary jurisdiction, to which the Jesuits were violently opposed,[1] and an archpriest was appointed largely in their interest. Of course the Jesuits were actuated by a desire for God's greater glory and the welfare of the Church; but their well-meant, mistaken efforts resulted in nothing but calamity to the unfortunate Catholic laity of England, to say nothing of the clergy. Ultimately, however, Bishop Bishop was appointed, and, regarding himself as possessed of ordinary jurisdiction, nominated a chapter. This body persisted through the successors of Bishop Bishop, including the very last Vicars-Apostolic, the members of the chapter themselves electing new ones to replace those who died. It was their office to exercise jurisdiction over the whole of England and Scotland, should there ever be no bishop. When, however, the New Hierarchy was established, this body, which was known as "the Old Chapter," felt that its occupation was gone; but wishing to perpetuate an institution which had acquired so much historical interest, they changed their name into "the Old Brotherhood," and its present estimable head is the universally respected Dr. Frederick Keymer, who was forced by Cardinal Manning to resign

[1] For all details as to these conflicts see a translation of *Panzani's Memoir*, with an introduction and appendix by the Rev. Dr. Berrington, London, 1793.

the Presidentship of Old Hall College because he would not (before 1870) endeavor to cause a number of mere boys to sign a petition to Rome in favor of the definition of Papal Infallibility.

Cardinal Wiseman, then, by his New Hierarchy, put an end to all the long series of party dissensions which had continued from the early days of Queen Elizabeth to the thirteenth year of Queen Victoria.

Among his many activities he favored the Jesuits, and quickly introduced a variety of religious orders, greatly, as it turned out, to his own disappointment and mortification.

As every one knows, Newman became an Oratorian, and Faber joined him for a time, to become subsequently the head of the Oratorians of London. It was to Father Faber that Cardinal Wiseman, so early as October 27, 1852, addressed that edifying letter to which we before referred as showing Wiseman's earnest piety, and which we think the most pathetic one we ever read.[1] We have only space for a few extracts from it:

"My dear Father Faber . . . . I had from the beginning entertained [the conviction] that steady, continual and persevering work among the dense and sinful masses could only be carried on by religious communities. . . . . When I came to London there was not a single community of men. . . . . Now it is different.

"1. The Jesuits have a splendid church, a large house, several priests. Scarcely was I settled in London than I applied to their Superior to establish here a *community* [and] for missionaries to give retreats to congregations, etc. I was answered on both heads, that dearth of subjects made it impossible. Hence we have under them only a church which by its splendor attracts and absorbs the wealth of two parishes but maintains no schools, and contributes nothing towards the education of the poor at its very doors. I could say much more, but I forbear.

"2. The Redemptorists came to London as a Missionary Order, and I cheerfully approved of and encouraged their coming. When they were settled down, I spoke to them of my cherished plan of missions to and among the poor. I was told that this was not the purpose of their institute *in towns*, and that another Order would be required for what I wanted.

"3. The Passionists I brought first to England. . . . . I got them placed at Orton Hall, and thence they have spread. . . . . After a time they migrated to the Hyde, thence into the fields, and now they have come to St. John's Wood. They have never done me a stroke of work among the poor, and if I want a mission from them the local house is of no use, and I must get a person from the Provincial, as if it did not exist.

"4. The Marists I brought over for a local purpose . . . . but at least at present I dare not ask them about general work.

"5. And now, last, I come to the institute of which I almost considered myself a member, San Filippo's Oratory. . . . . But, as a matter of fact, you know that external work, the work I have been sighing for, is beyond its scope. . . . .

"Now look at the position in which I am. Having believed, having preached, having assured Bishops and clergy that in no great city could the salvation of multitudes be carried out by the limited parochial clergy, but that religious communities alone can, and

[1] See vol. ii., p. 115.

will, undertake the huge work of converting and preserving the corrupted masses, I have acted on this conviction. I have introduced or greatly encouraged the establishment of *five* religious congregations in my diocese; and I am just . . . . where I began! Not one of them can undertake it. It comes within the purpose of none of them to try. Souls are perishing around them, but they are prevented . . . . from helping to save them, at least in any but a particular and definite way. . . . .

"And now let me be a little selfish, in another illustration of what appears to me a wrong pushing of axioms to uncontemplated extremes. In your last letter but one you excused yourself for not oftener coming to me, because S. Filippo warned his followers against going much into the houses of Bishops, and therefore, *à fortiori*, of Cardinals. He of course said that in a place and at a time when a Bishop's or a Cardinal's household was called a court, the antechambers of which were filled with cavaliers and chamberlains, etc., and files of servants; when such a visit was to a great man, rich, and perhaps immersed in public and secular affairs. But do you think that if he had ever contemplated a Bishop in a Protestant country who . . . . can hardly make two ends meet, and whose whole court consists of a single priest, ... good and charitable Philip would have intended to put *him* under the ban, and bid his followers to shun *him*, while he made no prohibition whatever against visiting secular noblemen?"

This letter was not written in vain, and by degrees Faber and his Oratorians came to take real, active charge of a parish.

In the year before this letter was written a man was received into the Catholic Church who was destined to produce an effect on English Catholicity only second to that of Cardinal Wiseman. We refer to the then Archdeacon of Chichester, Dr. Manning. Little did the Cardinal think, when he warmly welcomed the ex-Anglican dignitary, that he was welcoming a power which would absorb or entirely dominate his own; for he was one whose nature shrank from conflict and sought for others on whom he could lean. Manning, on the contrary, though he did not seek for conflict, had no tendency to shrink from it; while, so far from seeking for the support of others, it was with difficulty he could endure their aid, his desire being himself to suffice for everything and to do everything himself.

A man possessed of such gifts and powers as those of Dr. Manning could not fail to dominate and rise, whatever church he might have been a member of. Had he not become a Roman Cardinal he would inevitably have been an English bishop, and, very probably, Primate of all England. With his untiring energy and inflexible will, power inevitably fell into his hands. It was as natural for him to rise and dominate as for a cork to float on the top of water. Besides the contrast already mentioned between the two Cardinals, there was the remarkable difference in external appearance and personal tastes. As to art and science, so appreciated by Wiseman, Manning cared little for the former, while of the latter he was absolutely ignorant. An Oxonian "Don" of his own Oxford days, he had no more sympathy for than knowledge

of modern science. On one occasion, when we were trying to make him appreciate the strength and variety of the evidence which exists in favor of man's great antiquity, he replied: "Oh, as to that evidence I have a very short answer: '*Non credo.*'" But, as in the case of Wiseman, so in that of Manning, we should err greatly if we affirmed that his character was merely "this" or "that." He was a different man at different times, as he was now and again influenced by circumstances which stirred his feelings; and what he strongly advocated at one period of his Catholic career became distasteful to him at another. But, in spite of what we have said about the inevitableness of his ascendancy, its rapidity was none the less astonishing. Within a week of his reception Cardinal Wiseman gave him the tonsure, and two months later he ordained him priest, and a few days afterwards a confessional was offered him in the Jesuits' Church, and he soon gained the warm regard of the Cardinal, who placed unbounded confidence in him. Then Manning went to Rome, where he spent about half of each year, and became a *persona gratissima* to Pius IX.

About the time that Wiseman wrote the above-cited letter to Faber, he conceived the idea of enlisting Manning's services in the foundation of a community which should be specially devoted to carrying out, under the Cardinal's direction, his designs in reference to the London poor. Next year he recalled Manning from Rome, proposing that he should take part in founding a community of Oblates similar to those St. Charles had founded at Milan, to be called "Oblates of St. Charles." After various negotiations and much opposition on the part of the older clergy, this community was founded in 1857 and given control over the Episcopal Seminary, Old Hall. Its opponents declared that the rules of St. Charles had been so altered as to give less power to the Bishop and more to their superior, Dr. Manning, and that, instead of carrying out the Cardinal's wish for a body of priests at his own disposal, Manning was introducing into England a congregation which would recruit itself from the secular clergy (thus diminishing the number of the Cardinal's direct subjects), but would nevertheless be as completely under Manning as the Oratories were under Newman and Faber. In the end the rule was revised and the Oblates withdrawn from Old Hall. In the very year in which the Oblates were founded, Dr. Manning was appointed by the Pope Provost of Westminster.

Simultaneously with the carrying on of the project about the Oblates a great dissension arose between the Cardinal and his

oldest and best friends, which Mr. Ward has admirably depicted[1] in his painful chapter entitled "Estrangements."

Two years before the foundation of these Oblates the Cardinal's ill-health led him to apply to Rome for a coadjutor, and his desire was to have for that purpose an old and close friend and associate, George Errington, D.D., who had become Bishop of Plymouth. He was an admirable man, full of devotion to duty and true piety, as his end fully proved. He was also really a kind-hearted man, but externally unconciliating, not to say severe, being a most strict disciplinarian. Wiseman's desire was granted, and Pius IX. made Dr. Errington Archbishop of Trebizond (*in partibus*) and coadjutor to the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster, *with right of succession.*

He soon came into collision with Provost Manning, and therefore with the Cardinal, who had fallen completely under the Provost's influence. It was the management of the Seminary of Old Hall and the question of the Oblates of St. Charles which caused the first "rift within the lute." But even apart from any distinct question of such a kind, the more close approximation of two men so radically different as Wiseman and Errington could not but cause friction. The former soon began bitterly to regret the appointment of his coadjutor. He felt his position to be intolerable, and eagerly desired to undo the step he had taken. Manning did his best to aid him in effecting this, and made use, for the purpose, of the help of the Hon. and Rev. George Talbot (a man of very poor capacity, a convert Anglican Rector whom we knew at Oscott), who had become chamberlain to and had acquired great influence over Pius IX. Manning soon found how great this influence was, and he did not hesitate to make large use of it, subsequently, in the steps which led to his appointment as Cardinal Wiseman's successor in the See of Westminster.

Thus Dr. Manning had both direct and indirect access to the ear of the Pope.

But it was not only to succor Wiseman that Manning thus acted. He was at that time an extreme zealot for what was then known as "Ultramontanism," and it was his one great object in life to promote it. Now, Dr. Errington was a member of the opposite party. He was, as most English traditional Catholics then were, eminently national, and only so far Roman as every Roman Catholic was bound to be. Cardinal Wiseman, whose health was rapidly becoming worse, made Manning his "Procurator," and

[1] See chapter xxv., vol. ii., p. 253.

obtained for him, from the Pope, his appointment as "Proto-Notary Apostolic." Meantime Dr. Errington, though asked to do so even by the Pope, and offered in exchange the Archbishopric of Trinidad (certainly a *very* poor exchange for Westminster!), repeatedly refused to resign, and various English Bishops sympathized with and supported him; to deprive a man of his "right of succession" was an unprecedented act. Nevertheless, the Pope at last took the matter into his own hands, and simply commanded (in a decree dated July 22, 1860)[1] his removal from the coadjutorship—a very *Colpo di stato di Dominiddio*, as Pius IX. himself said. Nothing could then have been more edifying than the conduct of Dr. Errington. He at once obeyed and subsided, first acting as a simple parish priest, subsequently becoming a Professor of Theology at Prior Park College, near Bath, where he died. We esteemed him highly. We knew him in our Olcott days when he resided there, and had the pleasure of his acquaintance also in his latter days.

The next burning question was that of the Pope's political position. The year 1859 was marked by two events, as to the relative importance of which time alone will enable us to judge. One event was the war of France against Austria, and which was the first act of an inevitable series resulting in the loss of the Pope's civil Princedom. The other event was the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species," that made popular the idea of "Evolution," which has become, in the domain of theology, the absolutely indispensable support of the Pope's spiritual dominion.

The feeling prevalent in Europe as soon as the greater part of the Roman States were taken away, became very strong.

"The feeling aroused by the trials of the Papacy," Mr. Ward tells us,[2] "was strong in England. Manning, who had been in Rome, in 1860, with Wiseman, was deeply affected by it. And here, as well as in France, the resulting movement had its manifestations of a more extreme or more trivial nature. It became the fashion to dwell on every word and phrase of the Pope; to send him addresses on every occasion. The imitation to which men are led by passionate affection and loyalty appeared in England, as elsewhere. The introduction of Roman customs even in small things seemed to give happiness. In 1849 Newman had written to Wiseman, asking if Roman vestments were *permissible*, in spite of the episcopal sanction given to Gothic. Now, not only Roman vestments, but the buckled shoes and knee-breeches of

[1] Vol. ii., p. 378.

[2] See Vol. ii., p. 418.

Roman ecclesiastics, were worn by English priests, and their use was regarded by some as a mark of a truly Roman spirit. Those who held aloof from such customs were looked upon as not in the fullest sense loyal Catholics."

Cardinal Wiseman was earnest and zealous in support of the Pope's temporal power, but he by no means shared in the extreme and absolute sentiments manifested by Manning, and by Louis Veuillot in his journal, " l'Univers," whose abject prostration before the nascent absolutism of the Second Empire had been the cause of infinite evils to the Church in France—evils which press upon it in the present day. Meantime at Rome itself liberality of thought became strongly condemned on political grounds in a way most distressing to many earnest Catholics. There had been a great congress at Malines, attended by three thousand Catholics, and presided over by the archbishop of that city, Cardinal Sterckz. Cardinal Wiseman attended, accompanied by the present Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Vaughan. As to this, the latter has informed Mr. Ward that :[1]

"The reception given to Cardinal Wiseman was most enthusiastic. . . . . Montalembert's great address on 'A Free Church in a Free State' aroused opposition amongst some of the clergy present. Some of the more ardent spirits endeavored to pit Wiseman against Montalembert, as the representative of Ultramontanism and Liberalism. In this attempt, however, Cardinal Wiseman had no share. His meeting with Montalembert was most cordial. They talked much together of old times."

But such opinions as those of Montalembert met with no toleration at headquarters. Mr. Ward's[2] words are :

"The publication, on December 8, 1864, of the famous 'Syllabus Errorum,' with the accompanying Encyclical, had the effect of expressing the Pope's indignant anger at the attitude of the civilized world. . . . . The logical positions taken up in the 'Syllabus' and Encyclical were, for the most part, capable of moderate interpretation; but they were used or urged by extreme men on either side. The most keen and indignant supporters of the Papacy wished to put into them all that protest against the modern world which the sixty-three propositions had contained. The free-thinkers, on the other side, wished to make it appear that the Church had once and for all dissociated herself from the civilization and progress of the nineteenth century. . . . . The papers represented these Papal documents as the 'definitive divorce of the Church from the modern world.' "

To Cardinal Wiseman the situation was most painful and trying. The hope that the Church would once again impregnate the civilized world with her spirit and ally herself with the great movements of the age had been a hope, a sentiment and a conviction which had animated him throughout his career.

---

[1] Vol. ii., p. 457.

[2] *Op. cit.*, p. 472.

He preferred the generous large-mindedness of peace to the stringent discipline of war. He dreamt, as we have said, of a church which should adopt and sanctify all that is best in modern civilization. He was by no means a martinet. He favored freedom in matters of art and in matters intellectual. But this by no means suited those who were subsequently stigmatized by Newman as "an oppressive faction." As Mr. W. Ward truly said at that time:

"Some were attempting to set aside these freedoms in favor of a rigid uniformity as the test of orthodoxy—a system of badges and uniforms by which the true Papal janissaries might know each other."

But with the vigor and energy of Manning the failing energy and health of the Cardinal was quite unable to contend. Thus he fell more and more under his influence. It was at the first meeting of the Catholic Academies (affiliated to the Roman Academy), on June 29, 1861, that Wiseman spoke for the last time on the adaptability of the Church to all civilizations. His idea was to found an institution which should keep Catholics abreast of the science and literature of the day. Manning's idea was to form one which should infuse into the English laity the most extreme Roman spirit. Naturally, Newman refused to join it.

Actuated, as we have said, by the conviction that the civil Princedom of the Pope was providentially coming to an end, it seemed to us and to one or two friends that the time had come for an attempt to restore the ancient tribute of Peter's Pence to the Holy See. Those who may feel any interest in this movement are referred to what we have already written[1] concerning it. Dining with Provost Manning, one day, in the refectory of his Oblates of St. Charles, we explained to him the ideas and objects which had induced us to set Peter's Pence going. From these ideas he altogether dissented, and expressed great aversion to our aim, declaring that the money contributed should be devoted to the payment of troops to combat the Italian Nationalists and maintain the Pope upon his throne. This declaration caused us immediately to cease having any further connection with the movement.

Cardinal Wiseman had always been most kind and considerate to Dr. Newman, and as early as 1854 had endeavored to obtain for him a titular bishopric, in order to secure for him, as Rector of the Catholic University of Ireland, a satisfactory *status* in his dealings with the Irish bishops.

---

[1] See American Catholic Quarterly Review, 1892, pp. 784 and 785.

Beloved and highly esteemed by Catholics generally, he had, nevertheless, ceased to occupy the minds, and still more the affections, of non-Catholics. At last, and quite suddenly, Newman emerged from the cloud of prejudice and misunderstanding which had so long enshrouded him, thanks to the rash, unjustifiable attack made on his honesty by the late Canon Kingsley. This occasioned the publication, in 1864, of Newman's "Apologia pro Vita Sua," the effect of which was marvellous. He at once attained to an enormous popularity among non-Catholics, which he retained till his death, and indeed still retains.

It was at this time that a desire which not a few Catholics of the higher orders had long felt led to decided action. Many Catholics had desired for their sons an English university education, and some had already sent their sons to Oxford or Cambridge, the restrictive tests there having been removed. The English Catholic bishops did not forbid them to do so, and in August, 1864, Dr. Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham, offered the mission at Oxford to Dr. Newman. The offer was accepted by him, and he spent over £8000 in buying ground for the purpose. He also drew up a circular explaining his intention of founding an "Oratory" at Oxford for the benefit of Catholic undergraduates, to whom Parliament had at last opened the universities. Cardinal Wiseman himself favored the project; but, unluckily, he who had practically become his superior was intensely opposed to it, and a document still exists wherein Newman laments the change in the Cardinal's views on this most important question. Why was Manning thus hostile? No doubt he was honestly convinced that there was danger to Catholic youths in sending them to Oxford and Cambridge. No doubt there was and is danger. It is also dangerous to walk out in the street for fear of slipping on a piece of orange peel, yet that should not keep a reasonable man within doors! Catholic youths are freely allowed to go now, and the overwhelming importance of their so doing is recognized by the highest Catholics, both ecclesiastical and lay. We cannot but think that Manning was actuated not only by the "danger" above referred to, but also by a strong personal feeling of jealousy of Newman, whose popularity was now so great. We would not venture to report this belief save for the evident jealousy he subsequently showed at Newman being made a Cardinal, and the extraordinary steps he took to try and prevent it. As we observed with respect to Wiseman, most men's characters are mixed, and the fact that they have been generous and self-sacrificing on some occasions is no guarantee that they may not be actuated by mean

and selfish feelings on other occasions. When the time came for the succession to the Archbishopric of Westminster, Manning's letter to Talbot at Rome make it evident how much he desired and sought to obtain that dignity. But we do not think that effort ought to be imputed to him as a fault. There is no more pride and vainglory in knowing we have a vigorous and keen intellect and a strong will than in knowing we have blue eyes and well-shaped limbs. No doubt Manning was sincerely convinced that no one else was so fitted for the post as himself, and that he was truly serving God in trying to obtain it. The remarkable thing is that after the long and affectionate correspondence with Talbot till what he sought was gained, from that moment Talbot appears to have been dropped. We think it necessary to refer to these matters here because, without them, certain actions of Cardinal Wiseman, and especially his action with respect to a matter so important as the education of Catholics, would be liable to be quite misunderstood.

We will now revert to the direct consideration of the last important matter of Cardinal Wiseman's life—the education of English Catholic youth.

Newman's excellent design was suddenly traversed by a report that, upon application, Propaganda had taken the matter out of the hands of the Episcopate. Thereupon a memorial was addressed to Rome, signed by one hundred and eighty-eight Catholic laymen, by ourselves among the number, though the overwhelming majority were men of high social position and great influence. It was a petition for the maintenance of the existing liberty the Catholic laity then enjoyed. Mr. Frederick Wetherell took it to Rome. He called on Cardinal Barnabo, who was very courteous, but objected that the memorial had not the signature of a single prince or duke. When told that in England there were no princes save of the blood-royal, and that the only Catholic duke was still a minor, not twenty-one years old, the Cardinal replied that he was perfectly acquainted with the organization into peers, baronets and gentlemen, the last being the lowest (*il grado piu basso*), and that the signers of the memorial were mostly of that rank. Mr. Wetherell tried to explain the position of English gentlemen without titles, and how it was that many gentlemen of ancient lineage would never consent to obscure their family descent by a mushroom "title," which they would feel to be a degradation, since men raised to the peerage in England thenceforth become known by their titles instead of by their family names. But all was in vain. The result of the efforts made was

the complete triumph of Manning. Catholics were forbidden to send their sons to the universities, and the attempt to found a Catholic college at Oxford came to an end, to the profound disappointment and great mortification of Newman, and to the deprivation of the English laity, for a whole generation, of the most important, the absolutely indispensable means of attaining to the intellectual level of the non-Catholic educated portion of the nation, whether Anglicans, Nonconformists or Free-thinkers.

The decree did not issue from the Propaganda at once, in compliance with the pressure brought to bear on it by Manning. Propaganda referred the matter back to the English Hierarchy as being a matter of local interest. Then a meeting of the English Bishops was convened, as Mr. Ward tells us:[1]

"Before it assembled, on December 13th, Cardinal Wiseman's last illness, of which he died two months later, had actually begun. But he sanctioned the circulation among the Catholic laity and clergy,[2] on December 5th, of a list of questions in reference to the advisability of Catholics going to Oxford, and he presided at the meeting itself. The publication of Newman's circular, describing the proposed functions of the Oratory at Oxford, was, at this meeting, unanimously decided to be unadvisable. The Bishops, likewise, addressed a letter to Propaganda, urging the necessity of discouraging Catholics from going to the Universities; but many members of the Episcopate were opposed to any direct prohibition. Newman felt the action of the Bishops to be decisive. On December 28th he wrote to his Bishop, Dr. Ullathorne, that his scheme was abandoned, and that the land was to be resold."

Two months later he wrote to a friend:

"The Cardinal has done a great work. Alas! I wish he had not done his last act. He lived just long enough to put an extinguisher on the Oxford scheme—quite inconsistently, too, with what he had wished and said in former years."

This is a welcome testimony to the breadth and intelligence of Wiseman's views, which his failing health and enfeebled will could no longer cause to prevail.

In Cardinal Wiseman's later years he passed a considerable time at his country house at Leyton, enjoying the society of friends who visited him in succession. He was always fond of and kind to children, and on one of several occasions when we dined with him he insisted on our bringing with us our son, then but a lad of seven. Wiseman on these occasions loved to talk on questions of science, and was willing to accept enlarged views as to the antiquity of man. But he was much vexed and perplexed about the Darwinian theory, and would walk up and down the garden dis-

[1] Vol. ii., p. 476.

[2] *Mirabile dictu*, Dr. Newman was omitted from the list of persons consulted.

cussing Evolution in its various bearings. Especially distasteful to him was the idea of the descent of man from any Simian ancestors, although, of course, he could bring no serious arguments against it, his scientific knowledge, as is that of so many ecclesiastics, being especially deficient in matters Biological. Thus, in a Pastoral letter he published on the subject, his arguments were entirely rhetorical, deprecating "for our fathers the morals of the monkey, and for our mothers the charms of the baboon." Nevertheless, when compared with his successor, he must be declared to be one who loved science and largely understood it.

He was greatly consoled towards the end of his life by the much greater appreciation of his merits and his virtues which the English public manifested. Much sympathy was shown to him in illness, and his lectures were largely attended. January 27, 1865, was the date fixed for a lecture by him on Shakespeare at the Royal Institution, which he was never able to give. The following letter to Canon Walker (in 1863) well expresses those scientific tendencies of his to which we have above referred, and his increased popularity:

"My dear Walker:—I am really sorry you cannot come up this year, at least at present, but I hope you will make up by a long visit. Last night I dined with the astronomers. I was the Astronomer Royal's guest at the monthly 'club' dinner, sat at his right, and received the first toast on which he rose to speak. Of course I had to make my speech; and afterwards we adjourned to the monthly meeting, where some very interesting communications were made. At the end the Astronomer Royal (Airy) announced my presence, which was most applaudingly acknowledged.

"I spoke to Owen, who was a guest like myself, to say I would come and see him at the Museum. I want to talk about Lyell, Huxley, Darwin, etc. I wish you could be with me. There are many things you have not seen, I think, in London—Museum of Practical Geology, Horticultural Gardens, new pictures, R. A. Exhibition, Museum of Royal College of Surgeons, etc., that would occupy a few days. I hope you will come as soon as you are well, and take your holiday in London. Searle is not returned. He had an audience of the Emperor and got leave to dig up the Douai plate, and he is waiting for official leave, etc. I may tell you, with all reserve, that the Queen has expressed herself much pleased and 'touched' by the manner in which I spoke of the Prince Consort in my lecture. I cannot but consider it a great step in working back from the prejudices of the Hierarchy feelings. However, I must close, leaving many things to say. Yesterday I saw the French ambassador, the man who restored public Catholic worship in China, etc.—Baron le Gros. He gives poor accounts of Japan. I suppose we shall have war there.

"Yours, affectionately, in Christ,

"N. CARD. WISEMAN."

The Douai plate above referred to had been buried by members of the college before being driven out by the French revolutionists, but there was an accurate memorial as to where it had been

placed. It was found and is now divided between the two colleges, both of which descend from and represent Douai, namely, Old Hall and Orton. The plate comprised presents which had been made to the college at various times by members of old Catholic families—presents bearing their arms and having appropriate inscriptions.

In the very beginning of 1865 the Cardinal began to fail, and January 11th was the last time he was able to drive out. The next day he dictated part of the projected lecture at the Royal Institution, on Shakespeare, which he greatly desired to give. On Sunday, January 15th, he was taken suddenly ill, and so dangerously that the last sacraments were administered to him, and though he rallied on Tuesday, the end was rapidly approaching.

Canon Morris gives[1] the following testimony as to the impression made on his immediate attendants by his patience during the last weeks of his life:

"He was quietness itself, and his patience and obedience were perfect. He had not said a querulous word during the three weeks he had been so ill, and he was ever ready with gentle thanks for any little service. He passed whole days in silence, uttering only a very few sentences; but all the while he was gentle, collected, and himself. He seemed to be like a man who was calmly meditating, and he occasionally gave us a glimpse of the subjects that were occupying his mind. . . . . His obedience was very striking; he would move immediately, exactly as he was told; and it was a touching sight to see him, when so weak that he could hardly swallow, obeying like a child what Mr. Tegart [the surgeon] told him to do, in that voice of quiet authority that doctors of body and soul are alike obliged at times to use. . . . . A day or two before this, when we were giving him some food, he said, 'I do this from pure obedience, for it does me no good.' We never once saw him dejected or in low spirits. Once I was giving him a mixture that must have been very disagreeable—strong beef tea with brandy in it—but I thought that he had ceased to be able to distinguish one thing from another. To my great amusement he said, 'That is what I call dull—beef and brandy!'

"His sense of comfort and support from the rites of the Church remained strong to the last; and his mind, though clouded or wandering on most subjects, appeared to be alert as to the preparations for the last offices before and after his own death.

"He spoke about his funeral, saying as quietly and unconcernedly as if it had been some function he was himself to perform, 'I shall look to you and Patterson for the ceremonial. See that everything is done right. Do not let a rubric be broken.' After some other details he added, 'And, of course, the religious will say the office here in the room.' And so they did—representatives of eleven religious orders of men, including the congregations of Secular Priests, but, according to Roman etiquette, not including the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. . . . . 'I do not wish anyone to read to me when I am dying,' he said; 'but I had rather be left to my own meditations.' Canon Morris remarked: 'But you would like to have the litany, My Lord?' 'What? The Commendation of a Departing Soul, the Church's words?' he answered, quite brightening up. 'I want to have everything the Church gives me, down to the Holy Water. Do not leave out anything. I want everything.'"

[1] Quoted. Vol. ii., p. 509.

The Canons assembled on the 5th of February to receive his dying profession of faith. Canon Morris gives the following account of the ceremony :[1]

"He was vested, as he lay in bed, by Mgr. Searle, who had so often vested him before. He had on his rochet, his red mozzetta and zuchetta, his pectoral cross and gold stole; and he wore the sapphire ring which, when he was made Cardinal, he received from the Propaganda. . . . . I said to him, 'Canon Hunt, as the Missionary Rector, will anoint your Eminence.' He bowed his head. I added, 'And will you have the *Asperges* from the Senior Canon?' He answered, looking round at me, 'I want everything.' The Canons then came into the room, wearing their choir dress, and formed a semicircle about him. . . . . Canon Maguire, as the Senior Canon, in the absence of the Provost, having sprinkled the Cardinal with holy water, I knelt at his side and read the creed of Pope Pius IV. When it was ended, the book of the Gospels was handed to him to kiss, for the Oath with which it concludes. He put his hand upon it, and said, 'Put it down.' And then: 'I wish to express before the Chapter that I have not, and never had in my whole life, the very slightest doubt or hesitation in any one of the articles of this Faith; I have always endeavored to teach it; and I transmit it intact to my successor.' The Missal was then lifted up to him, and he kissed it, saying: '*Sic me Deus adjuvet et hæc Sancta Dei Evangelia.*' He then added, 'I now wish to receive Extreme Unction at your hands as the seal of my Profession of Faith.'

"He then gave the Pontifical blessing, and received from each Canon the 'kiss of peace.'"

He then grew gradually worse. Provost Manning had been telegraphed for on the 4th of February and arrived on the 12th, but it is doubtful whether the Cardinal recognized him. He passed away on the morning of the 15th at eight o'clock.

The body lay in state on Friday and Saturday, the Office for the Dead being successively chanted by different bodies of religious. The following Tuesday it was carried to the Pro-Cathedral at Moorfields, and the next day it was thrown open to the multitude which thronged to enter, and whose conduct was wonderfully decorous. The newspapers joined in a chorus of sympathetic praise, and some provincial journals were even extravagant in laudation. Even extreme confessional divergence did not hinder cordial expressions of sympathy, as the following extract from the "Patriot," a leading organ of the Protestant Dissenters, may suffice to show:

"Cardinal Wiseman, with all his faults—perhaps we might say *in* his faults—was a thorough Englishman; and though he committed himself deeply to Ultramontane doctrine and spirit, there was something in his English culture and full communion with English life which tempered his Ultramontane zeal, and made him a very different man from the popular notion of a Papal emissary. A certain humane influence was shed over his life, not so much by his high intellectual culture as by his reputation for general learning, and which he was unwilling to risk by any acts or utterances of bigotry which would have shocked the sense of the English people. . . . . The reputation for refined scholarship, when cherished, acts as a softening, subduing medium, and tends to tone down the harshness of religious bigotry and polemical strife. To the last, Cardinal

[1] *Loc. cit.*, p. 513.

Wiseman prided himself with justice on his scientific and æsthetic attainments; and one of the very last, if not the last occasion on which he appeared in public, showed him to be no mean critic of the various styles of architecture, and no mean proficient in the history of the art. These tastes and pursuits formed a link of connection between the Prince of the Roman Church and the free-minded, free-spoken Englishmen which no mere narrow-minded foreign zealot would have established; and they gave him a large audience of intelligent and cultivated Protestants whenever he appeared before the public. . . . . We feel the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, and can join very heartily in the ejaculation which myriads will utter this day over his grave, 'May he rest in peace.'"

The funeral service was fixed for Thursday, February 23d, and the church was crowded with a very distinguished congregation, among whom were the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Lord Malmesbury, Lord Southwell, Lord Campbell, son of the Lord Chancellor, representatives of various embassies, and almost all the Catholic peers and leading commoners. Provost Manning preached on the occasion.

The ceremonial was carried through most carefully both in the Pro-Cathedral and at the cemetery, where the body was interred to await its final deposition in the Cathedral of Westminster, which was then a vision of the future, but the walls of which are now rapidly rising.

Immediately in front of the hearse was a private carriage, wherein rode a private chamberlain from the Vatican, with Sir George Bowyer and Mr. Waterton carrying the Cardinal's hat and the mantles and grand crosses of the Orders of St. John of Jerusalem, Charles III. of Spain, and St. Januarius of Naples.

The history of this memorable funeral was well expressed in the "Times" of Friday, February 24, 1865. It said:

"Yesterday the body of Cardinal Wiseman was solemnly buried, amid such circumstances of ritual pomp as, since the Reformation at least, have never been seen in this country; and we may add amid such tokens of public interest, and almost of sorrow, as do not often mark the funerals even of our most illustrious dead. Not since the State funeral of the late Duke of Wellington has the same interest been evinced to behold what it was thought would be the superb religious pageant of yesterday. Since the death of Cardinal Wolsey we believe no English Cardinal has been buried in this country, and the funeral obsequies were looked forward to as likely to afford a splendid ceremonial of the most impressive kind. . . . . Everywhere the cortège was received with marks of profound respect. At least three-fourths of the shops along the line of route were closed, the streets lined with spectators, and every window and balcony was thronged. Altogether, the feeling among the people seemed deeper than one of mere curiosity—a wish, perhaps, to forget old differences with the Cardinal, and render respect to his memory as an eminent Englishman, and one of the most learned men of his time."

On the choir of the church of Moorfields there had already been placed the following inscription, which had been written by the Cardinal himself in 1860. All that was needed was to supply the date of his decease:

NE . DE . MEMORIA . DEVM . PRECANTIVM
MERITO . EXCIDERET.
NICOLAVS . S . R . E . PRESB . CARDIN . WISEMAN
PRIMUS . ARCHIEPS . WESTMONAST .
HVNC . LAPIDEM . VIVUS . SIBI . POSVIT
QUI . CVM . AB . INEVNTE . ADOLESCENTIA
APVD . ANIMVM . SVVM . STATVISSET
CHRISTIANAE . VINDICANDAE . RELIGIONI
FIDEI . CATHOLICAE . ILLVSTRANDAE
IVRIBVSQVE . ECCLESIAE . TVENDIS
VITAM . INSVMERE
AB . HOC . PROPOSITO . VSQVE . AD . EXTREMVM . SPIRITVM
SCIENS . NVNQVAM . DECLINAVIT
MERCEDEM . A . DEO . POTIVS . QVAM . AB . HOMINIBVS,
EXPECTANS
QVAM . AD . PEDES . PIENTISSIMI . DOMINI . HVMILLIME.
PETITVRVS
DIEM . SVVM . OBIIT.
[XV . FEBR . MDCCCLXV]
ORATE . PRO . EO.

We have several times cited passages in which Cardinal Wiseman is called a *great Englishman*, but it would be very unjust did we terminate this notice of his life without pointing out that he was also a *great Irishman!* For his mother was Irish, and it is a question physiology has by no means decided in the negative whether a mother has not a much larger share in determining the innermost nature and the essential character of a son than has his father. The geniality, the kindness, the ready eloquence, and—when not in pain and suffering—the light-heartedness of Wiseman are surely genuinely "Irish;" and genuinely "Irish," also, was the reception given him when, in 1858, he made a tour in the island of St. Patrick. As Mr. Ward tells us:[1]

"The visit of a Cardinal, a representative of the Papal Court, who was likewise connected by race with the Irish people—of one, moreover, whose claim to public distinction, irrespective of his ecclesiastical *status*, was universally acknowledged—seized upon the imagination and religious enthusiasm of the country. The Catholic population treated the visit as a kind of royal progress, in which they were proud to claim the kinship of blood and religion with an illustrious guest. It was an occasion for the Irish Catholics, so long downtrodden by legal and social proscription, to raise their heads, and to give vent at once to their Catholic loyalty and their pride in their Church. And ultimately the strong religious antipathies of Irishmen appeared to give way, and many Protestants united with their Catholic countrymen in the acclaim of welcome to the Roman Cardinal."

[1] Vol. ii., p. 289.

That the illustrious visitor "rose to the occasion" with noteworthy readiness and tact will surprise none of our readers. But we have the most unexceptionable testimony that he did so in a remarkable degree, as no one can suspect Newman of exaggeration, and yet he declared that no other public man in England could have answered to the demand thus made upon him with the spirit and intellectual power which the Cardinal displayed on the occasion.

His visit extended from August 23d to September 17th, and arriving at Kingstown, he visited the Capital, Dundalk, Maynooth, Carlow and Waterford, concluding with the last-named city, which was the native city of his family. It is interesting to note that he was invited to dine at the Mansion House in Dublin and meet Thomas Bright, the engineer of the Atlantic cable. In his speech on the occasion the Cardinal, after referring to the Greek fire burning under the sea, said, with respect to our familiar international cable:

"This little spark which we are now sending under the ocean, this flash of lightning which passes from shore to shore, this fire which burns unextinguishable below the depths of the mighty waters, may truly be considered, if it were not too sacred an expression to use, to be the flame of that love and of that charity between the two nations of which the sacred text says that 'many waters shall not extinguish it, and floods shall not overwhelm it.'"

With the quotation of these truly and happily prophetic words, whereby his bright intelligence gave expression to his deep and warm spirit of charity, an English reviewer of his life for an American magazine may well bring his labor of love to a conclusion. A labor of love it has been, as we knew Nicholas Wiseman from the spring of 1844, for more than twenty years; and we have no recollection, as to that intercourse, of anything which it is not a pleasure to recollect, save alone that physical suffering and occasional mental depression by which he was from time to time so severely tried. We heartily thank Mr. Wilfrid Ward for his admirable work for its own sake, and we thank him for having by it given us the opportunity of expressing our sentiments and mentioning some of our reminiscences with respect to that great and not yet fully appreciated man, Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman, the restorer of the English Hierarchy and the first Archbishop of Westminster.

St. George Mivart.

THE MIRACULOUS IN CHURCH HISTORY.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, in which the contrast between ancient and modern times is more striking than in the general attitude of men's minds in regard to miracles. Through all antiquity the interference of unseen powers with the course of nature was accepted without difficulty by pagans and Christians alike. In the middle ages men were as ready to believe miracles as the most ordinary facts. They felt perfectly at home in a world of wonders. In modern times it is just the opposite. Narratives of the supernatural, instead of being eagerly welcomed, are listened to with a smile of incredulity or a feeling of distrust. The common disposition is to account for all that happens by natural causes, and to deny what cannot be accounted for. The whole body of unbelievers—materialists, pantheists, agnostics, deists—proclaim the supreme, undisturbed reign of law in every sphere, and refuse to believe any departure therefrom, whatever may be the evidence in favor of it. Indeed, they decline to weigh the evidence as a waste of time, so sure are they that what transcends nature can never be verified, or—as they put it—"whatever happens is always natural, and what is not natural never happens."

This is the fundamental principle of the infidel school. "With us," says Renan, "the question is settled, unhesitatingly settled. The denial of the supernatural has become an immovable dogma." And this he feels the need of repeating in every one of his books, although one would hardly think it necessary, if, as he assures us, it is already "the conviction of every cultivated mind"! He is ready himself to stake his reputation on the denial of miracles. "If," he says, in his preface to the "Life of Jesus," "such things as miracles ever happen, then the contents of the following pages are meaningless and worthless."

A similar conviction prevails among those rationalists who still call themselves Christians. Not only do they refuse to believe in later miracles, but their whole concern is to do away with those of the Old and New Testament, by questioning their historical value, or by reducing them to the proportions of natural events. Even among those Protestants who continue to profess their belief in the principal mysteries of the faith, there is a growing tendency to explain away much of what in the Bible was always looked

upon as miraculous, while others accept the Bible miracles as they stand in the sacred narrative, but will listen to no others.

Not so the children of the Catholic Church. They believe in a manifestation of God's power and goodness in every age. In their eyes the seal of miracles is as clearly set on the history of the Church as on that of the chosen people. Side by side with the natural course of events following, as in secular history, the law of cause and effect, they discern and proclaim, in every Christian age, not only a divine guidance and providential help, but a countless number of facts which clearly transcend the powers of the visible world or of the human soul, and reveal the hand of God himself.

It is to these facts that we propose to devote the following pages. Taken together, they form one of the most characteristic features of ecclesiastical history. They are equally interesting to the scientific scholar and to the devotional reader. But their interest naturally depends on their historical reality. Christianity itself is essentially a historical religion, consisting largely of facts and based on facts, and what it was at its inception it remains for all time. Just as the faith of the Christian rests on the facts of the Gospel, so the faith of the Catholic is indefinitely strengthened by the assurance that God has never ceased to show his presence among his own by "signs and wonders" such as had accredited originally the work of the apostles. In like manner, the soul that aspires to holiness gathers inspiration and guidance from the lives of the saints, but only on condition that the wonderful things related of them are believed in.

Thus, then, the historical value of the miracles constantly met with in Catholic history and Catholic literature becomes a question of considerable importance, speculative and practical; and the answer to it, as already remarked, has varied much from one period to another.

I.

That the early ages of the Church, with the memory still fresh of the miracles of Christ and the apostles, should have readily believed in the divine character of the extraordinary happenings they witnessed, and lovingly dwelt on them as new manifestations of the divine favor, is only what might naturally be looked for. So, too, the barbarian conquerors of the Roman Empire, when they were conquered in turn by the Church, and became her dutiful children, proved no less desirous to hear of and to witness the supernatural. Ignorant but reverent, violent in their impulses, but childlike and trustful, they accepted unhesitatingly all the

strange things they were told of the doings of God and of his saints. They sought for miracles with the same eagerness as people in our day look out for sensational happenings. An abundant supply was found in the Acts of the Martyrs, and still more in the wonderful lives of the Fathers of the Desert. St. Athanasius had told the story of St. Anthony; St. Jerome, that of Hilarion, his disciple, and of St. Paul, his predecessor, in the solitary life. Cassian had related the wonderful things he had heard and witnessed in the desert. Sulpicius Severus had described in classical language the wonderful deeds of St. Martin, while many others of lesser note had collected all the strange stories they could find to satisfy the craving for the marvellous that filled the souls of their readers.

Gathered together, upwards of two hundred years ago, under the general title of "Vitæ Patrum," they form what Lecky calls "an invaluable collection—one of the most fascinating volumes in the whole range of literature." Yet we venture to say that they are surpassed by those of two writers of the sixth century, St. Gregory, Bishop of Tours (+595), and St. Gregory the Great (+604). The former—Gregory of Tours—is unique in the abundance and variety of the wonders which he relates of the Blessed Virgin, the Apostles and the early martyrs in his book, "De Gloria Martyrum," and of other saints in its sequel, "De Gloria Confessorum." In his "Vitæ Patrum" he tells of the miracles wrought by the holy men of the Western Church; and, finally, in the work devoted to the honor of his predecessor, St. Martin ("De Miraculis St. Martini, libri quatuor"), he describes the daily happenings at the tomb of that great saint, many of which he witnessed himself, and which cannot fail to strike the reader of to-day as an exact counterpart of what we are told of the happenings at the shrine of Lourdes.

But, though interesting and attractive in many ways, the stories of the Bishop of Tours cannot compare with those which his great namesake and contemporary, Pope Gregory, embodied in his "Dialogues" (*Dialogorum, libri quatuor*), in which he commits to writing, at the request of his friends, the wonderful things he had learned, on what he considers reliable authority, of holy men and women, mostly of his own time. "I give my authorities," he says, "for all I relate—sometimes their very words, sometimes the sense of them, when their uncouthness forbids them to be reproduced literally." They certainly can have lost nothing in the reproduction, for, from beginning to end, in the four books of St. Gregory, there is an inexpressible charm, a familiar sense of the

unseen which communicates itself to the reader, a combination of faith, piety, gentleness and sweetness unsurpassed, if ever equalled, in any other writing of ancient times.

To this already inexhaustible store, from which mediæval devotion drew its principal nutriment, were added fresh supplies in each generation by the chronicles of the monasteries and by the lives of other men and women of especial holiness, through whose striking lessons and actions God continued to sustain his Church even in her darkest days. Writers, preachers, poets, all drew from this accumulated wealth of wonders. It was largely put in requisition in the thirteenth century by the Dominican author of the "Golden Legend," a work much inferior to most of the sources it was drawn from, yet which in a great measure superseded them all. No book enjoyed anything like its popularity in the latter part of the middle ages. It was translated into the chief European languages, copied to no end, and in such constant demand that, after the invention of printing, in England alone a new edition of it was issued almost every year from 1474 to 1500.

II.

Such, then, were the principal sources at which former ages slaked their thirst for the marvellous. Their waters, though often adulterated, were drunk without misgiving by almost all. But gradually, with the diffusion of learning, a habit of discernment grew up in the Church. Blind, unquestioning reverence gave place to intelligent inquiry, with the result of setting aside as unreal or of reducing to the measure of natural occurrences thousands of facts which for centuries had been believed in as divine. But countless others still remain. In the "legends" of the breviary, in the popular lives of the saints, in books of devotion, in church histories, in the annals of shrines and places of pilgrimage, ancient and modern, the Catholic is confronted with them at every step, and great is his perplexity to know which among them to accept, which to question or to reject.

Happily he is under no obligation to pass judgment on any of them. The only miracles a Catholic is bound to believe in are the miracles of the Bible. The others he can pass by at any time, and leave to those whom duty or taste may lead to a closer investigation of their value. Yet the general subject is one of no ordinary interest to enlightened minds, and, indeed, there are few Catholics who, for one reason or another, are not desirous of forming a definite opinion regarding a certain number of those facts which, by a few or by many, rightly or wrongly, have been looked

upon as miraculous. Let us see by what principles and methods they may form their judgment.

Miracles are facts, and facts in general recommend themselves for acceptance in proportion to the amount and value of the evidence in their favor. Yet evidence, though the chief thing, is not the only thing. There is, besides, the antecedent likelihood or unlikelihood of the fact itself, considered in its general features or in its concrete circumstances, which makes it easy or hard to accept. Each individual has in some things his own standard of what is likely or unlikely, generally based on his personal experience or on the general principles he has formed for himself or received from others. Thus, in the present connection, to the mediæval mind a miracle was antecedently probable, and consequently admitted on slender evidence; to the modern mind, on the contrary, full of the notion of the universal reign of law and accustomed to discover ultimately a natural reason for the most extraordinary things, or to disprove, as a rule, what cannot be accounted for, a miracle is antecedently improbable, and becomes admissible only on the strongest evidence, while to the atheist, the materialist, the rationalist, as already observed, no amount of evidence will suffice to bring conviction.

For the enlightened Catholic, the likelihood or unlikelihood of a miracle, before any discussion of evidence, must depend entirely on the kind of miracle it is, and on the circumstances in which it is supposed to have happened. Considered in the abstract, a miracle implies no greater exercise of divine power than the maintenance of the order of nature in each one of its parts, and God is as free to interfere with this order as He was to establish it. If one would know whether He is likely to do so, the most natural way is to ascertain what He has done in the past. And here the Bible, which is the history of God's dealings with mankind, tells how, from the creation to the coming of Christ, God never ceased to reveal himself, not only in the wonders of nature and in the voice of conscience, but in those visible signs of His presence and power which we call miracles. The mistake, or rather the inconsistency of Protestants, as Cardinal Newman has well shown in his essay on "Ecclesiastical Miracles," is to suppose that, after the preaching of the Gospel, God had entirely changed His methods and left His children without any further special sign of His favor, the presumption being, on the contrary, that He continues to do as He had done before. Indeed, at no time has human nature been satisfied with anything short of a direct communication with the unseen. Even at the close of this scientific age of ours, rationalism

meets the requirements of only a few. The rest are religious, or they are superstitious, putting idle fancies and unfounded beliefs in the place occupied by worthier objects in the minds of faithful Christians.

Furthermore, the position of Protestants in regard to miracles is inconsistent with their belief in prayer, for prayer implies a constant interference of God with the common course of events. When we pray, we ask God to do for us what we do not expect to happen if things are left to themselves. Nor is the difficulty evaded by narrowing, as many are disposed to do, the sphere of prayer to spiritual effects; for to accomplish such effects the intervention of God is not less necessary, though less sensible, than in His exceptional action in the outer world. But, as a fact, the great majority of Protestant believers do not think of placing any such limitations. They appeal to God for all manner of favors, temporal as well as spiritual, for themselves or for others—such as relief from pain, recovery from sickness, success in undertakings and the like, all which evidently imply a special action of God of the same kind as is put forth in miracles, and differing only in the magnitude of the result, or in the amount of proof those who witness it have of its being really due to an exceptional interference of the divine power.

Thus, then, the very existence of prayer as a part of the divine economy implies that, besides that unvarying action by which God sustains the order of the universe, there is also a constant special action by which He modifies in some measure the ordinary course of things. For many wise reasons this latter action is commonly concealed from human eye; but we can easily conceive of reasons why it should be occasionally manifested. And what such reasons are, in fact, we may gather in some measure from the words of our Lord himself, who promised miraculous powers to those whom He sent to preach this Gospel, and in general to all those possessed of great faith, such as it shows itself in the lives of His saints.

It followed, therefore, that far from objecting systematically to facts because of their miraculous character, we should be rather disposed to welcome them as naturally belonging to the general economy of religion as we know it to have been established. But this is very far from an indiscriminate acceptance of the marvellous, such as we find in children or in persons of unenlightened piety. The marvellous is often absurd, and, even when admissible in the abstract, it may be surrounded by circumstances such as to make it seem unworthy of the holiness, the wisdom, or the

goodness of God. We instinctively think of these divine attributes as compared with the facts in question and with the circumstances in which they are supposed to have happened, and form already an opinion of their reasonableness. But when we have satisfied ourselves in that regard, the reality of the facts has still to be established.

And it is established, like all facts which we have not ourselves witnessed, by the testimony of others.

III.

Now it has to be remembered that of the numberless facts thus known to us, and which we call history, there are comparatively few that rest on anything more than probable evidence. Certain great social and political movements, changes of dynasties, decisive events, facts of a general and public character we may know with the most perfect assurance; but the particulars of these same events we cannot be entirely sure of, any more than of the bulk of facts that constitute our knowledge of the past. They rest originally on nothing more than probable evidence, and we take them on trust from those who address us or whose books we read. We have no interest and no positive reason to question their accuracy; what they tell us falls in with our previous notions, and so we admit them without difficulty. Yet the slightest reflection will tell us that while admitting, we are far from being sure of them.

And this is exactly our condition in regard to miracles. A comparatively small number are susceptible of demonstration; the others we admit on probable evidence, and we do so without difficulty if only we find them in harmony with our conceptions of God and of what we might call His method of government.

Among those regarding which no reasonable doubt can be entertained, we may place in the first rank the miraculous facts upon which the Church bases the canonization of her saints. At all times the supreme test of eminent holiness has been looked for in the power of miracles exhibited by God's servants during their lifetime, and still better after their death. Only where such signs are forthcoming can the Church be induced to propose anyone, however holy and beautiful his life may have been, to the veneration of the faithful. Miracles are essential, and, in the discussion of those put forward, the Church has exhibited for the last three hundred years a strictness unequalled in any court of justice. In his celebrated book, "De Canonizatione Sanctorum," Benedict XIV. describes the procedure in a most interesting manner. The

investigation is pursued on the very scene of the miracle by men of reliable character and high standing, all sworn to be only concerned to discover the truth and to report it faithfully. A special officer is appointed to watch the evidence and note down any reasons for questioning its value, such as hesitancy, discrepancies, and the like. The witnesses speak on oath, and their trustworthiness is closely examined. Their social position is looked into, their known character, their mental culture, their habits of life—in a word, everything that could add to or detract from the weight of their testimony. Only eye-witnesses are admissible; hearsay evidence is of no account. A single witness is never sufficient to establish a fact, however trustworthy he may be deemed personally. And even where there are several, if they belong to the family or to the religious order of the "candidate" their testimony is clouded by a suspicion of undue favor, and needs to be corroborated.

The evidence thus collected and deemed sufficient is forwarded to Rome and sifted afresh by a special commission of cardinals and counsellors; and then again another objector, technically called *Promotor fidei*, and popularly *Advocatus diaboli*, is present to detect the weak side, if any there be, in the evidence presented. The discussion is of the most searching kind, and not infrequently leads to a declaration of insufficiency of the evidence or to an order for further investigation. Finally, if the issue is favorable, the whole matter is gone over once more by a congregation of cardinals, and discussed last of all in presence of the Pope, who decides.

IV.

The reality of the facts alleged is not the only question in which the Church is concerned. She has also to determine their real character—that is, whether they belong to the natural or to the supernatural order. In this age of science, after so much of what was universally looked upon as preternatural for centuries has come to be accounted for by certain natural forces, the question is one of especial importance, and often of especial difficulty. But the Church has been alive to it long before the recent developments of the physical and physiological sciences, and it is no small matter of surprise to see how clearly our old theologians realized the fact of the close resemblance and frequent connection in the same individual, sometimes in the same fact, of the divine and the human. Far from ignoring the advance of the science of nature and of the human body and soul in their normal and abnormal conditions, the Church seeks to bring all the light they

can supply to bear on the facts she undertakes to investigate. The better to test them, Benedict XIV. kept in close communication all his life with the medical faculty of the University of Bologna, one of the most progressive of the period, and it has been a standing rule, he tells us, with the Congregation of Rites, to put aside all cases of cure, recovery, and the like, which the best medical authorities considered to be of a natural, or even of a dubious character. This great pope, the most learned man of his age, tells, in the work already referred to, with much interesting detail, all the precautions that are taken in the examination of the different facts presented as miraculous, such as visions, ecstasies, revelations, cures, etc. The conclusion that forces itself on the unbiased reader is this: that even when full range has been given to scientific assumptions, there still remains to the credit of the Church and of the canonized saints a considerable number of facts which no scientist is, or will ever be, able to account for.

There are many more in the annals of the Church, patent, based on independent, indisputable testimonies, which cannot be reasonably disputed. Such are the facts of ecclesiastical history specially discussed by Cardinal Newman in his "Essay on Miracles." Such, again, numerous events of an extraordinary character[1] minutely investigated by the Bollandists and by other historians. No Catholic who has studied their proofs will be tempted to deny them, nor will any outsider, except in obedience to a general prejudice.

But though there be many of this kind, their number is very small compared with those which come to us resting on weaker evidence. These have to remain as they are found, in every conceivable degree of probability, or uncertainty, or unlikelihood. "An inquirer," says Cardinal Newman (c. v.), "should not enter upon the subject of the miracles reported or alleged in ecclesiastical history without being prepared for fiction and exaggeration in the narrative to an indefinite extent. This cannot be insisted on too often—nothing but the gift of inspiration could have hindered it. Nay, he must not expect that more than a few can be exhibited with evidence of so cogent and complete a character as to command his acceptance; while a great number of them, as far as the evidence goes, are neither certainly true nor certainly false, but have very various degrees of probability, viewed one with another; all of them recommended to his devout attention by the

[1] Related by eye-witnesses such as St. Cyprian, St. Augustine, St. Athanasius, St. Ambrose; or those which come to us sustained only by probable evidence in every degree from the strongest to the weakest.

circumstance that others of the same family have been proven to be true, and all prejudiced by his knowledge that so many others, on the contrary, are certainly not true. It will be his wisdom, then, not to reject or scorn accounts of miracles, where there is a fair chance of their being true; but to allow himself to be in suspense, to raise his mind to Him of whom they may possibly be telling to 'stand in awe and sin not,' and to ask for light,—yet to do no more; not boldly to put forward what, if it be from God, yet has not been put forward by Him."

This attitude of suspense, it must be acknowledged, is difficult to the modern mind in presence of the strangeness, not to say the repulsiveness or the absurdity of certain things related of the saints. But while ready to admit that they are occasionally such as to entitle us to dismiss them at once as unworthy of attention, we would remark that singularity of itself is no conclusive proof of unreality. Though strange to us, facts, supernatural as well as natural, may be perfectly in keeping with the genius of the people or of the period to which they are ascribed. If God works miracles in favor of His children, it is only natural that they should be of a kind to fit in with the notions and meet the anticipations of those they are meant for.

Neither should the authority of the Church be appealed to too freely in support of what does not recommend itself on other grounds. The sanction she gives to miracles, if any, is commonly of a negative kind—that is, she finds no fault with those who believe in them. She canonizes her saints, but not all that is told of them.[1] If some of their wonderful doings are referred to or related in her liturgical books, such as the breviary, it is only as enjoying a certain amount of probability. That this is her mind she often indicates herself by some saving clause, such as, "it is said," "we are told." As for the stories related in the popular lives of the saints or in devotional works, she leaves them to stand or fall entirely on their own merits,—that is, on their antecedent likelihood or unlikelihood, and on the manner of evidence upon which they rest. True or false, they are generally harmless, and consequently the Church has no special reason to be concerned about them.[2] Sometimes, indeed, and from the beginning, she

[1] Their miracles, their revelations, their visions borrow something of the reverence due to themselves, but remain open to investigation, and prove to be in part unreal or purely natural.

[2] "Occiderit S. Georgius draconem," says Bollandus (præf. 7), "verum an metaphoricum, quid interest? Vulgus verum existimat occidisse, aliter docti sentiunt; errat pars alterutra sine piaculo."

has forbidden the diffusion of certain unauthentic stories, but it was because they were likely to prove hurtful to her children. But beyond that she does not go, nor, indeed, can she be expected to sit all the time in judgment on whatever claims to proceed from God. It is a task she leaves to those who are specially fitted for it and feel drawn to it, like the Bollandists, who for the last two hundred and fifty years have done so much to sift, by the methods of scientific criticism, the truth of history from the accumulated mass of legend in the lives of the saints.

V.

But, it may be asked, how did so much legendary matter gather around the names and lives of the holy men of old? How did these wonderful stories originate, so much of which we cannot accept to-day as literal truth, particularly in the Lives of the Fathers of the Desert and of the mediæval saints? The answer is, first, most of them grew spontaneously. Legends are a natural growth of the human mind. They spring up and expand side by side with the facts in the history of every individual, of every institution, of every great event that awakens a lively and abiding interest. Joan of Arc, Napoleon, Washington have their legends. The war of the Revolution and the war of the Union have their legends too. Stories continue to be told of the popular generals which, closely investigated, prove to be groundless. The legends begin in the very lifetime of the heroes; they grow with years under the same process. The longer they remain unwritten the more room is there for additions. Fresh incidents, anecdotes, borrowed by mistake from other stories, collect of themselves around the primitive nucleus and are eagerly welcomed by readers or hearers ever unwilling to question anything that adds to the honor or greatness of what they love. In the same way arose the legends of the saints. To put it in the words of Froude ("Short Studies," I.), "They grew up in some way or other; they were repeated, sung, listened to, written and read. In Ireland, and all over Europe, and over the earth, wherever the Catholic faith was preached, stories like these sprang out of the heart of the people and grew and shadowed over the entire believing mind of the Catholic world. Wherever church was founded, or soil was consecrated for the long resting-place of those who had died in the faith; wherever the sweet bells of convent or monastery were heard in the evening air, charming the unquiet world to rest and remembrance of God, there dwelt the memory of some Apostle who had laid the first stone, there was

the sepulchre of some martyr whose relics reposed beneath the altar, or of some confessor who had suffered there for his Master's sake—of some holy ascetic who, in silent, self-chosen austerity had woven a ladder there of prayer and penance on which the angels of God were believed to have ascended and descended. It is not a phenomenon of an age or of a century; it is a characteristic of the history of Christianity. From the time when the first preachers of the faith passed out from their houses by that quiet Galilean lake, to go to and fro over the earth, and did their mighty work, and at last disappeared and were not any more seen, these sacred legends began to grow. Those who had once known the Apostles, who had drawn from their lips the blessed message of light and life, one and all would gather together what fragments they could find of their stories. . . . . So the legends grew, and were treasured up, and loved, and trusted."

But, besides this unconscious process of generation, others of a more deliberate kind were at work. Thus, it is difficult not to see in many of the stories of the desert and of the cloister thinly veiled fictions, originally destined and understood to convey, under these striking forms, some salutary moral or spiritual lesson.[1] Some of these stories were mere oratorical developments or literary compositions, the Bollandists tell us, mistaken by subsequent generations for a history of real facts. And, if all must be said, there were stories set afloat and accredited which had their origin in deliberate deceit, the work of unscrupulous men who knowingly lavished on saints whose history was forgotten miracles gathered on all sides from the authentic records of other saints. Sometimes they invented them bodily. Tertullian tells us how this was done by the writer of the apocryphal history of St. Paul and St. Thecla, who confessed, later on, that he had done it through a mistaken love for the Apostle. It must be confessed that he had many imitators in subsequent ages.[2]

VI.

And now, if we would take a general view of the miraculous in the course of Christian ages, it will be seen:

---

[1] The same may be said of those dragons the saints are described as fighting against and vanquishing, or the serpents they drove before them into the sea; they only meant the errors and vices which the saints expelled by the preaching of the gospel.

[2] Fuere says "Lud. Vivès. De Tradend. Disciplinis," c. v., "qui magno pietatis loco ducerent mendaciola pro religione confingere: quod et periculosum est, ne veris adimatur fides propter fâlsa, et minime necessarium, quoniam, proprietate nostra, tam multa sunt vera, ut falsa tanquam ignavi milites atque inutiles oneri sunt magis quam auxilio."

First, that miracles constitute an abiding, indubitable feature of the history of the Catholic Church; that many of them rest on evidence so clear and so conclusive that to deny them would lead logically to the destruction of all historical certitude.

Secondly, that others in far greater numbers, though not so conclusively demonstrated, are based on evidence equal, at least, to that upon which we admit the ordinary facts of history.

Thirdly, that the great majority of the miracles which we read or hear of are merely probable, in varying degrees from the most acceptable to the slenderest probability; some of so unlikely, not to say so unworthy a kind that one cannot help wishing to see them expunged from our books of devotion.

Fourthly, that in dealing with all of them the Catholic is left to his own judgment. But it must be an enlightened judgment, that is, based on a direct examination of the evidence or on proper authority. Authority in this matter may be of two kinds, that of experts or that of the Church. By experts we understand those who have made a special study of hagiology, and thus acquired a more refined tact for discerning truth from invention or imagination; or again, those who have made a thorough study of any special event or of the life of a saint, and whose judicious manner of handling the subject is calculated to inspire confidence. Short of a personal study of that case, to follow such a leading is surely the wisest course. As regards the Church, it will be remembered that she commits herself very sparingly to facts of any kind, and especially of this kind. Her judgment, when she does interfere, is generally not direct but implied, and she claims no infallibility for it; yet it would hardly be respectful or even judicious to question lightly what she has extended her sanction to in any degree.

Fifthly, even when the facts alleged are considered baseless or otherwise inadmissible, a Catholic always handles them with a certain reverence, because of the saint with whose name they have come to be connected, and because of the people whose religious sense might be shocked by the association of levity with anything they hold sacred.

A religious teacher may be sometimes perplexed as to the use he may make of apocryphal studies. The fact of finding them in devotional books will not always justify him in doing so. They may have been useful to those they were originally meant for and be positively harmful to others. If he does not believe in them himself, he has no right to relate them as true. But if his hearers are likely to be benefited by them, he can relate them as being

found in such a book or told by such a writer; and still better, he may refer to them as legends, poetic fancies, and the like, of interest only as embodying and conveying some salutary lesson.

Finally, if, confining ourselves to well attested miracles, we examine in what proportions they spread themselves over the different Christian ages, we shall find them just as we might be led to expect from the promise of Christ and the needs of His Church. In the divine economy miracles are the testimony of God in favor of a doctrine, a pledge of His favor towards His chosen servants and a reward of their faith. We therefore naturally look for miracles at the first preaching of the Gospel, and at its subsequent establishment amidst the various nations of the world; we look for them at any time at the hands of men of extraordinary virtue, and as the reward of a lively faith.

And this is exactly what we find. Miracles abound in the primitive Church. They are lavished on the barbarians, hardly sensible to any other argument. They reappear in every age as the ordinary accompaniment of great holiness.[1] They are more frequent in the "ages of faith," both sustaining and rewarding that fundamental virtue. That a vast number of the miracles in which the middle ages believed should properly be ascribed to the religious enthusiasm of the period, joined to its ignorance of natural laws and forces, will hardly be questioned at the present day. But after full allowance is made for these agencies it will still, we believe, remain an historical fact that real miracles abounded in that period more than in subsequent ages.

The miracles in particular related of the Irish saints are often, owing to their special strangeness, a source of great perplexity to hagiologists, some, like Bollandus himself, admitting their reality,[2] while others, struck, on the one hand, by the sort of reckless lavishness with which the supernatural is cast into these narratives, and, on the other hand, by the fact that these wonders, out of all proportion with other accounts of miracles, are related, as Bollandus remarks, only of saints of the Celtic race, Irish, ancient

---

[1] "Vera miracula," says S. Thomas (c. 2, 9, 178a, 2), "fiunt virtute divinâ ad hominum utilitatem, uno quidem modo ad veritatis prædicatæ confirmationem, alio modo ad demonstrationem sanctitatis alicujus quam Deus vult hominibus proponere in exemplam virtutis."

[2] "In ejusmodi patrandis prodigiis sese ferè simplicitati ac fidei hominum Deus attemperat. Ideo Hibernorum, Scotorum, Britannorum tam qui Albionem quam qui Armoricanæ Galliæ oram incolunt planè portentosæ sunt sanctorum vitæ, atque ex miraculis ferè incredibilibus contextæ, quia apud eas gentes et constantia fidei egregia et vitæ simplicitas ac candor olim rarus extitit."—*Præf. gen.*, c. 2, § 2.

Scotch, Welsh and Bretons, are led to ascribe these extraordinary features, not to the facts themselves, but to the peculiar bent of the Celtic imagination, in the people who originated the stories or in those who committed them to writing.

One of their most conspicuous features is the familiar intercourse supposed to exist between those ancient monks and hermits and the wild animals by which they were surrounded on every side, the latter losing their ferocity or their shyness in presence of the favored servants of God. The birds, we are told, loved to gather round them and to feed from their hands. The game, large and small, when hard pressed by the hunter, sought refuge beside them. The strongest and fiercest animals became their humble slaves. If the numberless stories of this kind were confined to one region or to one race, one might he tempted to see in them only the wild wanderings of undisciplined fancy or allegories meant to express the gentleness and helpfulness of the saint as compared with the unpitying selfishness of the natural man. But stories of a similar kind abound in the lives of the Desert Fathers, several of which are attested by reliable eye-witnesses, and thus accredit that manner of miracle as a species, if not in its individual facts. "The ancient authors," writes Montalembert ("Monks of the West," c. vii. 5), "who record these incidents are unanimous in asserting that this supernatural empire of the old monks over the animal creation is explained by the primitive innocence which these heroes of penitence and purity had won back, and which placed them once more on a level with Adam and Eve in the terrestrial paradise! 'Is it wonderful,' says Bede, 'that he who faithfully and loyally obeys the Creator of the universe should, in his turn, see all the creatures obedient to his orders and to his wishes?'"

The same writer adds: "The dignity of history loses nothing by pausing upon these tales. Written by a Christian and for Christians, history would be unfaithful to herself if she affected to deny or to ignore the supernatural intervention of Providence in the life of the saints chosen by God to guide, to console and to lift up his faithful people. Certainly, fables are sometimes mixed with truth; imagination has allied itself to authentic tradition to alter or to supersede it, and there have been guilty frauds practised on the faith and piety of our ancestors. But justice has reached most of these through the learned and unsparing criticism of those great masters of historic science whom the religious orders themselves had given to the world long before our modern critics were heard of.

"It is, then, both just and natural to record these pious traditions without pretending to assign the degree of certainty which belongs to them. They will not disturb the minds of those who know the requirements of nations accustomed to live by faith. Echoing the beliefs of our fathers, they have fed the souls, and charmed the fancies, and comforted the hearts of twenty generations of brave and fervent Christians during the most productive and brilliant ages of Christendom. Authentic or not, there is not one which does not do honor to human nature, and which does not proclaim some victory of weakness over strength or of good over evil."

VII.

In these last words Montalembert brings back to us a view which should never be lost sight of, viz., the value of the miraculous histories of the saints irrespective of their historical reality. For fiction itself not only has its poetic charm; it has also its philosophical interest. Legend, in fact, is history after a fashion; it reveals the ideals of the past, as annals and chronicles reveal its facts. It is the inner soul of a period, reflecting its thoughts and feelings, its tastes and aspirations. Hence, it comes to pass that the historians of our day who want to know not only the public events of a period but its inner life and guiding spirit, turn to the legends and the poetry of the time as expressing what is deepest in men's souls and uppermost in their minds. Only thus can they see the living past and portray it in its fulness. As Froude again happily puts it: "In the records of all human affairs it cannot be too often insisted on that two kinds of truth run ever side by side, or rather, crossing in and out with each other, form the warp and woof of the colored web which we call history; the one the literal and external truths, the other the truths of feeling and of thought which embody themselves either in distorted pictures of outward things, or in some entirely new creation—sometimes moulding and shaping true history; sometimes taking the form of heroic biography, of tradition, or of popular legend; sometimes appearing as recognized fiction in the epic, the drama, or the novel. It is useless to tell us that this is to confuse truth and falsehood. We are stating a fact, not a theory; and if it makes truth and falsehood difficult to distinguish, that is nature's fault, not ours. Imagination creates as nature creates by the force which is in man, which refuses to be restrained; we cannot help it. The histories of the saints are written as ideals of a Christian life. For fourteen centuries the religious mind of the Catholic world threw them out as its form of hero worship, as the heroic patterns of a form of

human life which each Christian within his own limits was endeavoring to realize. For fourteen hundred years these stories held their place and rang on from age to age; as the new faith widened its boundaries, and numbered ever more and more great names of men and women who had fought and died for it, so long their histories, living in the hearts of those for whom they labored, laid hold of them and filled them; and the devout imagination, possessed with what was often no more than the rumors of a name, bodied it out into life, and form, and reality."

Thus the miraculous in Church history, even in its least substantiated elements, retains an abiding value for all ages; how much more what comes to us with the unquestionable warrant of authentic fact! It is each time a fresh revelation of God to His children, a fresh token of His presence and of His love. It strengthens their hold on the miraculous facts of the Gospel, and keeps alive in them that sense of mystery and overruling power which is of the very essence of the religious spirit.

J. Hogan.

IS GEOLOGY A SCIENCE?

I.

Introduction.

IF we open any scientific periodical of the beginning of this century, or read the lives of men who devoted themselves to science at that time, we cannot help being struck by the number of different characters assumed by any one of the *savants*. We see the same individual carrying on observations alike in zoology and physics, in agriculture and astronomy. The field of science was then so small that a very slight vantage-ground sufficed for surveying the whole. In our day, on the contrary, it almost requires a Yerkes' telescope merely to see the ever-receding frontier of any one of the provinces into which the space has been divided.

The great area of observation is now mapped out into separate territories which each science must conquer for itself. One only pretends to supreme dominion. The metaphysician, the philosopher *par excellence*, claims sovereignty over all regions of human knowledge, and dictates laws for each. If any mere "natural" philosopher venture to inquire into the deeper mysteries, or to attack any abstract question, he is immediately—and with justice—repelled, and his proper subordinate position is pointed out to him. And even in his own domain each must be able to render an account and pay tribute. Above all, we have an established religion of logic. *À priori* truths are the articles of its creed, and deduction the ritual ordained. Some forms of induction and of *à posteriori* argument are tolerated, but only in the degree prescribed by the logical high priest. Mathematics are lawful, and experiment is permitted, but it is dangerous to argue on inference and fatal to proceed by analogy.

This is all as it should be; but unfortunately our metaphysician does not always recognize that, before putting down an apparent heresy with a strong hand, he is bound to inquire into the truth of the accusation and to examine all the evidence for the defence. It has more than once happened that a case has been judged summarily, and the supposed offender has been sharply rebuked, when a patient hearing would have established his orthodoxy. As a natural consequence we often find the modern scientist raising the standard of revolt and proclaiming his independence, nay, even

going so far as to express his contempt for the whole procedure of the court in which he has been once prematurely condemned.

Among other reprimands which he has administered, our metaphysician in former years had one always ready for the geologist. "Logic," he said, "and Certainty! You must worship at these shrines alone. You should follow the example of astronomers and chemists. Their reasoning is sound, and their conclusions—at least many of them—are beyond cavil. But you geologists, what right have you to the name of science? How do you prove your assertions? On what do you ground your conclusions? You have neither a beginning nor an end! You argue from analogy based upon assumption. Why, even among yourselves you cannot keep the peace! I do not believe that there is one detail on which you are all agreed; and your very first assertions, the animal origin of fossils and the sedimentary character of the rocks, are incapable of truly cogent, logical proof. How can you tell that they were not all created some six thousand years ago in the state in which we find them?"

* * * * * * *

The geologist has no fear that such attacks will ever be repeated. He has gained an established position, and he has had a territory conceded to him. Its boundaries are wide, ranging from those of chemistry and mineralogy on one side to biology and archæology on the other. Still it may be that here or there a metaphysician could be found who has never seen the title-deeds to the estate, or who has not altogether thrown off his doubts as to the solidity of the geological argument. He will not give utterance to the speech I have described, but he does not discard the idea altogether, but looks to it as a sort of Torres Vedras, behind which he could always fall back, if a geological onslaught carried his other defences.

No one would now call in question the explanation which astronomers give us of the solar system. The most ardent defender of mediæval learning owns that on this point the older theories are obsolete, though they were accepted by an Aristotle or an Aquinas. In the same way, if any one attempted to invoke the assistance of phlogiston in order to explain the diminished weight of a burnt coal, he would be looked upon as a mere Rip Van Winkle in physical science. But there are still a few who consider themselves versed in the knowledge of modern observation, and even fully believe in the certainties of natural science, and who yet do not feel so sure of their ground when they enter the domain of geology. The literal interpretation of the Biblical Cos-

mogony has such a firm hold on their minds from childhood that they find a difficulty in shaking it off. Indeed they feel instinctively that the greatest caution must be exercised before they can depart from the strict letter of Scripture. They ask for proofs, in such a case, which they would never consider necessary under other circumstances. And, after all, how can we contend with an adversary who appeals to an omnipotent Creator? Are we going to say that it is beyond His power to create fossils? Shall we prescribe a time-limit to His eternal decree?

God did undoubtedly call everything into existence at some moment of the past, and, when He did so, it must have commenced existence as a "going concern." If an intelligent creature had then viewed it, he would have been immediately tempted to say that he could see natural effects, and therefore there must have been natural causes. However simple the order of the universe may then have been, there was some kind of motion going on, and our reasoner would have said that each particle that moved must have come from some more distant spot, it must have had some *vis à tergo* to force it forward. If there was heat, then he might affirm that there had been a collision of worlds, or some other material cause for the heat. He might even go so far as to reconstruct in theory the state of the world for some preceding age.

How can we tell that this is not really our own case? How can we venture to affirm that our restorations of former ages are not mere theory, but that they do really represent facts? The difficulty is great, I allow, but it is not insuperable. The intelligent creature whom we have supposed present at the Creation would have argued well in support of his theory, but it would be theory still. He would have found no true parallel of action now going on by which he could prove his statements. There would have been no traces left on the things he saw which pointed with certainty to such a former state.

Yet, any one who has a little practical experience in geological research will find that certainty has, as it were, grown upon him unconsciously,—nay, perhaps in spite of deep misgivings at the outset. "What!" he began by saying, "this sandstone, that almost turns the chisel when I try to carve it, was once loose sand on a sea-beach! And this crumbling chalk was once a soft ooze, like that now found in the Atlantic! And the flints in it, that will scratch glass, represent former sponges! And this curved outline on a polished face of limestone shows the home of an animal as soft as the oyster! And this brittle slate, you say, was

laid down as soft mud on a river bank! How can I believe such things?" It is long since he spoke like this. He has now studied patiently the details of his science, he has learned the history of the sand and of the deep-sea ooze, and of the oyster-like shell-fish with its surrounding bed, and of the soft-clay bank of the river. He has weighed the evidence they give of their own vicissitudes. He has seen that the deepest ocean would have long since been filled up by the silt of centuries if the superincumbent weight had not pressed the earlier deposits ever nearer to the centre of the earth,[1] and thus brought them into closer contact with the subterranean fires. He has pondered on the effects of this heat and pressure in hardening and crystallizing the once soft mud. He has examined all the traces of volcanic outbursts and of mountain upheavals. He has observed the veins of minerals left by infiltrating waters. He is at last conquered by the testimony brought before him. Now, therefore, he must be able to give a reasonable account of his belief, or rather conviction; for geologists contend that it is not faith or assumption on which they found their conclusions. They claim to have certainty, and that not only in the firmness with which they hold to their opinions, but also in the truer sense that their assertions are founded on well-ascertained facts.

II.

Certainty.

In order to appreciate the argument for geological truth we must first have a clear understanding as to what we mean by certainty. Taken in its strictest sense, this word signifies the conviction which follows upon exact demonstration, where every step of the argument, from beginning to end, is a proposition which must be true, and cannot under any possible circumstances admit of doubt in a logical mind. But there is a broader though well-recognized use of the term "certainty," to signify the attitude of our minds towards the facts of every-day life. In these it is very seldom that strict demonstration can be applied. There is, therefore, usually a bare possibility of our being deceived. Yet the

[1] It is a fully established fact that many parts of the earth are now slowly sinking. Darwin proposed, as a theory, that the reef-building corals were just keeping pace, in their race for the surface, with the sinking floor of the Pacific, and that they thus maintained their islands at a constant level. These animals cannot thrive below the depth of eight or ten fathoms, and are killed if exposed by the tide, yet the most recent observations prove Darwin to have been right in supposing that the coral structures are often nearly 2000 feet in thickness.

evidence is so strong that our minds are compelled by their very nature to hold the proposition as true, without any hesitation or misgiving. It is in this sense, and in this sense only, that we can be certain of the observations of modern science. It is, therefore, in this sense that we use the term in our present discussion.

By certainty, then, we mean the adhesion of the mind to a judgment which is founded on experience, and which excludes all reasonable doubt.

It may be urged that as long as any doubt, however slight, remains, we cannot have a perfect apprehension of the conformity between intellect and object, and that, consequently, the evidence is not absolutely convincing. But, since the doubt is in such a case unreasonable, though logically possible, we cannot refuse to call our state of mind certainty, unless we desire to give the lie to human nature and affirm that our perceptive faculties are incapable of perceiving their proper objects. And, indeed, the use of the word with our present meaning is so fully established, even in philosophical works, that we are legitimately entitled to retain it until logicians supply us with other language. In any case, this is the only meaning of the term "certainty" which can be applied to the "certainties" of any natural science; and if we can show that geological conclusions attain to this standard, we have proved the right of geology to the name of science in the same sense in which astronomy or chemistry can claim that title.

Certainty, therefore, embraces all those conclusions from experience on which a man will act with entire confidence, even though he may not be able to show, *à priori*, that the facts *must* be such as he sees them to be. It includes not only past and present experience, such as that this piece of paper, which I have just put into the fire, is now burning with a bright flame. It is also certain that the next piece which I tear from the same sheet will also burn. It is true there *might* be something wrong with this second piece;[1] it might, for instance, be impregnated with some chemical. But the contingency is so remote that it would be folly to entertain the supposition. A man who habitually doubted such things, and who showed his doubts in his conduct, would inevitably be considered an unpractical and useless member of society, to use no harsher term. Yet it would be hard to dislodge him from his position by mere reasoning.

[1] If there were nothing wrong with the paper, and it still did not burn, we should be right in saying that this was preternatural; but we may deal with the question of miracles later.

But, it may be objected, the experiment just described is far from complete, and one might well feel justified in doubting whether the second sheet of paper would burn. There are innumerable circumstances which might make all the difference between the two pieces. Such an objection is easily answered by pointing out how many minutiæ are presupposed when experiments or observations are described. No one really conversant with the subject would expect to have these written down. We presuppose, for instance, in the present case, that the second scrap of paper is to all outward appearance like the first; that it shows no signs of dampness or discoloration; that we have reasonable grounds for thinking that it has not been subjected to chemical treatment before we took it up, and that it has not since been tampered with.

Now, it is precisely these minutiæ, never expressed, but always implied, which suggest *practical* doubts to the casual reader of geological literature. These doubts can indeed be easily removed, but only on one condition: *Go and see.* There are few of us, at the present day, who do not live within a short distance of a good geological museum, and still fewer who may not, if they will, form an interesting collection for themselves in the course of a day's excursion in their immediate neighborhood. No study of books can supply the knowledge to be gained by examining and handling a few of the commonest fossils.

The theoretical doubt of the philosopher, on the other hand, arises from a demand for too rigid a proof. In all physical matters the only certainty we can obtain is of the broader kind; and, as long as the metaphysician himself uses the term "certainty" to describe the effects of his personal experience, or as long as he concedes that any natural science can have certainty in its conclusions, so long must he abstain from calling geologists rash for saying that they also are certain of the results of their observations.

I suppose no one would impute rashness to Robinson Crusoe when he felt certain of the presence of man on finding the footprints of his unknown visitors. Yet the impression *might* have been formed by some curious combination of wind and tide and an erratic sand-worm. Why has nobody suggested such a solution before? Because it is felt by all that the coincidence of material causes required to produce such an imitation would be so improbable as to be truly called impossible, in ordinary human parlance.

III.

Miracles and Creation.

In other words, the certainty which we have of geological phenomena, as of other physical facts, is not of the kind which we can obtain by mathematical argument, but is the conclusion dictated by common sense.

A small boy, who had just been learning the gospel of the Sunday, turned to his mother and said: "Mother, why don't you sell all you have and give it to the poor?" The answer given was by another question: "Don't you want any dinner to-day?" The geologist makes a very similar answer to suggestions that fossils might have been produced by a miracle or by creation in their present state. It is not for us to prove that these were not the causes, but it is for our opponents to show why we must appeal to extraordinary agents when all is readily explained as a natural process.

No one now seriously maintains that fossils were created in their present state, but I shall speak, for the moment, as if the supposition had been made in earnest, as I shall thus be able to bring out more clearly the true ground on which geology rests.

Appealing, then, to common sense, we establish, as our first principle, that ordinary agents must be presumed where extraordinary ones are not proved. This principle immediately does away with our power of invoking miracles to explain natural phenomena. Far from denying God's power to work miracles, we may concede that He intervenes by a special act of His Providence in a very large number of cases, in our own day as in all time. But it always remains true that these interventions, however numerous in themselves, form but an infinitesimal percentage of the events in the life of the greatest Thaumaturgus. And even of these special acts there are many in which God has used physical agents, working in their ordinary manner.[1] Again, miraculous power is only used by God when, if we may say so without disre-

[1] A very good example of this is seen in the rain which came in answer to the prayer of Elias. There was no sudden convulsion of nature, but the small cloud appears on the far-off horizon, brought by the wind, and gradually increasing in size until the whole sky is overcast. The real "effecting" of the miracle, if one may say so, takes place out of sight, and all that is capable of being perceived follows the natural order of such events.

It is in a similar manner we may conceive the creation to have been effected. As far back as men's limited knowledge can attain with certainty, such as we are describing, so far back at least we must date the creation. We only overreach our limits when we say that the earliest state of things for which we have evidence must have been preceded by some other state, and we then proceed to construct a hypothetical order, to which nothing corresponds at the present day, either in degree or in kind.

spect, He wishes to speak to an intelligent creature in an extraordinary manner. But since this is the object of the miracle, there must be a corresponding clearness in the perception of the creature. He must be able to recognize the language addressed to him. There must, therefore, be a clear separation between such phenomena and those of ordinary occurrence. It is true that God speaks to us in a metaphorical sense, if we would but listen to Him, in every wind that blows, and in every flower that blooms; but these are not His miraculous messages. In order that we may recognize a miracle, the effect must stand out from the usual course. No one writes with white chalk on paper, nor with ink on a black-board. If we desire our writing to be read we take the opposite colors, so that our words may be prominent. So, also, if a series is before us, each member graduating into the next, as in the colors of a rainbow, we cannot distinguish the separate lines. But let some interference take place, so as to make a gap in the series, and we shall notice it at once. Now we shall be able to prove that there is an unbroken chain, or sequence of minute differences, from the living animal to the most obscure fossil, so that such a clear separation between the miraculous and the natural cannot be pointed out in the series.

Granted, however, that the fossils were not produced by a miracle, properly so called, might they not still have been *created* as we find them?—for there is no necessity that man should be able to trace all the actions of God's creative power. To this objection I reply that the same reasoning holds here also. We are compelled by our common-sense principle to ascribe these appearances to physical and organic causes, as may be seen from the following argument.

IV.

Fossils,[1] the Records of Past Life.

Let us return to Robinson Crusoe on his desert island. He sees footprints on the fine soft sand, with the marks of the toes sharply defined, and he notices that the front part of the impression has been pushed over that of the heel, as the foot was bent in taking a step forward. He necessarily considers these impressions

[1] We may deal later with the manner in which fossils have become buried in the soft clays, sands, or other material that tends to fill up the sea, and we have already touched on the processes by which these have gradually been converted into hard rocks. The former can be observed by any one who will dig in a river bank or on the sea-shore, while many soft sediments can be turned into hard stone artificially by pressure, like writing-chalk; by heat, like brick; or by chemical processes, like concrete; though for other rocks a long period of time would be necessary to reproduce nature's effects.

as the effects of a human agent. He follows the track, and, as it passes on to firmer ground, the outline of each impression becomes less clear, yet the general size and shape still give him confidence that he is following the stranger. Now and again, it may be, the savage has trodden on a stone, and the mark left is nothing but a little wet sand on the rock-surface. Under other circumstances Crusoe would have passed this by as unworthy of his attention; but here he has seen the previous footprints, and there are others beyond to show the path. He is certain that this, also, is due to his fellow-man. In another place there is only a tuft of grass, pressed down and bruised. Yesterday he would have said that this was the resting-place of one of his goats, but to-day he follows another quarry, and he cannot doubt that here again there was a human cause.

Finally the ground becomes firm and covered with vegetation, lying in a thin strip between the rocky sea-shore and an inaccessible cliff. The marks are altogether missing, yet he would be foolish in the extreme if, because there is no trace left of his unwelcome guest, he were to assert that no man had passed that way. He has followed one track hitherto, and whoever made it must have continued his journey, since he is no longer here. Farther on there is a convenient landing-place, where the stranger's boat may have been moored. Crusoe can no longer be certain that his visitor has gone beyond this point, but till now he has had no alternative but to follow the clear dictates of his senses. He has seen not only the impression of a human foot, but alternate impressions of right and left. He has noticed the varied effects of these same feet on sand and rock, on grassy level and on muddy river-bank. No two marks are quite the same, yet all had the same cause. Here the impressions are nearly even for toe and heel—evidently the man was walking slowly; there the toes only have touched the ground, making curved sweeps backwards—he knows that his friend was running at the top of his speed. When on wet sand, the footprints have been converted into mere oblong hollows, which are only shown to be of human origin from their size and the distance they are apart, while those in the tough clay of the river-side retain the very lines of the skin left in relief.

Now, we have a very similar case with our fossils. On the present sea-shore we find the derelicts of animals whose relatives still live within a few yards' distance. As we follow the tracks, not along the surface but into the solid earth, we find similar relics of past life impressed in stones and clays, which have hardened into rocks by pressure, heat, and other physical agents. We

do not trace the course of a single man, but we are in the wake of an army more numerous than that of Xerxes, or than the hordes of Attila. The record left to us is not of footprints only, but of whole lives. This shale, once the soft mud of a flooded river, preserves the story of a battle in which the victorious Ichthyosaurus, with his mighty jaws and teeth, has been left on the field of his triumph, with his vanquished foe half-consumed beside him. Here is a slab of marble, showing the peaceful arts of the coral, constructing with wonderful architectural skill a monument that can rival the pyramids. In these gravels are entombed the fangs and bones of the sabre-toothed tiger, while in the clay below is found the bag of ink with which the cuttlefish concealed his flight. Wherever we turn we are confronted with tracks and worm-casts, or with bones and shells, all similar in form to those made at the present day, though the material in which they are encased may have been turned into the hardest rock. And this similarity of form is not limited to the external shape, but often extends to internal and even microscopic structure.[1]

All fossils are not, indeed, equally well preserved; but when we have once seen the better specimens we can easily recognize one less perfect and so gradually go back to those in which still fewer—perhaps only one or two—characteristics are left. For it must be borne in mind that for many kinds of fossils we have the same form in all possible states of preservation, from those in which the smallest details of structure are all present to mere impressions in the rock which show where a fossil has been removed.

This state of preservation does not depend upon age only; there are some very ancient strata in which the fossils are almost perfectly preserved. The material may be altered, as wood is changed into coal; yet even in the coal, under favorable conditions, the cell-structure of the fibres remain. On the other hand, we find recent wood and animal skeletons which have decayed, and their place has been usurped by masses of mud and spar showing no internal organization.

It is true that we have now and then genuine "lusus naturæ." Such, for instance, was the piece of soap mentioned by Buckland in his "Curiosities," which took the shape of a child's skull. Yet the first scientific man who examined it found out the deception. Such, again, are the curious roots, with a fantastic resemblance to men and animals, of which representations occasionally appear in

[1] For much of their microscopic work botanists prefer fossil plants, as the structure is more clearly defined than in the living herb.

our pictorial magazines. To these we may add the "mimetic" flowers and insects. But none of these form a series as the fossils, do; and, indeed, they seldom represent those parts of organic bodies which are capable of resisting decay.

On the other hand, it often requires considerable familiarity with the "minutiæ" of geology to be able to say whether any particular curiously-shaped stone is or is not a fossil; and still more knowledge is required to tell what organism it represents. Indeed, there are still many mineral structures, such as the famous Eozoon, about which the most skilled geologists remain in doubt. But these doubtful forms do not in the least affect our certainty as to other forms, where the organic structure can be detected, often, by those who have never before held a fossil in their hands.

Thus, in rocks which we can show are certainly older[1] than the coal in Lancashire, England, we find pieces of wood with small bivalve shells attached by their byssus, or bundle of fibres, just as the modern mussel clings to our pierheads. The wood has turned into coal, but with the grain quite distinct, and on the shells we see lines of growth, and occasionally even the hinge with its teeth, and on the inside of the valve we observe the impressions left by the muscles for closing the shell. If we take a small piece of one of these shells and examine it under the microscope, we shall find that it has the same prismatic structure as many living mollusks.

Again, in the limestone rocks of Trenton, New York, we come across a spiral shell similar in general characters to the modern whelk. The greater part of its surface is overgrown with the cell-walls of a small polyp or zoophyte, almost identical in appearance with the horny skeleton of our bryozoa. Perhaps we may find this same shell perforated by a small curved tunnel, such as is effected by certain sea-worms of the present day, or with a number of small white tubes fixed to its surface, reminding us of the parasitic home of the serpula. Nay, more, on one of the sides of our spiral we see a large perforation; and it will not be hard to obtain a whelk pierced in the same part of his shell by one of the boring sponges. Who can doubt that we have here not only the life of a single animal recorded in the lines of growth round the spiral, but also the fatal termination of his career, with the subsequent history of his deserted mansion, become the inheritance of lower forms of life.

[1] We are forced here, to anticipate part of the argument for the relative age of the rocks. Briefly, we say that one layer or stratum is older than another if we find that, for any extensive area, the first is covered by the second, even though both may appear at the surface in other places.

In the British Museum is preserved a specimen of terebratula, nearly as old as the last specimen, from the extreme north of the American continent. It resembles exactly the lamp-shells of our present coasts.[1] Like its modern antetype it is bivalve, with each shell equal-sided. If we look at a fragment under the microscope, we shall find the same structure of elongated and curved cells matted together, and pierced with minute canals. Both have the same curious loop of shell inside for supporting their breathing apparatus; we can even see in the older specimen rows of dark red spots, showing that in former times nature decorated the homes of her subjects even as she paints the valves of molluska now.

Instances like these could be multiplied indefinitely. We might have referred to the impressions of jelly-fish found on the lithographic stone of Bavaria, or to the skeletons of birds with casts of the feathers preserved in the same rock. We might have called attention to the footprints of amphibia on the old lake shores of Connecticut, or to the ferns so abundantly found with the coal in all parts of the world, or to the wings of dragon-flies and cock-roaches from the coal shales of Pennsylvania. But there is no need to lengthen the catalogue.

We will only ask our reader to come with us to the nearest oyster-stall and to examine and compare a live and a dead oyster. The shape is the same both in hard and in soft parts, and you can surely have no doubt whether the dead one was created in his present state, or whether he was once alive, and that but a few hours ago. Empty out the dead animal and compare his shell with any empty valve lying about. Both have the same rough appearance outside, almost as if overgrown with lichen. Both have the same internal pearly layer of shell. In each you may notice the rough circular spots to which were fixed the muscles for opening and closing the valves. Observe also the elevated ridge which marks off the position occupied by the shell-forming mantle. Are you not certain that this also was once filled with a live oyster? Now take the empty shell and come with us to the sea-shore. Here we can find you many more, some nearly entire, others partly worn away from being rubbed over the sand and pebbles by the waves. Yet you see at once that they are true oyster-shells. You would laugh in derision did any one seriously assert his belief that they were created in their present state.

---

[1] The only modern terebratula lives in the Mediterranean sea, but a nearly allied species, terebratulina, is found off the coasts of North America.

You would concede that, in the abstract, it was quite possible for God to have so created them, but, taking the concrete facts as you find them, you would say that the belief was unreasonable.

Now come with us to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. There, six hundred feet above the present sea-level, we can show you other mollusk shells, with rough outer coating and internal pearly layers, with circular impressions for the valve-muscles and line of mantle attachment. They are often better preserved than those of the sea-shore below. Another journey will take us to the State of Mississippi. There, beneath the town of Claiborne, we can show you other shells that you cannot mistake, from clays which are overlaid by newer deposits hundreds of feet thick. In the Missouri Valley we can show you a still older group of rocks, which contain well-preserved shells.

Thus we go back to older and still older rocks, gathering up a collection of molluskan remains. In each of these specimens there is so much preserved of the characteristic form that we can make a complete series, of which any two adjoining members will be alike except in one minute point. If some of the marks which we seek for comparison with the modern shell are wanting here and there, we are amply compensated by the reasons each one can adduce for having failed to preserve them. The oyster-shell we found on the beach could point to the sea-waves and the sand to account for its abrasions. The specimens from the Gulf of St. Lawrence showed signs of decay from the action of wind and frost. Other shells are flattened by the weight of the super-incumbent earth, or have been crystallized into spar by the heat resulting from this pressure. Yet others have had to give place to some new mineral brought by underground streams. This fossil was crumpled during the upheaval of a mountain chain that was half-fused by the passage of a lava stream hard by. Each has a clear tale to tell. Each brings his credentials into court with him, and claims the right of laying his evidence before the jury. His evidence is not shaken by cross-examination, however searching may be the questions put by the counsel for the other side. How can you refuse to give a verdict in favor of a case so well supported? Do not take the evidence at second-hand; no mere reading will convince you as will one half-hour spent in a good collection of fossils. Nor, if you have a geological companion, will you find that half-hour without interest.

In the whole series we bring before you there is no hiatus so great as that between the living and the dead oyster. If a comparison of these two forces you to be certain that both are due to

the same animal agencies, then you must say the same for any two others which lie side by side in the line. If you raise a doubt as to the natural and physical cause for the earliest fossils, then you must allow the same doubt to remain for the modern specimens. You will, in that case, no longer be able to credit your own convictions, founded though they are on simple observation of what is before you. In other words, your doubts as to the animal origin of the fossils must, if logically carried out, lead you into skepticism.

Space does not permit us to go more fully into numberless minutiæ by which we might have strengthened our case. We have only sketched the broader outlines of the resemblance between fossils and living animals, confining ourselves to one small corner of the animal kingdom. In all the other divisions there is the same evidence, strengthened indefinitely by the preserved record of inanimate agents that have been at work during all stages of the earth's development. We have pitmarks from rain old cañons and valleys carved by rivers, scratches left by former glaciers, and lava and ashes from volcanoes which have long been extinct.

V.

The Rocks, Pages of the Earth's History.

Granting, however, that all fossils are traces of past life, how does it follow that their age is to be measured, as geologists say, by millions of years? What are those wonderful "formations" on which they descant so freely? On what grounds can they affirm that these are arranged in any order of time? What reasons can they give for calling them the pages of the great book in which the history of the earth is written? What right have they to assert that the rocks are records immeasurably more ancient than any parchment or graven monument, that they are witnesses to climatic changes and continental revolutions in uncounted ages before man appeared on the scene?

These are the questions to which we must now turn our attention, though here, too, we can only sketch out the line of argument, without giving the wealth of detail which a large treatise could supply.

If two bricks are lying one upon the other we may well be in doubt as to which was there first, or whether both were laid in their present position at the same moment. But if we go to the mouth of a river, and see a great quantity of clay that has been carried down and spread out over the sea-floor, if we dig through

a few feet of this deposit and then come to a bed of sandstone, surely there can be no doubt that the sand was there before the river began to bring down the clay.

We dig a trench through the clay from below the surface of the water to well above high tide, and we find that the clay gradually becomes thinner, until the sand reaches the surface, rising up into hills and sand-dunes. Yet no one will misunderstand us if we say that the sand-bed is below the clay, as a basin may be said to be below the water it contains.

Farther inland we come to a quarry in the sandstone, and we see that the floor is composed of limestone, which extends back towards the mountains of the interior. Continuing our expedition, we can make out a succession of many different kinds of rock, each cropping out from beneath the others, while the surfaces of contact slope alone at a nearly uniform angle to the horizon. On turning back, therefore, towards the coast, each layer of rock will be seen to dip into the ground beneath the next.

It is a very simple problem in mathematics, when we have the angle of this dip and the horizontal surface exposed, as on a map, to calculate the true thickness of each layer, or stratum, as it is called. Let us suppose this calculation made, and that the clay is found to be, on the average, 50 feet thick, and the sand 100 feet. Then we should say that, *geologically*, the limestone lies here at a depth of 150 feet. If this also had a thickness of 1000 feet, and we found a fossil in its lowest part, we should say that the fossil came from a bed 1150 feet deep, *at least*. We say "*at least*," for its real geological depth may be much more.

Both the sandstone and the limestone beds contain many fossils, some kinds being so frequent that they may be considered characteristic of their respective strata; and, when we follow the sandstone along the coast, we can easily recognize it by the presence of these same fossils. A few miles farther the sandstone turns inland, and we find beds of chalk lying between it and the shore. On the other side a bed of shale appears above the limestone. Our sequence of rocks is, then, not simply clay, sandstone and limestone, but it must now include the chalk and shales as well. Adjusting in this manner all the strata, we can obtain a succession ever more and more complete as we extend our observations. In this manner we may eventually find that our limestone fossil, which at first seemed only a little more than 1000 feet below the modern deposits, must really be assigned to a depth of many thousands of feet. Such observations as we have indicated are being carried on in all countries, and the results are published by

the National Surveys, while local geologists study the detailed succession of smaller areas. The total thickness of all strata found by this means is something over 170,000 feet, or about thirty-two miles. We have now to show what these strata can tell us of the past history of the earth.

Let us go back to our river mouth, and examine carefully what is taking place there. It is not a uniform expanse, sloping gently into the sea, as it appeared at first sight. Near the river mouth the mud is more sandy and mixed with pebbles, and it gradually becomes finer as we go farther out to sea. Here there is a large block of stone dividing the current, which, strengthened on each side in its rush forward, cuts out a channel round the rock. On the lee side there is an eddy, producing curved grooves in the soft clay, and along the most protected line a ridge stands out, gradually getting broader and lower as it extends away from the shelter of the breakwater in front.

Along the margin of the current we again see a similar set of grooves and channels, behind the roots of sedges, with little heaps of dead sea-weed, shells of mollusks, and the carapaces or armor of prawns and shrimps. Here we see fish darting to and fro, now rising to the surface, now sweeping along the floor, and making sharp cuts and dashes in the smooth silt with their lower fins.

In a quiet corner a group of prawns are romping like school-boys, some leaping up in the clear water, others scoring the ground with legs and tail as they rush together. Observe those two having a regular bout of wrestling, while they make a little cloud of mud. When this settles down we see a small, basin-like hollow, with the marks of their limbs impressed like a seal on the yielding floor. They suddenly scamper off, and, as we watch, a majestic lobster marches past, lightly pressing his double-toed legs into the slime on each side of his course, while his tail, spread out and lowered, like that of a turkey-cock, cuts a beautiful and symmetrical groove which might serve as the model for a picture-frame or frieze border. On these stones are clinging some limpets, and on these a sea-anemone waves its tentacles. These double holes show the U-shaped tube of the sandworm, while that pair of eyes, just showing through the mud, reveals the sluggish flat-fish.

Meanwhile a storm has been brewing on the inland hills; the rains have swelled the river, bringing into it, by every burn and rivulet, a tribute of soil and clay, which becomes churned up into a milky liquor. This rolls forward like a bank of heavy clouds, blotting out our view beneath the surface of the water. Yet we

must not complain if the fine mud now settling down obliterates all the patterns and ornaments we have seen forming. They are not destroyed. They are only covered over by nature's protecting varnish, and will remain as a lasting picture of that hour's life.

As the tide ebbs, the receding waters cut miniature rivulets with branching tributaries in the sloping surface. On a lilliputian lake the wind produces waves of a corresponding size, and these, in their turn, form ripples on the tiny shore. Here and there a small crab can be seen trying to drag itself along, making a coarse, straggling trail, very different from the light finger-touches with which it impressed the ocean floor. Small birds also alight on the beach, running to and fro to pick up what appears tempting to their appetites. A frog or lizard also may crawl across to seek the shrunken river, or some cattle may come down to drink, leaving great double hollows where their cloven hoofs sink in the ooze. A passing shower of rain dots the surface with semicircular pits, throwing up a little ridge on the side towards which the wind is driving them. The bright summer's sun is now again sending down his thirsty rays, which soon harden the clay, and even produce cracks where the dry surface contracts more rapidly than the wet mud beneath. When the tide rises again all this will, in its turn, be covered with fresh material by the river, and will be stored up with the former records as a chapter of the earth's history.

Now, cut out carefully a block of this clayey deposit and, without disturbing it more than you can help, place it under a press and gradually squeeze out the moisture. When you have done so, you will find that there are many layers under one another, each of which can now be separated from the next. Each bears a page of the same record, written in the same handwriting, the record and the handwriting of life that has now passed away. Not only has each clay stratum protected the record below it, but it has, for safety's sake, taken a cast of that record, which is preserved on its own lower side, so that, if one page of the story should become blurred and illegible, we can still obtain the knowledge from the other. Each has also retained a hecatomb of fishes, mollusks, and other forms of animal life which could not escape the suffocating clouds of mud. Add to these the twigs, leaves and bones of land-animals, swept down by the river floods, and you will have a faint picture of the manner in which nature illustrates her autobiography.

In Arabia and Syria there are many stones lying on the ground

with rough marks on them, which, to a casual observer, seem the mere weathered surface of the rock. Yet the antiquarian can here trace the handiwork of a bygone race of men. He can make out letters, words and sentences, and he can find their meaning. The writing is not so clear as would be that of a printed page now, but he is none the less certain that it is the work of man. The parallel hardly needs pointing out. We have watched together how the earth's history is written down and stored up. The documents are not, indeed, left to the destructive action of wind and rain, but they are exposed to other agents not less capable of effacing the hieroglyphics. As the mountain masses are continually being scoured and planed down by frost and rain, yet ever sustain their height by being elevated from beneath, so the *débris* of the rivers tends to fill up the ocean bed, yet these maintain their depth by ever lowering their floors. The clays which once were left as a delta at a river-mouth now lie many miles deep below the Atlantic. Pressed down by ever-increasing loads of sediment, they are at the same time heated as they approach the centre of the earth. They are crystallized and altered by the hot percolating waters, baked into hard stone by the increase of temperature, and even at times fused, like over-heated bricks, into liquid lava, which forces its way out again to the surface through volcanic vents. When in the course of ages the remnant of our planet's archives is once more elevated to the surface, how can we wonder that the narrative is difficult to decipher? Yet even here we find most legible passages, in which we can recognize the same handwriting as in the latest document that was formed. The animals may not, perhaps, have had the same shape of limb, nor are the shells or leaves quite the same in form as those now produced in nature's workshop, but they cannot be rejected as witnesses, while the testimony of the channels and ridges, of the pitmarks of rain and of the sun-cracks, are all given in the same language that they speak to-day.

We have, then, a continuous series of pages, all written by the same hand, sometimes in strong and bold characters, sometimes fainter and more faded, but none that cannot be read with a little patience. And this series is not now arranged in artificial grouping by the hand of a collector, but they are left in their historic order, one over the other, as they were piled up on the ocean floor or in the river-bed.

As in the series of fossils, we can again point out to you how strong is the resemblance—often the identity—of the marks on different rock-surfaces. And again, you cannot deny the asser-

tion that, from the lowest to the highest, all were formed by the agencies that are even now at work. They have written not their names, but their lives, their journeys and their battles. Births and infancy, old age and deaths, all are before you, and as tokens of their truthfulness, the witnesses have left their very skeletons to tell the tale to future ages.

VI.

The Age of the Rocks.

We must now attack the final question of the time that has been occupied in the composition of this history. Here we must at once confess that accuracy is not in our power. We have no means of fixing, even in centuries, the date of any geological event. Yet we have one certainty, and that is the only one we are concerned to prove. It is certain that the duration of time has been something very great—something to be measured by millions rather than by thousands of years.

Of the many arguments which tend to point out the limits of former time we will pass over those proposed by students of physics and astronomy. They have gone through deep mathematical problems to obtain their results, and they arrive at these results by many different lines of inquiry, such as by the effects of tides in gradually slackening the speed of the earth's rotation or in producing its spheroidal shape, or by the gradual cooling of the sun or of the earth. The duration given by these calculations would suit our contention if we accepted them, for the lowest is ten millions of years, while other physicists allow four hundred millions or more. Still we shall not rely on the physicist. We do not doubt the accuracy of his mathematical labor, nor of his observation, but his basis is not sufficiently sound for our present object. He has built his arguments upon a theory—a most probable theory, we confess, but still only a theory—which goes by the name of the "Nebular Hypothesis." This theory supposes that the earth, sun, moon and planets were once a great cloud of white, hot gases, which rotated on an axis. Parts of this cloud are supposed to have broken off in succession, and by condensing, first into liquids and then into solids, to have formed the planetary system. This is, however, only theory, and we cannot obtain certainty from a theory until it has ceased to be one—that is, until it has proved to be fact. Astronomers tell us that such clouds exist now, that in different parts of the heavens they can see stars representing all the stages which they affirm

our planets to have passed through. But one thing they cannot show us, and that is the one thing required in order to convert their theory into established fact. They cannot show us the actual change taking place in any star from one to another of their stages.[1]

If, then, we wish to have at least a basis of fact, we must confine our attention to the certainties we have already established—that the fossils were once living animals, and that the stratified rocks are the effect of aqueous deposition, which took place at such a rate that life could be carried on during the formation.

Our problem then becomes the following: Find the thickness of the strata and the time it has taken to form each foot, and multiply the one by the other. A simple rule-of-three sum, if we can only obtain the requisite data.

First, then, as to the thickness of the strata. This is about 170,000 feet, or 32 miles, in their present state, but it represents a much larger bulk of new deposits. All the lower beds have been compressed and flattened by the pressure of those above. They have in many cases been altered chemically by the heat of the earth and by underground streams containing many salts in solution. In most cases these chemical actions have contracted the rocks most considerably. Again, when we remove some of the beds, we find that the newly-exposed surface has all the appearance of our present mountains and hills, showing that they had been raised into dry land and again lowered for the formation of the later deposits. This is a brief record, but it is a record of many great events. As the sea-bottom is gradually raised—for there are signs of violent or sudden action here—the soft ooze which has been most recently deposited will be swept away, several feet at a time, by the waves breaking over the low ground. As it emerges farther from the waters, rain and wind beat down on the rocks, which have as yet no protecting mantle of grass and trees. Deep cañons, like those of the Colorado, are cut out in a comparatively short time, for the harder rock is not yet exposed.

---

[1] This objection holds good against the evolution theory as well. It is quite undoubted that animals appeared on the earth in orderly succession of gradual development. Nor is the absence of "missing links" any serious difficulty, for these are being constantly supplied by further excavations of the rocks. But to prove evolution as a fact we must wait until we can show the actual descent, by generation, of one species from another. The nebular theory and the evolution theory may both be the true explanation. If not *precisely* the truth, they may still be very near the truth, for they profess to explain all the phenomena submitted to their tests, always excepting the descent of man from the lower animals. Man's soul, being of a different order, cannot possibly have evolved from the vital principle of the brute.

The tree and the shrub gradually advance to occupy the land. They shelter the rock from the more violent attacks of wind and rain, but they take blackmail for their services by converting the nearest part of the stone into loose soil. Streams are ever filching this from beneath the roots of the plants, in order to hand over the stolen goods to the large river. He forwards them to the ocean, thus taking from the older rocks the material out of which to build up new strata. When, perhaps, many thousand of feet of hard stone have been thus disintegrated and carried off, the land again sinks down, and the waves, rushing forward, despoil their foe of his last garment.

If all the matter thus removed could be restored to its place in the series, or if a constant supply of new earth had ever been at hand, the thickness of the combined strata would have been nearly double what it is. We cannot, therefore, exaggerate if we suppose that all the work done by the sea in spreading new layers over its floor would represent forty or even fifty miles of continuous deposit. Still we shall, for the present argument, neglect the opportunity thus given us of so greatly increasing our figures. Our certainty is the thirty-two miles of sedimentary rock now existing. And it will, we think, prove a sufficiently solid foundation.

Turning now to the other factor of the problem, we will try to obtain a fair estimate of the time it has taken to form each foot of this mighty mass. We must begin by finding the rate at which sedimentation takes place at present, and then see whether that rate should be increased or lessened for past ages.

The deposits now forming in the oceans are due almost entirely to the silt brought down by rivers and streams from the continents. The waves, battering against the rocks, do some injury to them, it is true, but the quantity of material that they add to the general stock is very small. The coast line of a continent or island shows a perceptible change after being for ages bombarded by the great Atlantic or Pacific swell, and a small heap of *débris* at the foot of a cliff will nullify the force of waves produced by a hurricane. It is only at the mouths of rivers that we find great changes. The silent action of rain and frost on the mountains sap their strength, and each little brook and rivulet brings its contribution of pebbles and sand and mud to the great stream which bears along in its waters, at every moment of time, enough earth to sink the navies of the world.

On many of the great rivers of the earth the amount of solid matter transported has been carefully investigated. The quantity will in each case depend on the hardness of the rocks in the area

drained by the river and its tributaries. It varies with the force and volume of the current, and with the windings which impede its course. There is, however, one mighty stream in which all others are, so to say, epitomized. In the Mississippi there is every variety of current and gradient, every combination of curve and straight channel. It contains rapids and waterfalls in the mountains where it takes its rise, and long, smooth stretches of sluggish waters in the lowlands. The vast area whence it derives its supplies is underlaid by every kind of rock, while on the surface of its valley there can be seen every description of wildwood and forest, marsh and swamp, tilled fields and meadow lands, village hamlet and manufacturing city. We cannot, therefore, go far wrong if we take it as a type of all river action and build up our calculation on the data it affords. Careful measurements have been taken of the daily burden of soil and stones discharged by it into the Gulf of Mexico, and the results show that it lowers the surface of the whole basin by one foot in six thousand years. We may assume, then, that this is the general rate at which all land is being denuded. There may be rivers which bring down more sediment, but, on the other hand, there are great areas, like the Sahara, where no transportation to the sea takes place.

But if one foot of the dry land is carried out to sea in six thousand years, this does not mean that the submarine deposits increase at the same rate. The waters of the oceans cover nearly three-fourths of the earth's surface; therefore a foot off the face of the land will give but little more than four inches, if spread out in the sea. Even this claim, however, we will not urge. We shall deal with the question as if the sea were only equal to the land. The advantages thus neglected are at least sufficient to show that the figures of our result cannot be exaggerated, but rather fall short of the truth.

The rate, then, that we take is one foot in six thousand years, and the thickness of sedimentary deposits is 170,000 feet. Multiplying these figures, we obtain *1020 millions of years* as the total time taken—if only the rate of deposition has always been the same as it is now.

But can we make such a supposition? Must we suppose that the quantity of solid matter carried down by rivers has been even approximately constant? This is the last point we have to investigate.

At first sight this appears most improbable. Four questions will at once rise in the mind of an adversary. Can the long series of extinct animals have been destroyed without huge convulsions

of nature, which would throw whole mountains into the sea at one moment? Can the great mountain chains and continental table-lands have been elevated except by some sudden upheaval which would have produced waves of the sea miles high—and would not such waves have swept off all loose material, as they dashed over the newly-raised land? Do we not hear tales of former ages, when the earth was covered with a canopy of snow and ice, which might transport an almost fabulous quantity of *débris?* And were there not other times when a tropical climate reached almost to the poles, accompanied, no doubt, by tropical storms and floods?

Certainly, if all these questions are to be answered in the affirmative, our figures cannot be anywhere near the truth. But we must reply to each in turn. That there have been great changes in the climate and conditions of the earth is most undoubted, but it is easy to attach too much importance to them.

Of world-wide convulsions our history is absolutely silent. When we read the pages patiently, we find that at no time did the fauna of an entire continental region become extinct together. Some species were more short-lived than others, and occasionally a new group appears in very sudden profusion; but there are always a large number of animal kinds which overlap their age of predominance, and linger on into the new order. Many forms, especially among the lowest and most fragile in the animal kingdom, have gone on in uninterrupted succession from the earliest times. In the depths of the Atlantic there is found a fine silicious ooze, composed almost entirely of the gossamer-like shells of Radiolaria. The Venus Flower-basket is a well-known example. This delicate network looks as if it were formed of spun glass, and may be crushed with ease in the hand. It is a giant among pigmies, for most of its fellows are of microscopic size. Yet animals with no better protection have continued without change for half geological time. With instances like these, and there are many others, no possibility is left of wholesale destruction.

Mountains and continents, again, show no signs of violent upheaval. Here and there, it is true, a volcano has suddenly started into existence, but most mountains are the result of slow elevation, which has been insufficient to break up or disintegrate the strata of their sloping sides. These beds are folded up and crumpled and distorted by the lateral pressure of the higher peaks; but this pressure has not been applied by fits and starts, but gradually and steadily, with little change of force except when many ages have gone by.

The great ice theory, on the other hand, has a large foundation in fact. That there was ever one extended sheet of ice over half the globe at once may well be doubted; but that large areas can be so covered is proved by the state of Greenland and of the regions about the southern pole. It is, moreover, a well-established fact that there have been many of those solid rivers of ice, which we call glaciers, in countries where now no single mountain can retain its snowy winter cloak throughout the year. Still, the effects of the most extended ice-sheets, proposed by ultra-glacialists, cannot materially alter our totals. The bulk of the *débris* they carried with them still remains on dry land, and has never been added to the ocean deposits. The ice age was also but a small episode in the history of our planet, and the ice rivers did not last long enough to be able to compete successfully with the water streams of all past ages as carriers of building-material for the ocean architects.

The only cause that remains for modifying our calculations is the fact that there have been great changes of climate in past time. On several leaves of our great volume we find the impressions of gigantic ferns and masses. The Lepidodendra and the Sigillaria of the coal period were club mosses, which grew to 60 feet and more in height. The 16-foot high Calamite is represented by the modern lowly horse-tail or mare's-tail. We may well believe that these giants could not flourish except in a tropical temperature. More near our own day, again, when the clays of the Mississippi Valley were in course of formation, a tropical or sub-tropical flora existed in the extreme north of Baffin's bay, where now the Arctic ice-packs impede our progress to the pole. The warm climates, which favored such vegetation, must have been accompanied by those heavy rains now met with near the equator. Great floods would have robbed the land of its substance far more rapidly than our present rivers.

Volcanoes and earthquakes may also have been more active during some epochs of the past than they are now, and there may be a few agents, once of great importance, which now we cannot recognize; for geologists are far from saying they can decipher every word and phrase on the monuments they examine. But though these considerations may deprive our figures of the accuracy we should desire, still we cannot reduce them indefinitely.

The Amazon now brings down sufficient mud to discolor the South Atlantic for 300 miles from its mouth. If it were to bring down four or five times its present burden the sea would be uninhabitable, except for the mud-fish and the eel. The coral of the

Pacific, again, is most susceptible to impurities in its surrounding water. A very little pollution will destroy the whole colony of island builders. Yet from the earliest geological time we find enormous tracts, often of miles square, which were suited to their exuberant growth.

Even if we were to allow that the rivers of the past could, on the average, bring down ten times the quantity they do now, we should still have a duration of *one hundred millions of years.*

This figure, even thus reduced, is only a rough approximation. We do not try to establish it as a certainty, but at least it proves that the number of years to be included in geological history must be measured not by thousands, but by millions. Many other methods have been proposed for measuring this time, all equally uncertain in their actual results, but all unanimous in giving long periods. If, therefore, the metaphysician desires to scoff at geologists, saying that they are continually at war with one another on the details of their science, let him at least acknowledge that, underlying all such differences, there is complete agreement among them as to many greater and more general conclusions. So much, indeed, is this the case, that it is unnecessary, and even undesirable, to keep on expressing these fundamental facts, unless, as in the present essay, some one explicitly strives to show that there are certainties as well as uncertainties in geology.

GEORGE C. HUNGERFORD POLLEN, S.J., F.G.S.
ST. BRUNO'S COLLEGE.

Scientific Chronicle.

MIND IN MEN, THE LOWER ANIMALS, AND SOCIAL ORGANISM.

There is much that is exceedingly interesting and, we may add, useful, when taken with proper limitations, in an article on "Evolution of the Mind," by Professor D. S. Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, in a recent number of "Appleton's Popular Science Monthly." The article is a proof of the vastly increased attention which is being devoted to the study of psychology; and it has this recommendation for those who do not mistake Science for Divinity, that it speaks reverently of the problems of nature and the moral order, and does not ignore the First Cause. It seems to us to argue more for a principle of design whose plan embraces the co-operation of all animate and inanimate nature towards some hidden end than for mere correlation of small things to great, which some take to be the chief manifestation, if not the key, to the visible and known cosmogny. Professor Jordan extends the attribute, which is called mind, from man down to the lowest organic forms—even to plants. This is the ground upon which many will be found to join issue with him—that is, if he would be taken as meaning that it is the same guiding mental force, differing only in duration and degree, which actuates the individual man and the organized society and government, and the gregarious herds and flocks and shoals of the lower animal species, whether of the earth, the air, or the water. Still less can we assent to his postulations when we are invited to regard plant life and vegetable life and arboreal life as regulated by mental laws operating from within. The laws which direct animal life and the growth and decay of the flora present fixed and unvarying features which are in marked contrast to the variable and unequal characteristics of human development, as affected by the operations of the intellect. It must seem to the slower-minded that the great danger in all theses of mentality or psychology is the tendency to conduct things on the ready-made tailoring principle. The separate mind of every individual seems to present a study in itself, in so far as the powers or traits which are not involuntary are concerned. Millions of human beings act precisely in the same manner with regard to the general laws of existence, but there are as many ways of regarding these actions and the disposition of mind toward them as there are actors. The "follow-the-leader" rule among the lower animals seems to argue that this is not so in that plane of nature. This inductive habit is strongly evident in Professor Jordan's paper, as may be seen by the following passages:

"The study of the development of mind in animals and men gives no support to the mediæval idea of the mind as an entity apart from the organ through which it operates. . . . .

"There is no *ego* except that which arises from the co-ordination of the nerve-cells. All consciousness is 'colonial consciousness,' the product of co-operation. . . . . The *I* in man is the expression of the co-working of the processes and impulses of the brain. The brain is made of individual cells, just as England is made of individual men.

"The development of the character is the formation of the *ego*. It is in itself the co-ordination of the elements of heredity, the bringing into union of the warring tendencies and irrelevant impulses left us by our ancestors. The child is a mixture of imperfectly related impulses and powers. It is a mosaic of ancestral heredity. Its growth into personality is the process of bringing these elements into relation to each other.

* * * * * * * *

"What is true of man is true of animals, and true of nations as well; for a nation is an aggregation of many men as a man is a coalition of many cells. In the life of a nation, Lowell tells us, 'three roots bear up Dominion—Knowledge, Will, the third Obedience, the great tap-root of all.' This corresponds to the nervous sequence in the individual. And as, in general, the ills of humanity are due to untruthfulness in thought and action, so are the collective ills of nations due to national folly, vacillation and disobedience. The laws of national greatness are extensions of the laws which govern the growth of the single cell."

The argument from the laws of physical life in the lower creation to the moral law in the life of men and nations appears defective, inasmuch as mankind is master of its own actions, whereas the lower kingdom appears controlled by immutable external force. If there be any key to this profound mystery, it must seem as though it has yet to be discovered. The pursuit is, no doubt, a fascinating one, and it is gratifying to observe the spirit in which students like Professor Jordan approach the threshold of the unknown, and perhaps we might say the unknowable.

IS THERE LIFE IN METALS?

Recent investigations have educed some facts in relation to metals that must cause an alteration in our views regarding the nature of many of those curious natural substances. The common belief hitherto entertained with regard to metals was that they were inert matter, subject to variation with temperature. This idea has been proved to be utterly erroneous. There is a constant movement of the particles of metals, and the particles of the harder metals are endowed with some unknown power which enables them to work through those of weaker ones. The

constant action of steel particles is strikingly exemplified in the case of the Eiffel Tower. A governmental engineer, Colonel Bassueret, has made an examination of the subject, as many people had become alarmed over the perceptible swaying and oscillation of the vast mass of steel. There is no ground whatever for apprehension in the matter. If it be a fact that the swaying of a tall brick chimney is the best guarantee of its ability to resist wind-pressure, how much more must this be the case with an elastic fabric like the Eiffel Tower, whose riveting and joining have been executed on a careful calculation of the degree of expansion and contraction of the material to be allowed for. Any one crossing Brooklyn Bridge on foot may observe certain sliding arrangements at intervals along the balustrades, and the marks on the girders show that a difference of as much as six inches is indicated at each of these spots as the movement back and forth of the metal bars. The same thing is observable in the joinings of the Eiffel Tower. The engineer tells us that there is not a moment during the twenty-four hours that go to make up the day that the mass of metal is not in motion. The motion is rhythmic, and not a steady settling, first one inch, then two inches, and so on, but the whole tower jingles and jumps just as if it enjoyed the realization of its power of motion and wanted others to know and appreciate the fact. The cause of this breathing of the tower, as it may be called, is that the great metallic mass contracts and expands, just as does the chest of a human being. The fact that the engineer, whose duty it was to examine and report as to the safety of the structure, has decided that the motion is an additional proof of the structure's solidity is confirmation of the decision of the experts regarding the great sky-scrapers of the United States, which are really built upon giant skeletons of iron and steel.

It was noticed a long time ago that some of these buildings often shook and shivered, like a person with the ague. The experts examined them, and declared it was in this fact that their safety lay. If there was no vibration, then every shock would weaken the big building so constructed that it could never bend, but break.

Wonderful as this discovery about the Eiffel Tower is, we believe the elasticity of tall brick structures is a fact more surprising still.

GETTING BEHIND THE KORAN.

The only animal enjoyment not forbidden by the Koran is the juice of the grape. This is one of the singularities of Mahometanism, and it has often been the source of wonder to the critics of that system how so abstemious a people as the bulk of the Mussulmans are could be so gross in appetite beyond people who habitually use alcoholic stimulants. The theory has been put forward that the Prophet's reason for laying

down the prohibition was to put a check upon the license which his formula otherwise established, and so make his law, like the American Constitution, "a system of checks and balances," not for moral but merely physical purposes. However this may be, it is well known that Mahometans chafe under the restriction, while those who look at the matter merely from the economical point of view deplore the loss accruing to the Mussulman regions, where the grape grows luxuriantly, by the non-utilization of it in its fermented state. But now it appears that a back-door is about to be thrown open to thirsty Mussulmans and economists both, for it has been discovered that the grape, thanks to Pasteur's discoveries, can be sterilized so that it can be kept perfectly unfermented for an indefinite time. The "Revue Viticole" says:

"A French chemist, M. Rosensteil, has devised a process of sterilizing the must, based on Pasteurization, and thus make of the juice of grape a drink that tastes and looks like wine, while, not being fermented, it cannot fall under the prohibition of the Koran, and can consequently be employed by the natives. We should say that the new drink has a fresh and very characteristic taste, and will find numerous applications among Europeans who object to alcohol—and they are many in Algeria. The temperance societies, too, can take no exception to a product which, all things considered, will sell as well as wine and lacks its injurious qualities."

Algeria is especially rich in its grape crops, and if this dream be realized, the country must have a vast permanent addition made to its natural wealth and its industrial population.

BALLOONS AND MAGNETS IN SUNKEN SHIP-RAISING.

So many ironclad ships have been sunk through misadventure, lately, and so many more may not unnaturally be expected to follow suit, that some more serious attention to the subject of means of recovering the hulls of such vessels seems to be a necessity of the situation. The feasibility of raising such wrecks by means of balloons was mooted a good many years ago, and was, in fact, sought to be demonstrated in the case of the *Vanguard*, a British ironclad sent to the bottom by her consort ship, the *Iron Duke*, off Kingstown, in the Irish Channel, but the experiments were not regarded as satisfactory. A more ingenious idea, it appears to us, is the application of a magnetic power to the sunken mass of iron. A plan for experimenting in this direction was discussed some months ago in *Cassier's Magazine*, but so far, we believe, without inducing anybody to make the trial. It was suggested that the idea be tried on the sunken war vessel, the *Victoria*, of the British navy, which now lies at the bottom of the Mediterranean, in 450 feet of water, off the harbor of Tripoli. The weight of the wreck in water is estimated at 7000 tons, and the suggested method of raising it is as follows: Pow-

erful hydraulic rams and dynamo machines and a series of heavy electro-magnets are to be arranged on pontoons at the scene of the wreck. A magnet, lowered over the side and coming within reasonable distance of the sunken vessel, would be drawn toward the latter, and, on touching any iron or steel part of it, would immediately stick to it with a power of 100 tons. As each magnet made attachment, which would be indicated by means of an electric dial on the pontoon, a trial pull would be given to the rope to ascertain that a connection had been made to a firm part of the wreck. Should this not be the case the magnet would come off; its position would be then slightly moved and a fresh attachment made until a firm hold had been taken of the wreck. When all the magnets had been thus fixed, the wreck would be considered ready for raising.

The fact that the experiment would cost about a hundred thousand pounds, at the outset, is a drawback. A few such experiments, and the game would hardly be worth the candle. But in case of war, and the sending of a large number of ironclads to join the submarine navy as a consequence, it may be worth the consideration of Government whether or not a ship-raising magnet plant ought not to form a permanent feature of the naval department.

IMPROVEMENTS IN DIVERS' ARMOR.

A subject cognate to the foregoing is the possibility of so improving the equipment of deep-sea divers as to make their difficult task a little easier and less liable to dangerous risks. From Australia we have news of the patenting of a dress which is claimed to be immensely superior to that now in vogue among those who go down to the company of the fishes. It is known as the Buchanan-Gordon diving-dress, and has already been tried with great success on the Clyde. The invention is a dress which in itself withstands the tremendous pressure of great depths, enabling the diver to breathe a normal air-pressure. It is, in effect, a suit of armor which defies all assaults, yet enables the wearer to move about with ease. The most important part is the helmet, which descends to the waist in one solid piece of copper, and weighs no less than 2½ cwt., while the whole dress weighs 5 cwt. The arms and the lower half of the dress consist of a series of spiral springs covered with water-proof material, which at the same time gives strength and mobility. These springs are made of a phosphor bronze of immense strength, called "Delta metal." By a series of ingenious arrangements the suit can be adjusted to the height of the diver, and a jointed brass support running along the outside of the legs is intended to prevent the horrible accidents which might be caused by the upward pressure of the water. But perhaps the most interesting portion of the dress is the escape-valve. Presuming a diver to be at a depth of 26

fathoms, he would have to stand a pressure of 69 pounds to the square inch; and, therefore, under the old system an air-pressure of more than this amount would have to be pumped into the diver's dress in order that the escaping air might overcome the external resistance. But in the Gordon process this difficulty is overcome in a very simple manner. The escape-valve, which is perfectly under the diver's control, is attached to a floating hose, the upper end of which can be submerged to any required depth below the surface. This reduces the head against which the air escapes, and thereby permits the pressure of air supplied to the diver to be proportionately diminished. In this dress a diver descended 31 fathoms, or 186 feet, and remained at that depth 50 minutes, subjected to a pressure of more than 80 pounds to the square inch; yet on coming up he was quite fresh. This depth had never before been attained in Great Britain. A novice, in the first three trials of the dress, descended, respectively, 10, 15, and 19½ fathoms. These are astonishing results, as compared with those obtainable under the system previously prevalent. And the most gratifying feature of all is the lightening of the struggle of the diver to work under the enormous difficulty of a minimum air supply. The exhaustion to which even the strongest men succumb after a protracted spell of work below the surface must make, from repetition, terrible inroads on the physical system. Much of this can now be obviated, it is very gratifying to learn, thanks to this valuable invention.

REVIVAL OF EMPIRICAL SCIENCE IN FRANCE.

A recent lecture by Dr. H. C. Bolton before the New York Section of the American Chemical Society reveals the singular fact that in France, at present, the ancient beliefs in alchemy, occult science, astrology, and other forms of "dark ages" pseudo-philosophy, still flourish. Nay, what is more, there is a university where this false science is taught, and, besides this, there are four societies devoted to the cult; and, in addition, the study of these matters is combined with that of psychology, spiritualism and evolution. Theosophy is, as a matter of course, included. It is difficult to believe that in modern France, where legitimate science has arrived at such a high plane of eminence, such transparent delusions should meet with very serious encouragement; still we have Dr. Bolton's word for it that many people devote much time to the investigation of such philosophical will-o'-the-wisps; and he gives the reasons for it, too, showing a certain amount of plausibility in the elementary reasons for a return to mediæval dreams.

"So eminent a chemist as Sir Humphry Davy," he says, "did not hesitate to affirm that some of the doctrines of alchemy are not unphilosophical. Recent discoveries in physics, chemistry and psychology have given the disciples of Hermes renewed hopes, and the present po-

sition of chemical philosophy has given the fundamental doctrine of alchemy a substantial impetus. The favorite theory of a *prima materia*, or primary matter, the basis of all the elementary bodies, has received new support by the discoveries of allotropism of the elements, isomerism of organic compounds, the revelations of the spectroscope, the practical demonstrations by Norman Lockyer, the experiments on the specific heat of gaseous bodies at a high temperature by Mallard and Le Châtelier, the discoveries of Sir William Crookes as set forth in his monograph on 'Meta-elements,' the discovery by Carey Lea of several allotropic forms of silver, and, most weighty of all, the mass of related facts and phenomena which find their ultimate expression in the periodic law of the elements, so that many chemists of the present day are inclined to believe in the mutual convertibility of elements having similar chemical properties."

We recall to mind that it is not very long since an experimentalist in this country, Dr. Emmens, claimed to have actually discovered a process by which silver and gold could be made convertible, and we believe the Government was persuaded to give the matter some attention. This, however, was put forward as a question of practical chemistry, and not as alchemy or anything connected with the arts of Hermes Tresmegistus. There is nothing startling in the thesis that all metals may have a common basis, but to reduce their infinite variations to this common basis, even if it could be accomplished, would not appear to get us any nearer to the problem of increasing the quantity of the highest.

IS LEPROSY INCURABLE?

The exact nature of leprosy has never been positively determined, and a recent congress in Berlin, composed of men of various nationalities, has resulted in nothing more definite than an agreement that the establishment of leper colonies and the isolation of the afflicted are the only measures that can be taken, with our present knowledge, to circumscribe the ravages of the plague. Two conclusions of an opinionative character were also put on record, but in view of the fact that science never recognizes the god Terminus, we may withhold our assent to them or grant it, according to the measure of our experience and judgment. One of these is, that leprosy is incurable; the other, that it is a disease entirely confined to the human race. All attempts to transplant the bacilli to the lower animals had failed; hence the latter conclusion. The theory, universally held until now, that leprosy was an hereditary affliction, was likewise weakened by the inductive testimony of the scientists who composed the congress. Still, the conclusion that leprosy is an incurable disease scarcely appears justified from the premises. The fact that as yet no cure has been found does not

close the door against the hope of some remedy being found in the future. It was positively stated, a few months ago, that a priest who had lived many years in the East had found a plant whose essence yielded a perfect cure for leprosy; and science has always admitted the truth of the maxim that for every disease of Nature, Nature herself has a remedy in her own pharmacopœia. We have heard nothing definite about the alleged discovery, but we do not relinquish hope that there may be some substantial foundation for the announcement thus vaguely made.

The general results of the congress were summed up in this concluding paragraph of the report:

"The producer of leprosy, as determined by the modern scientific methods of research, is the *bacillus leprœ*, known to the scientific world for the period of twenty-five years through the investigations of Neisser and Hansen. All are agreed that only a human being can be the bearer of this bacillus, and it is a fact that leprosy is contagious. Every leprous person is a source of danger to those around him, and the danger grows the more closely the patient associates with others and the worse the general sanitary conditions are that surround him. For this reason the existence of leprosy is especially dangerous among the poorer classes. However, it cannot be denied that the transfer of this disease to people in better circumstances has been observed in more than one case. The opinion that leprosy is hereditary has been losing adherents in recent times, while the view that it is contagious has gained advocates. As yet, no method of treatment has been found that is effectual in cases of leprosy. Leprosy is incurable."

The disease, it may be added, appears to have been widening its area slowly, spreading in localities hitherto spared. Russia, Scandinavia, Iceland, have contended against it for centuries. But lately it has found its way into Eastern Prussia, especially into the city of Memel. Russia has five leprosy hospitals and two leprosy colonies; and the recent congress decided that Germany should follow this example in order to stop its spread.

Dr. Sticker, a member of the German Commission which was sent out to India to study the growth of leprosy and the nature of the bubonic plague, contributed much interesting information regarding the former disease, as well as a thesis about its mode of transmission from individual to individual and place to place. According to his observations, the part of the body from which all leprous persons during their entire sickness send forth the greatest number of bacilli, and do so with the greatest of regularity and in great abundance, is the nose. On the other hand, it was discovered that the part of the healthy body which is most ready to receive these bacilli, and where the contagion in nearly all instances takes place, is again the nose. Just as tuberculosis begins at the ends of the lungs, so leprosy begins at the ends of the nose. This conclusion seems to point to the origin of leprosy as in the lungs, or at least in the mucous membrane connected with the lungs.

THE AGE OF THE SUN.

The question of the nature and duration of the sun has for long been the great stumbling-block to the evolutionists. In the fact that this immense mass is always incandescent, and constantly also in a state of self-consumption, there is found an argument against the tremendous length of time which they demand for geological and biological development on the globe. The Rev. Professor Cortie, the distinguished astronomer of Stonyhurst, treated the subject recently in a lecture at Nottingham.

The atmosphere of the sun, he pointed out, was composed of the vapors of metals. No metals could exist in a solid state near the sun on account of the tremendous heat it sent out. Huge flames of hydrogen rose occasionally to a great height from the body of the sun. These streamers frequently extended for millions of miles into space. Probably these coronas were due to electrical energy. The first attempts to calculate the heat of the sun were made by Berniere, who set up a huge burning-glass in the gardens of the Luxembourg. By its means the distance of the sun was practically decreased to 250,000 miles. Gold placed beneath this glass ran like butter. If the sun was as near the earth as the moon is, the earth would be drawn into vapor. There was another method of gauging the heat of the sun. The heat in the Bessemer converter was probably the greatest heat they could attain on earth, but the heat of the sun was eighty-seven times that of the converter, and its light was five thousand times greater. The heat radiations were measured by an instrument termed an actinometer. There were various theories with regard to the maintenance of the solar heat. The combustion theory was untenable, whilst that regarding the impact of meteors only partially accounted for the store of heat. There was the fact that the contraction of gaseous masses in cooling produced heat, and this theory was supported by arguments from analogy. The sun was probably formed from nebulæ, as shown by their connection with the stars, their spectra and structure. Thus they had the means of determining the age of the sun. The mathematical and physical arguments on which this was founded were at least as probable as the biological and geological arguments for Darwinism. Thus, he could state that Darwinism was not proven, and all arguments founded upon it against Scripture and revealed religion were untenable.

Book Notices.

MOTION: ITS ORIGIN AND CONSERVATION. An Essay by *Rev. Walter McDonald, D.D.* (Maynooth). Dublin: Browne & Nolan. 1898. Pp. xi.–457.

There is something magnetic about this work. First of all, the subject itself has a peculiar attractiveness. Mass and motion—are they not the ultimate constituents of the world of sense? *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.* Mass, indeed, is known to us only through motion, so that, in a sense, motion is for us the middle term that carries the mind on to the ultimate material unit, nay, to the ultimate cause, efficient and final—the *primum movens immobile*—of all reality, to God himself. Then, too, motion is the basal condition and intrinsic factor of all that is sublime and beautiful in the universe, from the transcendent music of the spheres to the harmonious play of the atoms as they arrange themselves under its spell in the fairy form of the crystal snowflake. To trace this radical and all-pervading agency to its home, to watch it as it energizes in the world of matter and life, to study it in its analogue in the spirit realms, to account for its origin and conservation by its relation to its Author—surely there is a potency in all this for the philosophical inquirer. And this is what awaits the reader of Dr. McDonald's modestly-called Essay.

But add to this charm of the subject itself the splendid science and art of the author, and you have an additional winsomeness. The writer comes to us laden with treasures from many domains of the world of knowledge, from the vanishing regions of history and the ubiquitous realm of constant experience, from the wide-reaching stretches of physics and chemistry, from the subtle inlands of biology and psychology, from the deeper depths of ontology and cosmology, from the highest spheres of theodicy and theology. And these varied treasures he arranges before his reader's eye with an order and a splendor that unifies it all in the beauty of an art that is seldom met with in undertakings of the kind.

Lastly, too, the bookmakers' instincts have lent themselves kindly to the work, and have given it a finish and a setting that befit its character.

All this charm the earnest Catholic student of philosophy will feel as he reads this Essay, and if he be not well-versed in the physics and metaphysics of the subject he will probably assent to the facts and theories presented. And, first of all, let it be noted that the author addresses himself mainly to Catholics, and so takes "for granted many things that will not be admitted by those who differ from our creed, especially by those who do not believe in the spiritual or in the supernatural. If any such should come across these pages they will find arguments which, for them, will have no weight. Let them be content, if they can, to read,

that they may, at least, be able to judge whether the Catholic system is consistent, and how far it fits in with the teaching of physical science" (p. 3).

"Everything in the world is agitated by light, heat, magnetic and electric forces, gravity at least. What is not moved in some way cannot reveal itself to our senses. The very Sphinx, symbol of utter immobility, is, as we learn from Physics, one seething mass of currents and counter-currents ever crossing one another in endless variety within its flinty surface. . . . . But though nothing ever begins to move, in the sense of passing into movement from a state of absolute repose, yet is motion said to *commence* whenever it is *intensified.* A billiard-ball lying apparently at rest on the table is not without its wave-disturbances, neither is the cue motionless as it stands on the rack, nor the player seated on the bench. When he takes the cue and strikes the ball he but adds to the motions that already existed in all three. In that sense only are they said to begin to move" (p. 3).

It is this increase of motion which the author first considers; afterwards he draws "some important conclusions regarding the ultimate source of all movement, as well as with respect to the means whereby motion is kept up after being brought into existence" (*Ibid.*).

In this first and main subject—how precisely an increase of motion (such as is apparent in the billiard-player at work) is brought about—the author finds two theories. The one, which he considers as now prevalent in Catholic schools, he calls the "Dynamic" theory, using the qualification in a somewhat different sense from that which it usually conveys. The other, which he designates as the "Kinetic," he believes to have been taught by Aristotle and some of the greatest Catholic philosophers of the Middle Ages (St. Thomas included), and to be now held by some of the very ablest scientific men of our own day" (p. 15).

The "Dynamic" theory is thus summarized (p. 7):

1. "Motion does not pass from one agent into another without losing its individuality, but is produced *de novo* in every object that begins to move in the sense explained" (*increased* motion).

2. "The immediate efficient cause of motion is a reality called 'force,' which is thus quite distinct from motion, as well as from faculty and substance."

3. "This 'force' emanates immediately from an habitual ever-present power or faculty, which itself is sustained by the substance; the 'force' so exerted passes from one agent to another."

4. "The player (agent) cannot act alone, for all his faculties and 'forces' are contingent, but needs the divine co-operation." The nature of this co-operation is diversely explained by theologians.

The "Kinetic" theory runs thus (p. 8):

1. "There is no such thing as 'force' really distinct from the permanent faculty and the motion which is caused therein. The motion of the faculty is itself the only force activity, action, formal cause of

efficient causality. And motion passes quite readily from one agent into another without losing its individuality."

2. "In other words, motion is to the faculty what the faculty itself is to substance, with two points of difference: (*a*) That one is motion, the other a quality capable of sustaining motion; (*b*) that the quality is fixed to its substance, whereas in many cases the motion can pass from subject to subject."

3. "The divine co-operation extends to the original production and perennial conservation of substance, faculty and motion." Each of these is God's, in one sense, and yet belongs to the created *supposit* in another sense.

This theory the author believes to have been held "by some of the very ablest of the old Catholic writers in philosophy" [St. Thomas particularly], as well as by the leaders in modern physical science, and his avowed purpose in publishing his work is "to vindicate for himself and for Catholic professors generally the right to teach in accordance with the Kinetic theory of activity, whatever may be the science in which they are engaged—physics, metaphysics, theology, or anything else" (p. 1). We cannot here enter at length into the author's polemic, but if we may venture an opinion on the subject, we believe that he misconceives and misinterprets (unintentionally, of course) his adversaries' position in an essential element. We read in one place that the author himself was once under the influence of the dynamic theory, and at that time he believed that in the example of the billiard-player "there were involved six different realities; the player's substance, his faculty, the exertion of 'force,' the 'force' exerted, the production of motion in the cue, and the motion produced." In this sum in addition we are reminded, "there is no account taken of the substance of the cue, its capacity to receive motion, and the actual reception of the same" (p. 22). Truly, the author should be congratulated, having escaped from a theory in which so little regard is had for Occam's razor. But do the so-called "Dynamists"—they would most likely object to the title were they asked to assume it—whom Dr. McDonald controverts really insist on the multiplication of all these entities? As regards the first two—*substance* and *faculty*—there can be no question. Dr. McDonald admits, nay, explicitly contends for their real existence in every created supposit. As for the next three, indeed we might say the last four, of the six above mentioned "realities," the exertion of "force" and the "force" exerted, the production of motion and the motion produced, the "Dynamists," we believe, regard them as one, viz., the *action* of the faculty. And here we may note what we regard as a radical flaw at the heart of the author's entire discussion. He creates in his imagination a fictitious entity, which he calls *force*, and accredits it to the advocates of "Dynamism." He then waxes quite wroth at the figment, as though it verily claimed a position in the world of reality, and embodying the thing in a name with quotational limits he chases it about from page to page, lunging at it with such

deadly thrusts that the reader feels like crying, "Hold!" Has, then, this "force" any extra-mental existence? Not in the sense in which the author ascribes it to the "Dynamists." It has, however, in the sense in which the author himself admits and strenuously argues for it, that is, as a *faculty*. By the word "forces" philosophers understand qualities or *active powers* [*faculties*], powers, that is, which produce some natural effect" [Pesch, "Phil. Nat.," v. i., p. 70]. And again, forces are the proximate principles of action, inhering in the root principle, the essence [substance] of a body [matter]. And as they are rooted in the essence and, as it were, begotten [procreantur] therefrom, so are they the instruments whereby the essence, the principle agent, operates" (*ib.* vol. ii., p. 45). Now, since *faculties* or *powers* do not migrate from their subjects whereof they are radical properties, Dr. McDonald errs in attributing to the "Dynamists" the opinion that "'force' passes from one agent to another" (p. 8). The author might well have spared himself the whole burden of his negative criticism—the hunting down of this harmless migratory fiction "force."

The production of motion and the motion produced, the third pair of the alleged elements in the billiard-player's performance, the "Dynamists" would again merge in the *action* of the motive faculty of the player, and in the reception of the same in the cue and balls. Here, again, we may call upon Fr. Pesch, against whom the author's polemic is chiefly directed. "Local motion," he says, "may be regarded from a double point of view. Formally taken, it is a state or condition of a thing, and as such is *modally* distinct from the thing moved [its subject]. Considered in its cause, it is the impetus, the *vis motrix*, that is, the *motive power* as *actually energizing*" [in actu posita]. Again, "*motion, action, passion*, though *entitavely the same*, are *virtually* [ratione ratiocinata] distinct. The state, as emanating from the agent [immediately from his faculty], is called *action*, and as received in the term *passion;* considered as tendency, as *via ad terminum*, motion. "Porro dubium non est quin profectio ab agente, et receptio in passo, et tendentia ab illo ad hoc ex conceptu inter se distinguantur" (*ib.* p. 77). Many more such passages might be cited from Fr. Pesch, the most recent of "Dynamists," demonstrative of the fact that his teaching on this subject differs not in its entirety from that of Aristotle and St. Thomas, and that he quite adopts the position which Dr. McDonald shows to have been the mind of the Angelic Doctor: "*Actio et passio et motus sunt una et eadem res*" [cited p. 290]. But a discussion of this obscure and difficult question would carry us too far.

Though we cannot endorse the author's opinions on the above and on a number of other important matters, yet we are glad to be able to say that he has given us a very remarkable and a valuable work—remarkable and valuable for its erudition, its reflection of, in many ways, profound philosophical insight, its great synthetic presentation of principles, and last but not least, its patent illustration of the fact that the English tongue in the hands of a master and a clear thinker can be made

to express the deepest and abstrusest concepts of metaphysics and theology. Probably one of the chief merits of the book is that it will stimulate Catholic writers in philosophy to kindred productions in English, and whilst calling forth criticism, as it should, will be instrumental not only in clarifying philosophical thought and definition, but in bringing the metaphysics of the schools into closer contact with problems of physical science. F. P. S.

PHILOSOPHIA LACENSIS: INSTITUTIONES PHILOSOPHIÆ NATURALIS SECUNDUM PRINCIPIA S. THOMÆ AQ. AD USUM SCHOLASTICUM ACCOMODAVIT. *Tilm. Pesch, S. J.* Editio altera. Vol. i., pp. xviii.–444. Vol. ii., pp. xix.–406. Price, $3.85.

INSTITUTIONES PSYCHOLOGICÆ. Vol. ii., pp. xiv.–421. Herder: Freiburg (St. Louis, Mo.). 1897. Price, $1.80.

The "bankruptcy" of purely experimental science as an answer to the aspirations of the human mind and the one support of a coherent system of morality has been again and again demonstrated within recent times. The demonstration has been formulated and presented to the world not only by writers such as Mr. Balfour and M. Brunetière, but by the score and more of philosophers who have sounded the depths and measured the consequences of the boldest and most captious attempt at establishing morality on materialism—Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Data of Ethics."

The "bankruptcy" of empiricism as a method and theory of physical science itself has been no less frequently proclaimed, but the full proclamation is set forth and justified in works familiar mostly to the professional student of philosophy, in works in German such as Fr. Pesch's "Welträthsel," and in French, like the Abbé de Broglie's "Le Positivisme et la Science Experimentale." Mr. Balfour has, with his keen and fascinating dialectic, argued to the same purpose, and Mivart and Lilly, Martineau, Porter and McCosh have done not a little to point out to the thinking world the "suicidalness" of a science claiming to be grounded on mere empiricism. The continually growing dissatisfaction during the past two decades, especially with the inadequacy of physical science to do more than serve the arts that provide for the wants and luxuries of man's body, has made itself felt in reiterated demands for a philosophy that shall at once supply a basis and a unification to the physical sciences, and shall harmonize with the data of common-sense and with man's moral, religious and social tendencies.

For a time the cry "back to Kant" was echoed from Germany, but the word has been stifled here and abroad in the babel that has been raised by the schools of the "new psychology." The implied, if not avowed, trend of this psychology, however, does but deepen and confirm the inwardness and tendency of pure empiricism, so that the search for a solid substructure to systematized knowledge must be carried farther back. "The prejudice prevailing amongst the Germans," says Trendelenburg, in his 'Studies in Logic,' "that every philosopher must build afresh, and that, therefore, a newly-formulated principle for the

philosophy of the future has yet to be found, must be abandoned. That principle has long since been discovered. It lies in the world-conception set forth by Plato and Aristotle, and handed down from them. Their philosophy should be developed and perfected by a deeper study of its fundamental ideas and individual details, in their reciprocal relations with the objective sciences." (Pesch, Welträthsel, p. 85.)

The great Encyclical, "Æterni Patris," of Leo XIII., almost two decades ago, sounded unmistakably to the Catholic scholar a return to the Peripatetic philosophy, but to that philosophy unfolded and interpreted by St. Thomas Aquinas, and pruned of whatever excrescences the undeveloped state of mediæval physics had fastened thereon, and enlarged and illustrated by whatever of truth modern science has discovered or proven.

Amongst those who followed most promptly the leading of Leo, few, if any, have been more successful in reviving the old philosophy than the author of the works here under review. His "Philosophia Naturalis," first published in 1880, inaugurated the "Cursus Lacensis," a most thorough contribution to neo-scholasticism. In that work the fundamental concepts of philosophy, as underlying the sciences of nature, are set forth with great fulness and clearness, defended with a wealth of argument and illustration, and placed in harmonious relation with the proven truths and ascertained facts of the physical sciences. It is a tribute to its sterling merits that a new edition of so large and erudite a work should have been demanded; and that, after the lapse of so many years, so few alterations as have been made in this edition should have been found necessary, is somewhat of an index of the solidity that characterized the original.

As the work is already well known to specialists, we need do no more than outline its matter and scope for the general reader. The portlier volume of the first edition is now divided into two handy and attractive tomes. To the first is assigned the investigation into the nature or essence of bodies; to the second, their properties, the origin and genesis of the universe, the cosmical order and laws. The opening question is studied first inductively by an analysis of the phenomena of extension and activity, efficient and final. The result prepares the student for an examination of the constituent principles of bodies, mineral and organized, and enabling him to appreciate the various theories on this abstruse subject, and to estimate the author's defence of the doctrine of matter and form. From the teaching systematized around these heads in the first volume, the discussion advances deductively in the second to a more thorough study of the properties of bodies—quantity, quality, motion, space, time, etc.—and thence to a survey and critique of the various systems regarding the origin and evolution of the universe, and of our globe in particular. The question of the origin of life on our planet gives occasion to examine the hypothesis of transformism, and the concluding subject of the volume, on the laws of nature, opens out a treatise on the possibility and knowability of miracles. The large comprehension of material in this

volume, and in the following work on psychology, has brought about some overlapping of subjects and repetition of exposition. The *repetita juvant* would, however, base an apology, were such needed in the case.

One of the charges made against the adoption of the neo-scholastic philosophy is its alleged lack of an epistemology—a valid theory of knowledge. The objection proves nothing but the unacquaintance prevailing outside as to the philosophy taught within our Catholic schools. It is true St. Thomas and his disciples down to the birth of modern philosophy elaborated no complete system of epistemology. Such a system has been chronologically conditioned and logically demanded by the mental revolution inaugurated by Descartes. Nevertheless, all the materials for its construction are to be found ready-made in the works of the angelic doctor and the other great schoolmen; and that the work has long since been thoroughly wrought out is a fact familiar to every one at all familiar with the development of Catholic philosophy during the last half century. An exposition of noetics on its logical side is to be found in every text-book of our philosophy, and notably in the "Institutiones Logicales" by Fr. Pesch. The psychological elements thereof are set forth by the same author in the second of the two works cited at the head of this paper.

In a former number of this REVIEW the first volume of the author's "Institutiones Psychologicæ" was spoken of. In that volume the analytical portion of organic psychology, or philosophical biology, was exhibited. The present volume is devoted to a synthetic elaboration of the same general subject under the caption: "The Functions of Life, especially in Organisms."

Occasion is taken in the opening disputation on the principle of life—the *anima*—and its energies or powers to give a reasonable explanation of the "faculty hypothesis," and to purge the teaching of the schools from the fictions of "superadded entities" which the Herbartians and other psychologists of recent times are wont to set up for cheap ridicule and easy demolition. From the next disputation on the vegetative functions, the author passes to the subject that engrosses by far the major part of this volume—the sentient life of the animal and of man on his purely organic side (92–421). It is here that the psychological elements of the neo-scholastic epistemology or noetics above alluded to are fully elaborated. The nature of knowledge in general, and of sense-knowledge in particular, is very thoroughly expounded (occasion being taken here, by the way, to discuss the psycho-physical theories of Weber and Fechner regarding the measurement of the "quantity" of sensations by measurement of the external stimulus) (93–180). The student who is capable of following the author in his profound inspection of this large subject will find how thoroughly philosophical is the scholastic theory of knowledge, and how perfectly it harmonizes with all that "physiological-psychological" has demonstrated. It could be desired that Fr. Pesch had entered somewhat more fully into subjects discussed by the latter study, as it is just here that the "old psychology" is capable of further

development. So many of our scholastic treatises present in pretty much the same terms the deeper metaphysics of the subject, and so few draw even illustrations from the "new psychology," that the student of the former is not prepared immediately to "orient" himself when he comes into the thicket of strange terms and concepts with which the literature of the latter—a literature daily increasing in extent and popularity—everywhere abounds. It is worse than foolish for the Catholic philosopher to attempt to dismiss the "new psychology" by calling it physiology, or even materialism. Far wiser the attitude taken by Dr. Gutberlet in presenting the first edition of his "Text-Book of Psychology" to the public. He alleges as the reason for expanding his work beyond the compass of the other volumes of his course, "the necessity of examining thoroughly the results of recent investigation in the domains of physiology, physical science and anthropology. For, on the one hand, the philosopher and theologian cannot afford to be unacquainted with the state of those sciences; and, on the other hand, those investigations are either in conflict with our standpoint or they offer, as I believe they do when rightly understood, a support to that standpoint. In neither case should they be disregarded. At all events, in the attitude I have taken I have but followed the example of St. Thomas and his great master, B. Albert the Great, who built their systems of teaching in closest contact with the prevailing science of their day." In the second and third editions of his work Dr. Gutberlet lays still stronger stress on this point of view; and the freshness and vigor with which he moulds and develops his matter detracts in no wise, it need hardly be said, from its scholastic solidity.

Fr. Pesch has conceived his work in a like spirit, and in his presentation of the functions of sensation, and more especially of their cerebral localization, as also in his description and theory of hypnotism, has brought the teachings of Catholic psychology into closer touch with questions of a living interest. One only wishes that he had gone farther on these lines.

With the present volume the study of the physical aspects of psychology ends. The third volume will enter on the higher or metaphysical side of the subject as contained in the intellect, the will, and the human soul, both within and without the organism. F. P. S.

Reminiscences of William Wetmore Story, the American Sculptor and Author. By *Mary E. Phillips*. 12mo. Pp. 305. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co. 1897.

William Wetmore Story, the son of Hon. Joseph Story, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and Sarah Waldo Wetmore, his wife, was born in the home of his parents in Salem, Massachusetts, on February 12, 1819. He died in the summer home of his daughter, the Marchesa Peruzzi de Medici, in Vallombrosa, Spain, October 16, 1895. His body was brought back to Rome and buried in the Protestant cemetery near Porta San Paolo and the Pyramid of Cestius.

His father was one of the most learned and distinguished jurists of the present century. At the age of thirty-two he was Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and before the close of the year he was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. The Law School of Harvard was founded by Mr. Dane, in 1829, on condition that Judge Story would accept the professor's chair, and also write and publish a certain number of treatises on the different branches of jurisprudence. He accepted the trust, and was faithful to it until death released him in 1845.

The son was so worthy of the father that the author applies to him the same words which he wrote of his illustrious parent: "The simple recital of what he did is his best eulogium. His works are his best monument. His life preaches the gospel of labor. In it was no hour wasted, no energy undeveloped, no talent misapplied or unemployed. It was spent in no idle dreaming, in no immoral or empty pursuit of worldly pleasures, but it was earnestly devoted from beginning to end to the attainment of pure ends by pure means. Perfection is not allowed to mortal man, but there was in him a singularly exact adjustment of passions and faculties—the motive-power of the one being just equal to the distributive power of the other. How difficult to do justice to him! In his domestic life he was the sunshine of our family circle. He was forgetful of himself, yet mindful of the least interest or pleasure of others; self-denying when the sacrifice was unknown and unappreciated; thoroughly unselfish even in the details of life; generous of kind acts and expressions; satisfied with any portion of the good of daily life which might fall to him; the first to surrender his own wishes to the careless whim of another; and, withal, joyous, lively and beaming. So was he every day and all day. Its morning and its evening twilight were alike dear."

The life of such a man should be written, and the author of the work under consideration has chosen a subject worthy of her pen. Her acquaintance with Mr. Story began only about eight or ten years before his death, and she does not attempt to write his full biography. "Her chief aim has been," as she says herself, "to bring out the strong personality of the man in every phase of his brilliant career, and so help the world to become better acquainted both with his artistic and literary work."

To obtain materials to carry out her purpose she corresponded with friends of his childhood and early manhood, she consulted reviews and criticisms of his work in periodicals, and she drew on her own recollections. The result is a very complete and pleasing portrait of William Wetmore Story, lawyer, author, poet and sculptor.

The book gives very pleasant glimpses of artist life in Rome, where Mr. Story passed nearly fifty years of his life. It introduces the reader to persons distinguished in the literary and artistic world whom it is pleasant to know. It contains descriptions of the sculptor's works from the pens of able critics, and furnishes explanations of certain incidents

in the history of the artistic world hitherto not understood. It will interest Catholic readers especially to know that Pope Pius IX. was one of the sculptor's earliest patrons, and that his success in the artistic world dates practically from the recognition of his merits by the Holy Father. "Mr. Story was passing through one of the most serious seasons of discouragement incident to an artist's life. It was a time, indeed, when necessity demanded substantial recognition, or else a return to the legal profession. From Pio Nono came that word of encouragement that afforded the prompting impulse which lasts forever in the artist's gratitude and in his success." The Pope most generously sent, at his own expense, the artist's finished statues to the London Exhibition of 1862. His merits were immediately recognized, and a great artist was saved to the world.

The biographer has brought to her task that sympathy with her subject and admiration for him which best qualify her for the work.

The book is beautifully made, and the photogravure illustrations which embellish it are interesting and artistic.

J. P. T.

THE ENGLISH BLACK MONKS OF ST. BENEDICT. A Sketch of their History from the Coming of St. Augustine to the Present Day. By *Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton.* In two volumes, 8vo. Pp. 677. London: John C. Nimmo. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The author has written this book in order to give to the world a complete history of the English Benedictine Monks for the last thirteen hundred years. It is the first time that the attempt has been made. Many able writers have handled this subject before, but they all treated it in conjunction with other subjects. Most of them included the history of the Benedictines in the history of English monks in general, and then brought the narrative down only to the suppression of the monasteries under Henry VIII. It is clear that such treatment is unsatisfactory, because the special subject is lost, to a great extent, in the general, and because of the incompleteness of the record.

Father Taunton does not pretend to exhaust the history of the English Benedictines, because so vast a subject would require many volumes; but he does give a complete and definite account of these monks from the time of the landing of St. Augustine down to the present time.

Any one who has even a partial knowledge of English history, and especially of English Catholic history, can imagine the fund of useful and entertaining knowledge that is contained in these two large volumes. The work is an important addition to that group of books on Monasticism which includes such important names as "Montalembert's Monks of the West," "Maitland's Dark Ages," and "Gasquet's Suppression of the English Monasteries under Henry VIII." The reader must not, however, imagine for a moment that the subject only is good. On the contrary, the treatment of it is also excellent. Here the monk is set before us as he really was, and not as some prejudiced or ignorant

mind imagined him to be. Here we see him in all his relations—to his monastery, to his superiors, to his companions, and to the world. From these pages we learn not that he was a lazy, ignorant, dissipated fellow, as so many of his enemies say, but that he was industrious, learned, virtuous, and clean. The monuments which the Benedictines have left behind them, as well as those which they are now erecting, prove that these assertions are true beyond question. The many valuable manuscript documents which have lain hidden too long, but which are now being brought to light, enable us to inscribe the right names on these monuments. The monasteries, which have been houses of prayer and nurseries of all the virtues, as well as refuges for the widow and orphan, and the persecuted and oppressed, speak to us of their charity; the cities that have grown up about these monasteries, often in the midst of a wilderness, bear testimony to their industry; and the institutions of learning which they have founded, together with the books which they have penned, speak to us of their intellectual powers. At last history is being rightly written—not to tickle the ear with fine phrases, nor to please the imagination with fancy pictures; not to prop up the tottering throne of some unworthy, dissipated king or dynasty; not to advance the interests of some grasping, unscrupulous politician or party, but to tell the truth. J. P. T.

COURSE OF RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION. Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

EXPOSITION OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. By a *Seminary Professor*. P. I. Dogma.

AUTHORIZED ENGLISH VERSION. *John J. McVey:* Philadelphia. 1898. Pp. xxi., 568. Price, $2.25.

It were desirable that books on the doctrine of religion intended for use in this country should be the product of writers who from actual, prolonged experience are perfectly familiar with the American temperament and habits of thought; for though the truths of faith are unchanging and unchangeable, the manner in which they are presented and expounded varies, and should vary, not a little with circumstances of times and places, but particularly of persons for whom the exposition is intended. The desirable, however, here, as quite generally elsewhere, is not always attainable, and so we are ready for the next best thing, the translation, namely, from foreign tongues of works that possess solid merit and the endorsement of authorities not qualified to judge in such matters.

Our Catholic literature has been enriched in recent years by several such works, and now we are glad to welcome another valuable addition thereto. The *Exposition of Christian Doctrine* here presented is the first of a triplet of volumes treating respectively of Catholic dogma, morals and worship. The work was primarily intended as a foundation of religious instruction for use both in the Institute of the Christian Brothers in France and in their higher schools and colleges. Its scope and method, however, adapt it, as the Bishop of Maurienne remarks in

his letter of approbation, "not only to members of religious congregations, but likewise to people of the world, as well as to members of the clergy; for the latter will find in it much that they would look for in vain in their ordinary Manual of Theology" (IV).

The matter of the present volume falls into three sections corresponding to the work attributed to the three divine persons—Creation, Redemption, and Sanctification. Under each of these sections the respective articles of the Apostles' Creed are explained. The method pursued is first catechetical—by means of question and answer. "Historical references," explanatory and illustrative, drawn from the Bible, with a succinct "summary" and a "synopsis," follow in the wake of the catechetical treatment. This didactic method facilitates study and adapts the work to the purpose of oral instructions. The "synopsis" must prove of special service in the preparation of sermons and lectures, as the "schemeta" into which they are thrown enable the eye to take in at once the whole and the detailed parts and relations of the pertinent subjects.

The translation which has been made by the Brothers of the Christian Schools in this country is as nearly perfect as the difficult nature of the subject permits, whilst the book-maker's art has, by judicious taste in selection of letter-press, paper, and binding, contributed its share to the making of a neat, attractive book.

GESCHICHTE DER WELTLITERATUR. Von *Alexander Baumgartner, S. J.* Herder: Freiburg and St. Louis.

The distinguished Jesuit, Father Baumgartner, already well known to all who are conversant with contemporary German Catholic literature on account of his able monographs on literary subjects, has now begun an extensive work in which he will be enabled to present to the world the rich fruits of twenty years of indefatigable study. He announces his intention of writing the History of the Literature of the World, in six volumes, the first two of which lie before us in all that typographical beauty which we have learned to expect from the press of Herder. They are in octavo, and each comprises some six hundred pages. As these volumes are devoted entirely to the literature of the Oriental languages, the reader will estimate the fullness with which the author means to treat his subject. We may add, as an indication of the applause with which Father Baumgartner's work has been received by the learned world, that his first edition has been already exhausted. It is a work, therefore, with a long and brilliant future before it, and, in our opinion, will not be superseded for many a day. The publishers have set the price at $3.50 per volume, which will bring it within the reach of all who are desirous of thoroughly acquainting themselves with this vast and interesting subject. No teacher of literature can afford to be without it, and any teacher who has mastered it can well dispense with every other guide to universal literature.

The author begins with a concise but eloquent presentation of the

claims of Sacred Scripture to be regarded as "the most noteworthy book of the entire literature of the world, even if considered from a human and natural standpoint." In this light he passes in review and points out the beauty and importance of the separate books of the Bible, dwelling particularly on the poetical portions, and with especial fondness on the Psalms and Job. He then makes a natural transition to the literature of the Babylonians and Assyrians, displaying an intimate familiarity with the very best and latest that has been written on the subject of Assyriology. Thence he passes to consider the remains of Egyptian literature and culture, thus closing the first book. The second book is devoted to the study of the ancient Christian literature of the East, the New Testament, the Apocrypha, the Syrians, Copts, Ethiopians, Armenians, Georgians, with the Talmud as an appendix. The literature of the Arabians, with a careful study of the Koran, forms the argument of Book Third. In Book Fourth we are transferred to Persia, on the literature of which the author dwells with considerable fullness. The Fifth Book is devoted to the literature of the minor Islamitic races. The entire second volume is taken up with the study of Hindu and far-Eastern literature, including a close and accurate account of the religions and the culture of those primitive races. This meagre notice will serve to urge the readers who are familiar with the German language to possess themselves of so important a work, and may impel some one who has the necessary ability and leisure to reproduce it in an English dress.

Geschichte der Christlichen Kunst. Von *Franz Xavier Kraus.* In Zwei Baenden mit zahlreichen Illustrationen. Herder: Freiburg and St. Louis.

This is another of those grand works with which the press of Herder is constantly teeming. Neither author nor publisher has spared pains to make it worthy of its great subject, "The story of the development of Christian art in all ages." Truly a subject to awaken enthusiasm at the very name; and we find it here treated in so simple and so masterful a manner that a child may follow it through the numerous illustrations, while the learned have plentiful food for reflection in the erudite text. It is a book, therefore, which, like the masterpieces of the Christian artists themselves, appeals to all descriptions of Christians—the common meeting-ground of the learned and the unlearned.

Dr. Kraus has neglected no detail of his theme. His first volume treats of Christian Art in the ancient world. He begins with the catacombs, and studies the inception of Christian painting and sculpture in their cradle. With Constantine came the beginnings of Christian architecture, the rapid development of which forms the argument of his Fifth Book. The three succeeding centuries beheld the immense strides made in the art of ornamenting the Christian churches, and particular attention is given to the subject of mosaics. Nothing is so minute as to escape the industry of the writer. The smallest objects of art—glass, lamps, enamel, coins, medallions, rings, pyxes, reliqua-

ries—all are considered in turn. Then follows the exposition of Byzantine art in its manifold branches. The first volume closes with a survey of the incipient stages of the arts among the new races of Europe. Thus prepared for the mediæval world, we are taken by the hand and introduced to the great Gothic cathedrals, the painting, sculpture, and a hundred other manifestations of the faith of the ages when the Catholic religion ruled the thoughts of men. The activity of modern times remains to be treated in a section yet to be published, the appearance of which we shall await with the liveliest interest.

The work must be a subject of pride and gratification to every Catholic, and we are deeply grateful both to the indefatigable author, to whom it has been a life-long labor of love, and to Mr. Herder, whose enterprise has so greatly enriched the Catholic literature of our age. We end with a regret, which has grown monotonous from frequent use, that books like this should be sealed to those who need them most of all, the English-speaking Catholics.

LIFE OF THE BLESSED MASTER JOHN OF AVILA. By *Fr. Longaro degli Oddi, S. J.* Edited by J. G. Macleod, S.J. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Brothers. Price, $1.10.

Whilst Luther was leading the Revolution of the masses in Germany, John of Avila was preaching a Reformation of the individual, cleric and lay, and of society in the Spanish peninsula. No contrast between men and methods stands out stronger, none is so suggestive of principles and consequences bearing on human betterment than that which subsisted between the Saxon monk and the Spanish secular. The one, turbulent by nature, had never learned, even amidst the rigors of the cloister, the true mastery of passion. The other, calm and peaceful of temperament, had from childhood, by penance and prayer, developed in his soul virtues that held his lower nature in the abiding control of reason, his reason in perfect subjection to divine authority, and his whole being in closest union with God. As a consequence, Luther inaugurated a religious and social movement that, born and bred by uncontrolled emotion, led to the overturning of all order, whilst the Apostle of Andalusia drew men, by the rational use of normal methods, to an orderly reformation of mind and heart, and so to a higher and an abiding development of society.

John of Avila was born in January, 1500, and died in May, 1569. The two and more score years of his priesthood were spent in apostolic labors, mostly in Andalusia, though, had his own desire been the morn of life, he had devoted them to the infant church of Mexico. Paul III., in a Bull dated 1540, describes him as: *Virum sanctum, magistrum in theologia, et verbi Dei præconem insignem.* Not unfittingly was he known as "the Master," or the *great Master*, as St. Francis Borgia always called him; for he led in the ways of heroic sanctity souls like St. John of God, St. Peter of Alcantara, St. Teresa, St. Francis Borgia, Luis of Granada, and others who tower above their age in virility and

holiness. Though the guide of many saints, it was only yesterday (November, 1893) that he himself was raised to the first public honors of the altar. The present life, by the Jesuit Father Longaro degli Oddi, was written in Italian in 1753. The materials were at hand in the sketch by the saintly friend of Avila, Fr. Louis of Granada, "who wrote with the sole purpose of setting forth a perfect sample of what a sacred orator should be." Additional material was found in the sketches of the Master's disciples by Louis Mañoz, and in the early Processes compiled in his time for the beatification of the servant of God.

The present English version is faithfully rendered and brought out in clear type and tasteful binding.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE FIVE THRONES OF DIVINE LOVE upon the Earth; The Womb of Mary, The Crib, The Cross, The Eucharist, and The Faithful Soul. Translated from the French of R. P. Alexis-Louis de Saint Joseph, discalced Carmelite. 12mo, pp. 268. London: Burns & Oates. Received from Benziger, New York.

SISTER ANNE KATHARINE EMMERICH, OF THE ORDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE. Written originally in German by *Rev. Thomas Wegener, O.S.A.*, Postulator of the Cause of her Beatification. Translated from the French Edition by *Rev. Francis M. McGowan, O.S.A.* New York: Benziger Bros.

BEAUTIES AND ANTIQUITIES OF IRELAND, being a Tourist's Guide to its most beautiful scenery, and an Archæologist's Manual for its most interesting ruins. By *T. O. Russell.* 8vo, pp. 400. Illustrated. London: Kegan Paul, French & Co. Received from Herder, St. Louis.

THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN, with notes Critical and Explanatory. By *Rev. Joseph MacRory, D.D.*, Professor of Sacred Scripture and Hebrew, Maynooth College. 8vo, pp. 386. Dublin: Browne & Nolan. Received from Benziger Brothers, New York.

SCRIPTURE MANUALS for Catholic Schools (arranged with a view to the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examination). Edited by *Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.* Acts of the Apostles: 12mo, pp. 175; boards. St. Luke: 12mo, pp. 295; boards.

THE EUCHARISTIC CHRIST. Reflections and Considerations on the Blessed Sacrament. By *Rev. A. Tesnière*, Priest of the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament. Translated from the French. 12mo, pp. 187. New York: Benziger Brothers.

RITUS BENEDICTIONIS et Impositionis Primarii Lapidis Pro Ecclesia Ædificanda, Consecrationis Ecclesiæ et Altarium, et Benedictionis Signi vel Campanæ, ex Pontificali Romano Depromptus. 16mo, pp. 248. New York: Fr. Pustet.

HISTORIOGRAPHIA Ecclesiastica quam Historiæ seriam solidamque operam navantibus accommodavit. *Guil. Stang*, S. Theologiæ Doctor, eiusque in Coll. Americano Lovanii Professor. 12mo, pp. 267. New York: Benziger Brothers.

OUTLINES OF JEWISH HISTORY, from Abraham to our Lord. By the *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S.J.*, Professor of Sacred Scripture in St. John's Seminary, Boston, Massachusetts. 8vo, pp. 384. New York: Benziger Brothers.

SERMONS FOR THE CHILDREN OF MARY. By *Rev. Ferdinand Callerio*, Canon of the Cathedral of Novara. Translated from the Italian. Revised by Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S.J. 8vo, pp. 343. New York: Benziger Brothers.

ANGELS OF THE BATTLE-FIELD. A history of the labors of the Catholic Sisterhoods in the late Civil War. By *George Barton.* Large 8vo, pp. 303. Illustrated. Phila. : The Catholic Art Publishing Co. 1897.

SAINT JOSEPH'S ANTHOLOGY; Poems in Praise of the Foster-Father, gathered from many sources. By *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 12mo, pp. 155. Dublin: Gill & Son. Received from Benziger, New York.

RETREAT CONFERENCES FOR CONVENTS, being a Series of Exhortations Addressed to Religious. By *Rev. Charles Cox, O.M.I.* 12mo, pp. 303. London: Washburne. New York: Benziger Brothers.

SHORT LIFE OF THE VENERABLE SERVANT OF GOD, JOHN NEPOMUCENE NEUMANN, C.S.S.R., Bishop of Philadelphia. By *Very Rev. F. Magnier, C.S.S.R.* 16mo, pp. 100. St. Louis: B. Herder.

DATA OF MODERN ETHICS EXAMINED. By *Rev. John J. Ming, S. J.*, Professor of Moral Philosophy, Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y. 2d ed. 12mo, pp. 386. New York: Benziger Brothers.

A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO INDULGENCES. Adapted from the original of Rev. P. M. Bernard, O.M.I. By *Rev. Daniel Murray.* 16mo, pp. 239. New York: Benziger Brothers.

THE GOSPEL OF ST. MATTHEW, with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary. By *Rev. A. J. Mass, S.J.*, Woodstock College, Md. Large 8vo, pp. 317. St. Louis: B. Herder.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST. By *Rev. J. Duggan,* Catholic Priest of Maidstone. 12mo, pp. 243. London: Kegan Paul, French & Co. Received from Herder, St. Louis.

THE DIVINE REDEEMER AND HIS CHURCH. By *Edward Douglas, C.S.S.R.* With a Preface by Cardinal Vaughan. 12mo, pp. 732. London: Catholic Truth Society.

VISITS TO JESUS IN THE BLESSED SACRAMENT: Hours and Half Hours of Adoration. By *Rev. Francis X. Lasance.* 16mo, pp. 636. New York: Benziger Brothers.

ROME AND ENGLAND; or, Ecclesiastical Continuity. By the *Rev. Luke Rivington, M.A.*, Magdalen College, Oxford. 12mo, pp. 193. London: Burns & Oates.

OUR LADY OF AMERICA, liturgically known as Holy Mary of Guadalupe. By *Rev. G. Lee, C. S. Sp.* 12mo, pp. 298. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

MEDITATIONS ON THE PASSION AND DEATH OF OUR LORD. By *Cardinal Wiseman.* London: Burns & Oates. New York: Benziger Bros.

MANUAL OF ADORATION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. By a Benedictine, Conception, Mo. 16mo, pp. 629. St. Louis: B. Herder.

PASSION FLOWERS (Poems). By *Father Edmund, C.P.* (Benjamin D. Hill.) 12mo, pp. 210. New York: Benziger Brothers.

DE CHRISTI ECCLESIA LIBRI SEX. *Auctore Gulielmo Wilmers, S.J.* 8vo, pp. 691. New York: Pustet & Co. 1897.

THE NEW TESTAMENT. New edition from new plates. 8vo, pp. 495; double column. New York: Benziger Brothers.

LIFE OF ST. CATHARINE OF SIENNA. By *Edward L. Ayme, M.D.* 12mo, pp. 205. New York: Benziger Brothers.

THE CHAPLAIN'S SERMONS. By *Rev. John Talbot Smith.* 8vo, pp. 340. New York: Wm. H. Young & Co.

THE SCIENCE OF THE BIBLE. By *Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A.M.* 12mo, pp. 390. St. Louis: B. Herder.

70755

PERIODICAL

DOES NOT CIRCULATE

THIS BOOK MAY NOT BE
TAKEN FROM THIS ROOM